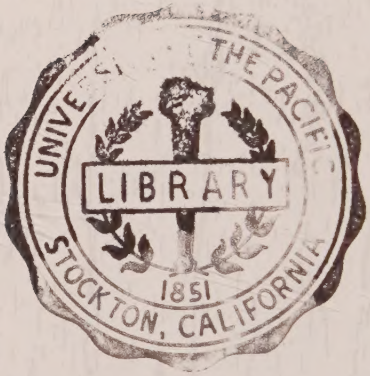


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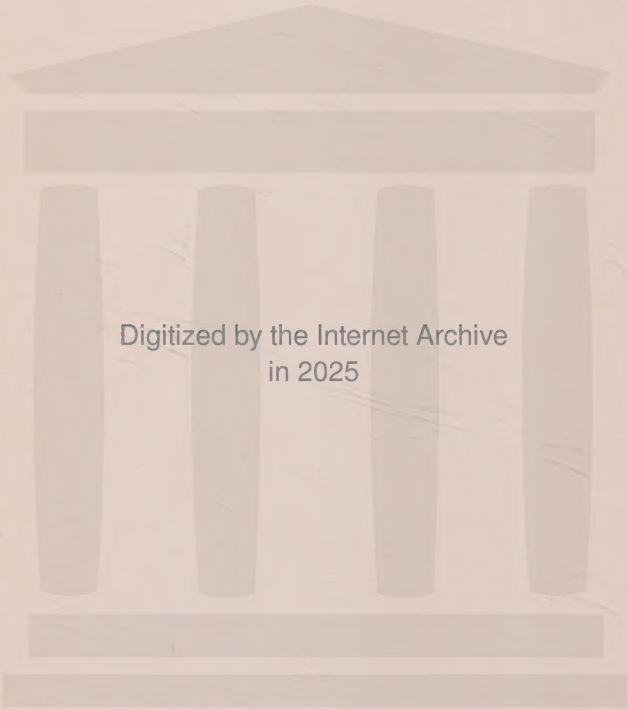
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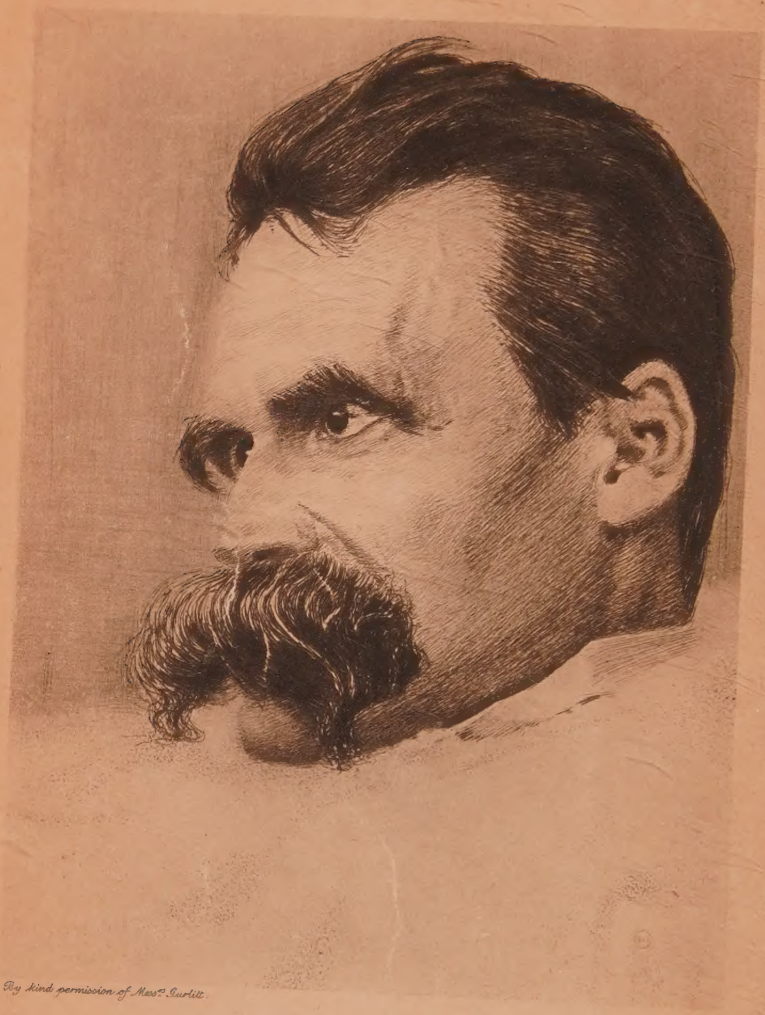

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Friedrich Nietzsche.
From a portrait by H. Olde.

# FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

## HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

M. A. MÜGGE

T. FISHER UNWIN

LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE LEIPSIC: INSELSTRASSE 20

1908

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# PREFACE.

TO the Nietzschean scholar this book does not pretend to offer much, if anything at all, that is new. I have written it for the purpose of gaining for Nietzsche some appreciation and justice in the English-speaking world, where he is so little known, and, when not unknown, so often misunderstood. With the exception of the works by Barry, Common, Dolson, Ellis, Gould, Levy, Mencken, Orage, and Wallace, and a few good articles in magazines, scarcely anything worthy of note has been written about him. All these works, moreover, seem to me either too partial or too incomplete.

The present work is neither a polemic nor an apology. It is a modest endeavour to be just to the man whom Levy considers the greatest hero of the New Renascence, and whom, along with Herostratus, "Chambers' Biographical Dictionary" labels as a madman.

The essential and characteristic features of this book are the following:

1. It contains the first detailed biography of Nietzsche written since the publication of Frau Foerster-Nietzsche's excellent but rather "sisterly" book.

2. It gives the first English chronological sketch of all Nietzsche's works.

3. It seeks to apply the rigid method of historical and unprejudiced criticism to Nietzsche.

4. It supplies the fullest Nietzschean bibliography hitherto published.

The "Life" has been mainly composed by compiling facts gathered from Frau Foerster-Nietzsche's "Leben,"

and from Bernoulli's, Crusius', Deussen's, and Salis' books. I have been unable to obtain additional details from Frau Cosima Wagner on account of her ill-health. The evidence on some important points is at present rather scanty, and sometimes all I have been able to arrive at is a *non liquet.*

The "Sketch" of Nietzsche's works has been written in imitation of that by Hollitscher. While cutting out and condensing—sometimes also rearranging—I have tried to use as much as possible the words of Nietzsche, for only thus can the beauty of the original be preserved. I have disregarded all posthumous works and sketches, with the exception of the books left finished (the "Twilight of the Idols," the "Antichrist," and "Nietzsche contra Wagner"). The Sketch deals most extensively with the works of the more lucid second period and the chief works of the third period. The pamphlets against Wagner, of which the second is little more than a selection of passages from previous books, have been allotted very little space, owing to their comparatively small value. A few poems have been added.

Sufficient has already been said by Hollitscher as to the immense difficulty of giving a coherent exposition of Nietzsche's ideas. For this part of my work, therefore, there may surely be permitted an apology for any sins of omission and commission which it may contain.

*For the "Critique" all important commentators and critics have been consulted;* many are quoted, and both sides are always heard. To avoid the constant and monotonous use of inverted commas and so render the book more readable, the views of different writers are frequently interwoven, sometimes even without alteration of their words. I hope this explanation will exempt me from the accusation of plagiarism.

It has been absolutely impossible to give a complete "Bibliography" of the numberless articles in magazines and journals; I have, however, tried not to omit any important book or article on Nietzsche. The literature

given at the head of many of the chapters will also prove useful. The names of the authors there given refer to their respective works mentioned in the Bibliography.

The main sources from which the book has derived much profit are Frau Foerster-Nietzsche's biography of her brother, and the works of Bernoulli, Hollitscher, Joel, Landsberg, Lichtenberger, Richter, Seillière, and Zoccoli.

I have great pleasure in acknowledging my obligation to Professor Lichtenberger of Paris, to Professor Sanz y Escartin of Madrid, and to Doctor Vannérus of Stockholm, for their contributions as to Nietzsche's influence in their respective countries.

Advisory help has come to me from many quarters. I have to give many thanks for valuable suggestions to several friends of mine, especially to Th. Common, of Edinburgh, the indefatigable pioneer of Nietzscheanism in England, and to William Romaine Paterson, the gifted author of the "Nemesis of Nations." My thanks are also due to H. H. Barrett, B.A., for assistance in seeing the book through the press.

To Messrs. Fisher Unwin (London) and Mr. Common I am obliged for their kind permission to use material which appears in the second part of this book. Mr. Gurlitt, Berlin, has kindly allowed the insertion of Nietzsche's likeness by Hans Olde.

It is sometimes difficult to avoid repeating oneself in the case of Nietzsche. And if the book has rather the character of a compilation, I hope that its aim, *i.e.*, the introduction of the philosopher and his philosophy to those unacquainted with either, will form a sufficient excuse.

Should there still be many imperfections in this work, I plead the fact that I have had to write it in English, a language which is not my mother-tongue; and I may find further indulgence when I state that I desired by means of this book to pay off a debt of gratitude to Nietzsche.

LONDON, *November*, 1908. M. A. M.

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# INTRODUCTION.

WHO was Nietzsche?

A poet-philosopher; a lover of mankind; a prophet of a "Christ that is to be."

We may perhaps be able to define what Nietzsche *was*. What Nietzsche *will be* to the world, what will remain of him in the future, no one can say. All we can do at present is to quote the poet when he says—

> "Though undefined in history his worth,
> By party favour and by hate belied,
> Yet art shall place him now before your view,
> And bring him near unto your loving hearts!"

No doubt Nietzsche's works are full of faults and phantoms. No doubt, as far as method goes, he was not at all a philosopher. No one denies Nietzsche the philologist's scholarly attainments and abilities; but as a philosopher he had not the same respect for stern science, and he became a philosophical Herostratus. Perhaps even, Nietzsche did not say anything that has not been said before. Most probably only a small portion of what Nietzsche has said will be of lasting value. His limitations, contradictions, and follies, his absolute lack of sound sociological ideas, of common sense, and last, but not least, of—humour, make many of his books wearisome.

And yet, the manner in which he, the poet-philosopher, speaks, will ensure him a lasting place in the history of thought. There is a certain advance in literary form marked by his works.

Two things certainly we may learn from Nietzsche, namely, to understand true aristocracy, and acquire subtle methods of thinking. True aristocracy of mind is superior to the utilitarian bourgeois view of excellence. The great majority of our contemporaries estimate everything according to its practical utility—the word taken in its broadest sense. Nietzsche will teach them that there are still higher aims; he will teach them to grasp the Beauty of a thing *before* considering its actual Value. The spirit of acceptance is, more often than not, a hindrance to progress. When we learn with Nietzsche to take up new points of view, and thereby accustom ourselves to comprehend, that from these standpoints—even when opposed to those with which we are familiar—logical perspectives are possible; when we learn, for example, to perceive the genius in the criminal, this perfecting of our methods of thought must create a subtlety of idea which cannot fail some day to show good effects.

Diels remarks very reasonably that great thoughts have never had effect simply on account of their originality, but because they have been presented to the public at the right moment, in the right form. Just as at the end of the eighteenth century the whole of the educated classes in Europe were seized with a loathing of culture, a contempt for the false glamour of civilisation, when the "retournons à la nature!" became the general watchword; so, in the same way, at the end of the nineteenth century, in spite of all our great technical and scientific progress, there arose a desire and longing for nature, and for new ideals. "Soul-paupers, and the hungry slaves of Self" needed a redeemer. And they found him in Nietzsche. There were also those who, craving for excitement, welcomed this philosophical dynamitard who endeavoured to blow up the palaces of hypocrisy, of bigotry, of prudery-ridden anti-natural culture.

In material wealth Germany was poor during the first half of the nineteenth century. A thoughtful disposition, inclined to withdraw itself from the material world, was then

the mark of the national character. Ziegler thinks Germany's poverty was a prerequisite for that culture in which literature and æsthetics predominated. Thought and learning sat upon the throne as despotic rulers. Before them knelt the sensate but never sensuous arts. After the fifties Germany became rich. Wealth afforded the possibility of a more sensuous and artistic culture. Only then could Goethe be understood. Wagner placed the arts upon the throne. And now came Nietzsche preaching the gospel of the Greeks, that of sensuous beauty in place of the intellectual beauty, which had hitherto been the gospel of the Germans.

With the increase of wealth an insipid Epicureanism appeared. After the establishment of the political union, the spirit of equalisation, the militarism and the official hierarchy of a too conceited State, threatened to annihilate the nature of the individual and his right to freedom of action. The almighty State was at a maximum, the individual at a minimum. State help was clamoured for instead of self-help. And now came Nietzsche setting his magnificent aristocratic Stoic in opposition to the smug Epicurean; his Superman and his anarchism in opposition to the anti-individualistic spirit of the modern State.

With the growth of materialism a certain tendency towards shallowness came into German thought, and Determinism, swaying history and sociology, made the individual a mere figure in an equation solvable by the doctrines of the "milieu" and "heredity." And now came the Voluntarist Nietzsche, transfiguring Life, proclaiming his "Amor Fati" and singing the Song of the independent One, the Individual, for whom the struggle had become historically necessary and justified.

As it has often been desired, it is well that Nietzsche's principal tenets should be given in a *précis*. We shall therefore give them here, though on page 379 a short systematic summary of them will appear. The reader will be better enabled to understand what follows, if a few

guiding formulæ shape themselves into a fulcrum from the superabundance of matter. We are aware of the injustice done to a great thinker by compressing his teachings into a few words. It is impossible to avoid the danger, which is run by everybody who tries to formulate Nietzsche, of violating and injuring him. Felice Tocco, the eminent Italian philosophical critic, says in respect to this: "To arrange out of these fragments a complete whole of well-connected and harmonious ideas, is a task which might make the most experienced expositor despair."

This is especially due to Nietzsche's changes of standpoint during the different periods of his life, although through all these changes there runs a red thread; for he was essentially the preacher of a New Culture, a virile culture, in which virtue is to be understood in the sense in which the ancients understood it. They understood by virtue, *ἀρετή*, not exclusively moral perfection, as Christianity has taught the world to interpret the term, but any perfection, moral, intellectual, or physical. A harmonious perfection of the whole man, the endeavour after the ideal of the *ἄριστοι*, was also the aim of Nietzsche. Above all he was anxious to emphasise the Importance of Physical Culture, he who knew so well the meaning of a suffering body. Thus he revives the saying, supposed to have originated from the Pythagorean Metopos (preserved by Stobäos, in *De virtute*, Sermo I.)—namely, that the efficiency of any part of our body is *ἀρετή*.

We will first give three summing-up formulæ of our own, and then hear two other writers.

Firstly: Nietzsche is the teacher of the *Eternal Recurrence*. Everything repeats itself. This life, this earth, this solar system.

In this, of course, Nietzsche has taught nothing new. Metempsychosis, the transmigration of the soul as an immortal substance into successive bodily forms either human or animal (the famous doctrine known to Hindoos, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Greeks); the *πῦρ ἀείζωον* of

Heraclitus ; Goethe's Pantheism ; Spencer's "Persistence of Force": all these are kindred ideas. Yet, although historically considered this tenet contains very old ideas, we agree with Crusius that such ideas gain a new force and colouring in association with Nietzsche's wholly individual temperament. To Nietzsche the Eternal Recurrence was caused by Dionysos, the παῖς παίζων πεττεύων of the Greek philosophers.

Secondly : Nietzsche has applied the principle of evolution to the extant systems of morals, and has contrasted them with the classic ideals of virtue.

Believing them founded upon physiology and biology, he tried to trace the origin of our morals, endeavouring to show their inadequacy, and the necessity for the creation of new ethics which should be beyond the present "good and evil." Above all Nietzsche attacked the morality of Christianity, perhaps more vigorously than any previous writer, and even more unjustly than Voltaire. Christianity, "this artful device for enabling inferior human beings to maintain themselves in the struggle for existence," was to him the moral code of slaves, invented by them for their protection against the strong of the earth. Instead of this *Slave-morality* promulgated by Christianity, he taught that a *Master-morality* should be aimed at, a morality which says Yea to Life, preaches a healthy egoism, regards the body as sacred, and favours the ascending life.

Thirdly: Nietzsche, having thus advocated the revival of a new ideal aristocracy, puts forth a theory which places him on a level with Schopenhauer, Carlyle, and Emerson. The "Geniekultus" of Schopenhauer, and the Hero-worship of the other two, are similar to Nietzsche's tenet that men of genius, heroes, and great men are the meaning of the earth.

All geniuses, however, have hitherto been only scattered units of the archetype, towards which we have to strive as the goal of terrestrial life. The higher-men must work towards the *Superman*, who will be a hero and genius, uniting in himself all the partial excellences of former

heroes — he will be a strong and perfect man, both in body and soul. With this conception Nietzsche may be considered a precursor of Galton, his Superman is a poetic dream of the latter's Eugenics.

To hear now another writer's opinion:

Giovanni Papini, a philosophical Italian writer, condenses in his "Il Crepuscolo dei Filosofi" the philosophy of Nietzsche into the following *précis:* "Christians and pessimists are wrong, life is right. It is not true that life is bad, and that one must flee from it or abjure it. Only, in order to render it worthy of being lived, we must accept it in its entirety, as it is; one must not seek to limit, constrain, or better it. One must affirm it, say Yea to every phase of it, in all its aspects. One must not regret anything, not even bad passions and dangerous instincts. Thus instinct is the true wisdom. Instinct never fails. Everything which is achieved by instinct is good. ["Alles Gute ist Instinkt."] Whatever he does, man never sins. The body is sacred, and all morals should be abjured in face of its wants.

"The really wise men are not the moralists, but primitive men, men of instinct, children, satyrs, savages, barbarians, and also—criminals. We ought to seek, exalt, and realise the life which is full, complete, rich, exuberant, tropical, ascending; and we should therefore chase, exile, and suppress everything that tends to impoverish, diminish, limit, or confine life. We ought, therefore, to say Yea to war, rapine, slavery, aggression, and everything said to be bad and dangerous; we ought, on the other hand, to say Nay to all morals, customs, rules, and imperatives.

"And not only ought we to accept life in its entirety, but also the whole world, all things, all nature. We ought to love things as they are, ephemeral, transitory, inconstant, and fugitive; and we ought to hate everything that impoverishes the world, like Philosophy with its abstract conceptions, everything that tries to enchain the world as does Logic (by giving itself the air of morality and

nature), and everything that tends to despise the present living world, by declaring that it is not the true, real world, and affirming that behind it exists the world of unity, stability, truest veracity and realest reality.

"Thus, in order to restrict still more the formulæ: *Acceptance* of that which exists, and *Suppression* of that which hinders the free expansion of that which exists!

"But the liberation of man and of the world from morals and philosophy cannot be other than a transitory moment, a milestone on the way, an initial position.

"It will be necessary to create new laws, to engrave new 'Tables of Value,' to prepare for the advent of the freer, richer, and higher 'New Life.' This will be the task of the New Race, the longed-for race of Supermen, who will develop a species of ideal instinct from the flower of redeemed humanity.

"Nor is it enough to *accept* the world as it is. It is not sufficient to accept it once only, but it is necessary to accept it joyfully and desire it hundreds and thousands of times, an infinity of times, as teaches the terrible doctrine of Eternal Recurrence. *Love of Life and Hatred of Pessimism and Morality, Love of Diversity and Hatred of Intellectualism and Philosophy: this is the first part of the system. Expectation and Preparation for the Superior Race, Expectation and Desire for the Perpetual Repetition of the World: this is the second.*

"Nietzsche has never got beyond that."

The American H. L. Mencken's words, in his racily written book on Nietzsche, may conclude these attempts to bind Proteus: "Reduced to elementals, Nietzsche's philosophy consists of the following propositions: 1. That the ever-dominant and only inherent impulse in all living beings, including man, is the will to remain alive—the will, that is, to attain power over those forces which make life difficult or impossible. 2. That all schemes of morality are nothing more than efforts to put into permanent codes the expedients found useful by some given race in the course

of its successful endeavours to remain alive. 3. That, despite the universal tendency to give these codes authority by crediting them to some god, they are essentially man-made and mutable, and so change, or should change, as the conditions of human existence in the world are modified. 4. That the human race should endeavour to make its mastery over its environment more and more certain, and that it is its destiny, therefore, to widen more and more the gap which now separates it from the lower races of animals. 5. That any code of morality which retains its permanence and authority after the conditions of existence which gave rise to it have changed, works against this upward progress of mankind toward greater and greater efficiency. 6. That all gods and religions, because they have for their main object the protection of moral codes against change, are inimical to the life and well-being of healthy and efficient men. 7. That all the ideas which grow out of such gods and religions—such, for example, as the Christian ideas of humility, of self-sacrifice and of brotherhood—are enemies of life, too. 8. That human beings of the ruling, efficient class should reject all gods and religions, and with them the morality at the bottom of them and the ideas which grow out of them, and restore to its ancient kingship that primal instinct which enables every efficient individual to differentiate between the things which are beneficial to him and the things which are harmful."

Whether or not we have received the wished-for answer from Proteus, we have to grant that he is a Poet.

The poet Nietzsche often indulges in a pyrotechnic display of images, which dazzles, although it does not give the calm lasting moonlight shed by the philosophy of Schopenhauer. The charm of his language, the imaginative form of his allegories, have added not a little to the Cult of Nietzsche. There is really fascination, music, and an almost unequalled power in his language, and even the exaggerations and absurdities in his writings have helped

to arouse among our contemporaries a war of controversy which in the end cannot fail to yield good results.

"If ye cannot be the Saints of Knowledge, be at least her Warriors!" This saying of Nietzsche is a good guide to understanding him. He fought—this explains all! His tools, his weapons and methods of warfare, were not always fair. But he was a Warrior of Knowledge. He was one of the boldest warriors Truth has ever had.

Still even after all these considerations, it must not be forgotten that Nietzsche is a writer for the few. "Only too well do I know the conditions under which a person understands me. He must be honest in intellectual matters even to sternness, in order to endure my seriousness, my passion. He must be accustomed to live on mountain-tops, and see beneath him the wretched ephemeral gossip of politics and national egoism. He must never ask whether truth is profitable; he must be superior to mankind in force, in loftiness of soul, in contempt." Nietzsche's books are apt to be like poison to confused, unsettled readers, and to persons without fixed principles. Those who understand how to read the genius will leave the madman alone.

And one thing more: A delicate perception of the variation in the specific gravity of his ideas is part of the indispensable equipment required by readers absolutely worthy of him.

There is no need to call to mind Wordsworth's admonition—

> "Long favoured England, be not thou misled
> By monstrous theories of alien growth."

Scarcely any nation except the English already lives up to the better part of Nietzsche's philosophy. The granite will, self-reliance, physical and mental strength and power —Nietzsche demands these Roman qualities; and are they not the secret of England's success? Many English readers will like Nietzsche. As an affirmer of life, with a noble aristocratic mind, believing in the cultivation of the indi-

vidual, loving travel and scenery, he is bound to become a favourite with many people. A biographer of Shelley maintains that the latter is bound to be the poet of the future; and similarly Nietzsche will be, if only for a time, and for a few, *the* philosopher of the future. Both desired to redeem mankind, both sought to realise the "Prometheus Unbound."

England offers many possibilities for approaching the ideals set forth by this preacher of liberty, noble courage and individual culture. To obtain *the* man, to raise, if not the race, at least a class, a man, is the thread of Ariadne leading through the labyrinth of Nietzsche's scintillating and wandering thoughts. But may not a whole nation be raised?

Alberic's gold is threatening to end higher humanity; commercialism, utilitarianism, and the petty craving for happiness will bring about "a dolorous end to the Æsir." Woden also says, "In these Valkyries' valiant virtue viewed I a vent from impending doom."

# PART I.

# LIFE OF NIETZSCHE.

## A.

### NIETZSCHE AS A LEARNER.

LITERATURE: *Albert, Anonymous, Barry, Bartels, Bélart, Bernoulli, Bjerre, Brockhaus, Common, Conrad, Crusius, Deussen, Diederichs, Ellis Havelock, Foerster-Nietzsche, Fuchs, Gallwitz, Glasenapp, Gould, Hollitscher, Horneffer, Kaftan, Kretzer, Lichtenberger, Mähly, Mencken, Meysenbug, Michaut, Möbius, Nietzsche's works and letters, Richter, Riehl, Rundschau, Salis-Marschlins, Salomé, Schacht, Scholz, Seydlitz, Spitteler, Stadler, Türck, Ungern, Wagner, Wyzewa, Zeitung.*

IF it be the task of the biographer, as has often been said, to explain the thinker and author by his life, by himself, this is even more necessary with Nietzsche than with any one else. Every great philosophy, he says somewhere, is the confession of its author, a kind of involuntary and unconscious autobiography. Nietzsche's life and his work are closely connected one with the other. His life explains his works.

"My formula for a man's greatness," he wrote in his diary of 1888, "is *amor fati:* that he should be unwilling to change any fact in the past, or in the future to all eternity, that he should not only endure want, and still less conceal it—all idealism is a falsehood in the face of want—but love it! *Amor fati!* That is my innermost nature!"

Granted that Nietzsche's philosophy is to a certain extent, as Panini describes it, nothing else than "the dithyrambic transfiguration of evolutionistic materialism," that it is only the "envious glorification of Power by a decadent," who himself had none; still, this "decadent" teaches us many

great lessons by his unique writings, and by his ill-fated and stoically endured life, which was the fiery tragedy of a great soul.

Nietzsche's personality is the nucleus of his philosophy. This great individualistic philosopher, who taught a sublime and ideal eudæmonistic stoicism, had as his motto, which he realised in his own life, the words of Furius Antias: "*increscunt animi, virescit volnere virtus!*"

Darwin has been called the Copernicus of moral and social science, and Nietzsche the Newton. And with all Newton's sternness, Nietzsche, whose great and only passion was the search for Truth, tried to live up to the demands of his poem, "The New Columbus."

> "Heart, be cold! Firm hand, thou steerest!
> Seas beyond—to shores, new shores!—
> Stand we fast and face existence!
> There is no return from this!
> See, awaiting in the distance
> But one death, one fame, one bliss!"

During his whole life Nietzsche liked to boast of his Polish descent—a cherished illusion resting on no substantial basis of fact.

He thought he was descended from some noble Polish family, Niëtzky, which, he supposed, had fled from Poland about 1716 owing to religious persecution and oppression. When at Sorrento, Nietzsche loved to be addressed and spoken of by the populace as "il Polacco"; and great was his pleasure when some one traced his pedigree, and wrote a long high-flown "Origine de la famille seigneuriale de Niëtzky." This treatise has been lost, and there is no proof whatever to justify Nietzsche's assumption of *noble* Polish descent.

Nietzsche's father, Karl Ludwig Nietzsche, one of the twelve children of F. A. L. Nietzsche, D.D., was born on October 10, 1813, in Eilenburg. He studied divinity at the University of Halle, and was tutor at the ducal court at

Altenburg. In 1841, through the help of King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia, he obtained the pastorate of Röcken. Out of gratitude, the first-born son of Ludwig Nietzsche was christened "Friedrich Wilhelm," "as a memento of his royal benefactor."

In 1848 Ludwig Nietzsche suffered either from concussion or softening of the brain, caused, it is said, by a fall down a flight of steps. Doubtless this accident *hastened* his death, which took place the following year. He was a noble man, poetical and very musical, much esteemed in his parish, and beloved by his wife.

Nietzsche's mother, Franziska, whose maiden name was Oehler, was born on the 2nd of February, 1826. Her father was the parish minister of Pobles. She married Karl Ludwig Nietzsche on his thirtieth birthday. At that time she was about eighteen years of age, and distinguished by her grace and beauty combined with vigour and strength. She died at Easter, 1897, after having suffered from ill-health for several years.

Three children were the offspring of the marriage between Ludwig Nietzsche and Franziska Oehler, two boys and one girl.

The little Joseph Nietzsche died soon after his birth in 1850.

The girl, Elizabeth, born on the 10th of July, 1846, was the loving playmate of her brother Friedrich when young. She married Dr. Bernhard Foerster, whom she accompanied to Paraguay, where they became the pioneers and founders of the German Colony. After the death of her husband she came back to Germany. Then from 1893 she became the tender and attentive nurse of her invalid brother, during the seven long dreary years that preceded his death. At present she lives in Weimar, the biographer of her brother, the editress and compiler of his works, the custodian of the "Nietzsche Archiv."

On October 15, 1844, Friedrich Nietzsche, our philosopher, was born, the eldest child of the parson Nietzsche, at

Röcken, near Lützen, in the Prussian province of Saxony. Röcken is a beautiful little village, surrounded by woods and ponds. The old, moss-covered spire of the church served as a landmark to the neighbourhood. The vicarage was a comparatively new and pleasant house. A large courtyard, with barn, cow-house, and stable, led to the flower-garden. Here the little Friedrich loved to sit in the arbour, or he would watch dreamily the rays of the sun glittering on the ponds near Röcken and the fish darting through the water.

Life at Röcken was like that in most of the remote country villages in Germany, dull and quiet, but happy. Only when two and a half years old did the boy begin to speak. His father and the local schoolmaster taught him a little, and the long book-shelves in his father's study were a great attraction to him.

He was not quite five years old when his father died. This event made a deep impression on the mind of the thoughtful and sensitive boy. A vision of his father often appeared in his nightly dreams.

In the following year his mother, a widow only twenty-four years old, moved to Naumburg, where she was to live with her mother-in-law, Frau Dr. Nietzsche, and two sisters of her late husband. Here, surrounded by feminine influence and guided by women's hands, Nietzsche spent his early childhood.

At first the country-bred boy hated the gloomy dusk of Naumburg, then still quite mediæval; not, as nowadays, surrounded by pleasant suburbs, but encircled by thick walls, the five gates of which were closed after ten at night. After that time the surly gate-keeper could be induced to open the gate only on payment of a fine. Society was under the sway of the officials of the Law-courts and the Privy Councillors, and this atmosphere, and a certain spirit of caste, left their traces for ever on Nietzsche.

Friedrich became a pupil of the Elementary School at

Naumburg. The little fellow, grave beyond his years and fond of solitude, was not popular with his rough school-fellows. They called him the "little parson" and teased him, so he made no friends here.

After scarcely a year at the Elementary School he entered a private Preparatory School, where he remained three years. He was a regular and industrious pupil, and showed good progress, especially in religious knowledge and Latin. He also made intimate friends. During the summer excursions were made into the charming neighbourhood of Naumburg, with its romantic ruins and castles. There the boys played at tournaments and endeavoured to recall all the romance of chivalry. The Romance-writer in Nietzsche was born.

In 1854 he passed the easy entrance examination, and entered the Quinta of the Gymnasium, the Grammar-school of Naumburg. Nietzsche was the perfection of a well-mannered boy, and never did anything naughty. Since he was always in the company of his sister and under the care of his mother, grandmother and aunts, he became somewhat feminine in his habits; and to this period may be traced the beginnings of his love of refined beauty, and the reaction against weakness, two elements which later on played such an important part in his life.

Still, he was fond of military games, and his leaden soldiers repeated all the movements of the armies in the Crimean War, in which he took a deep interest. Further, he wrote a little drama at that time, "Die Götter im Olymp," which was performed in the family circle, and which was also a product of his martial tastes. It was a great pleasure to Friedrich to sit at the feet of his paternal grandmother, the aged widow of Dr. Nietzsche, and to listen to her reminiscences of Napoleon, in whose days she had suffered many hardships, but for whom, nevertheless, she had preserved a great affection. She had also belonged to Goethe's social circles in Weimar, and Nietzsche's later unrestricted admiration for Goethe

was perhaps first implanted in his mind by his grandmother's influence.

A love of music showed itself in his earliest years. On his thirteenth birthday his "Wunschzettel," the list of his wishes, contained only music. He seriously thought of becoming a musician. When fourteen years of age he composed a comparatively well-conceived piece, "Im Mondschein auf der Pussta."

Besides the drama already spoken of, he wrote two others, and also many poems, during these years. They show the beginnings of his poetic style. In addition to these works, he had already attempted an autobiography, a proof of his tendency to study and analyse his inner life.

By his truthfulness and politeness he exerted an immense influence over his fellow pupils, friends and comrades. Bad boys avoided one who said, "A Nietzsche does not lie," for the moral atmosphere with which he surrounded himself was suffocating to them.

Until he reached the Fourth Form Nietzsche remained in the Gymnasium at Naumburg. The Inspector praised him as one of the best scholars of the place. Towards the end of 1858 the widow was offered a scholarship for her son for six years in the Landes-Schule, Pforta. Although the idea of separation was bitter, the great advantages could not be overlooked.

Here six years were spent by Nietzsche. Formerly a very ancient Cistercian Abbey, Pforta is situated on the great highway from Erfurt to Leipsic, about an hour's distance from Naumburg. In 1543 the old Abbey had been changed into a school called Landes-Schule, a kind of large Public School of a very exclusive character. It is a famous institution in which about two hundred boys, all boarders, are educated.

In Nietzsche's time a certain philological-historical spirit pervaded the whole of the syllabus, which, covering a training of six years, provided, and still provides, the boys with an excellent education—perhaps up to the standard of

the London Inter-Arts, or even that for the B.A. degree. The chief merit of the school, however, is its formation of a solid and thorough character in the boys.

At five o'clock in summer and six in winter the boys had to rise. A short service was held, a cup of milk and a small piece of bread formed the simple breakfast, and an hour after leaving their dormitories the boys were in their classes, ready for five consecutive hours of study. Dinner was at noon, plain, healthful food being the usual fare. Till half-past one they were left to their own devices, spending the time in walking about the grounds or playing at skittles. Lessons followed again for two hours, from two to four, at which time "Vesper," a light afternoon meal, was taken. Reading and repetition-lessons filled the interval till seven. Then there was supper, a substantial meal similar to dinner. After supper the boys played in the grounds for some time, but at nine o'clock every one had to be in bed. Without doubt an English schoolboy would ask "How about sports?"

On Sundays they had a little more liberty. Repetition, Preparation, and Church took up a great part of the day, but the boys were allowed to go out for a two hours' walk, and they had three hours' freedom in the grounds.

The boys lived together in rooms, each room occupied by about twelve. A monitor was the responsible head of each room, and was supposed to be the mental and moral guide of his flock.

At first Nietzsche did not much like the strict life, though he certainly had not half as many hardships to suffer as had the young poet Schiller under the knout of the military discipline of the Carls-school. The masters at Pforta were extremely kind and reasonable, and some of them were also very able, notably Koberstein, the professor of Literature, and Steinhart, the professor of Classics. The latter's ability is best seen from the fact that he had brought the Upper Form on so far that they were able to follow his explanations of Virgil in Latin, in which tongue most of

them could express themselves fairly well. An ever increasing circle of friends, also, some of whom continued his intimates for many years, helped to reconcile the boy, who had hitherto been brought up by women, to the public-school routine.

Not many great events in Nietzsche's life happened during these six years. His studies occupied the greater part of his time and attention, and his leisure hours were filled up with music and literature and intercourse with friends.

Nietzsche's most intimate friend was a clever young fellow of the name of Deussen, who later on filled one of the most coveted chairs of the University of Kiel. Sometimes Deussen would recite poems by Schiller, while Nietzsche accompanied them on the piano.

Then for the first time the music of Richard Wagner came into his life. He adored the great protagonist's music; on the other hand, however, he was still fond of the old classics, his especial favourite being the immortal Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. During this period Nietzsche produced many musical compositions, some of which are very charming, though without lasting merit.

Along with Gustav Krug and Pinder, his friends in Naumburg, Nietzsche founded in 1860 a literary club, "Germania." The three enthusiasts bought a bottle of cheap wine for ninepence, made a pilgrimage to a ruin in the neighbourhood, climbed up the worm-eaten ladders of the watch-tower, and there, on the battlements overlooking the beautiful valley of the river Saale, resolved to form a club for the mutual promotion of their artistic and literary ideals. Every month each member had to deliver either a poem, an essay, or a musical composition, which was to be discussed and criticised by the other two. They pledged themselves to eternal friendship—another "Göttinger Hainbund"—and having done this, they solemnly hurled down the empty wine-bottle.

The club existed for about three years. A remarkable

enthusiasm, and a longing to unite art and science, to influence and improve their lives, are ideals which show themselves in the documents of the club. But far more interesting is the fact that we are able to discover in Nietzsche's productions the first awakening of a true philosophic spirit. Some of his numerous contributions to the club show this even by their titles: "Ermanarich," a literary historical sketch, and essays on "Free-will and Fate," "Fatalism in History," and "The Dæmonic Element in Music."

Nietzsche's favourite authors were Plato, Æschylus, and Hölderlin. During that time he also read with great interest Tacitus, the Edda, the Nibelungen, Shakespeare, and Emerson.

His weakest point was Mathematics, but he was also imperfect in Natural Science, a branch of knowledge then somewhat neglected at Pforta. He attained no skill in Gymnastics, and was little better in Swimming. In German and Latin he was strong and brilliant.

In 1861 Nietzsche received his first Communion. We have no definite knowledge as to his religious opinions and beliefs at the time, though his friend Deussen speaks of a feeling of rapture which all of them then experienced.

Nietzsche spent the last months at Pforta in the composition of a great Latin essay. The candidates for the leaving examination, instead of taking part in the ordinary lessons, were allowed to pursue some kind of individual research work. Nietzsche preferred this alternative, and he chose to treat in his essay, "De Theognide Megarensi," of Theognis, the moralist and aristocrat who invented the equations, "good = aristocratic, bad = plebeian." Later in his philosophy Nietzsche took up these equations from Theognis, without, however, giving heed to his wisest utterance: "Μηδὲν ἄγαν σπεύδειν· πάντων μέσ' ἄριστα."

In September, 1864, Friedrich Nietzsche left Pforta. His Abiturienten-Zeugnis (leaving certificate) praises his con-

duct and industry and classes his attainments as follows: Religion, German, Latin, excellent; Greek, good; French, History, Geography, Natural Science, fair; Mathematics, weak.

After some weeks of rest and quiet at home and in the home of his friend Deussen—a rest which was only interrupted by a few days of revelry in Königswinter and on the Drachenfels—Nietzsche, together with Deussen, went to the University of Bonn, where he studied for two "semesters," terms of six months.

In the winter-semester he matriculated in the faculties of divinity and philology, but during the summer-semester he devoted himself exclusively to the latter of these studies. From the beginning he had decided to take up this subject, owing to the magnificent training in languages he had previously received in Pforta.

He desired to counterbalance, and if possible overcome, the feverish and stormy inclinations of his mind, by giving himself up to the pursuit of a science which necessitates calm, rigid, and even dry methods, and which demands from its disciples systematic and logical work. Philology was to act as an ice-bath, saving him from the fire of the philosophical Eros.

Ritschl and Jahn, two eminent and famous philologists, were his first teachers in Bonn. Besides their lectures, he attended the courses of the historian Sybel and of several other professors.

The professors soon grew very fond of the eager and clever undergraduate, though he did not create such a stir in Bonn as he did in the following years in Leipsic. Professor Schaarschmidt, a former student of Pforta, under whom he read philosophy, favoured him especially with his friendship.

During the lectures, Nietzsche scarcely ever took notes. Not caring so much for the accumulation of vast subject-matter, he considered that his great aim should be, to obtain an intimate acquaintance with the methods of his professors.

"The most precious discernments are the methods." This was still Nietzsche's *credo* even in 1888. He was convinced that with his abilities he could soon learn anything necessary when it should be required; and at that time he wanted to assimilate severe and rigorous methods of dealing with knowledge; for his object was to become some day a perfect and practical teacher.

Ritschl and Jahn were rivals. A quarrel arose between them, in consequence of which Ritschl left Bonn and went to the University of Leipsic. Nietzsche, with many other students, followed his beloved teacher. The reasons which induced Nietzsche to resolve upon this change of university, were the esteem which he bore to this professor, and the fact that he was at the time on rather strained terms with his fellow-students.

Two years of profound study followed. He heard the celebrated philologist Curtius; he read Political Economy under the learned professor Roscher; and the world-famous Orientalist Tischendorf taught him to decipher many a palimpsest, though Nietzsche never lost his dislike of this man.

The greatest factor, however, in Nietzsche's intellectual life was Ritschl, who became his guide and Mæcenas. To him Nietzsche owed his rapid entrance into the front ranks of the republic of letters.

At Ritschl's suggestion, Nietzsche, with several other students of the same bent of mind, founded a philological society and a philological club. Here these young enthusiastic scholars determined to master all philological topics, by reading papers, by criticising and amending them, and by investigating difficult problems.

The names were all of good tone, comprising those of Nietzsche, R. Arnold, K. Angermann, G. Kinkel (d. J.), O. Kohl, E. Rohde, H. Romundt, W. H. Roscher, E. Windisch, E. Wisser. With a true instinct the two exceptional men, Rohde and Nietzsche, became very intimate after the summer of 1866. In the band

of philologists they felt themselves, according to Rohde's expression, as upon an insulator; only H. Romundt drew inwardly nearer to them.

In Ritschl's society, as in the club just mentioned, Nietzsche took the entire lead. In the middle of the seventies, at a time when one could not speak of any influence of Nietzsche upon the masses, a subsequent vibration of the movement which originated with him was plainly to be traced in these circles. Nietzsche's eminent psychagogic talent proved its worth here, under the most restricted conditions.

Four papers which Nietzsche read before the literary society are perhaps worth mentioning: "Die letzte Redaction der Theognidea"; "Die biographischen Quellen des Suidas"; "Die πίνακες der Aristotelischen Schriften"; "Der Sängerkrieg auf Euböa."

In his first essay Nietzsche made use of the work which had been his composition when leaving Pforta. After the delivery of the paper before his friends, he handed the manuscript to Ritschl, who, in spite of disinclination, read it carefully. Some days afterwards Nietzsche was asked to pay a visit to the famous man. Ritschl asked him his age and how long he had been at a university. Then he told Nietzsche that the paper had struck him by its brilliant method, that it was strict and accurate in its quality, unique in its positiveness of safe combinations, and that never before had he found such superior scholarship in so young an undergraduate.

From that day a close friendship sprang up between Ritschl and Nietzsche. Every week the happy, busy man called on his professor, and he always found in him a cheerful friend and adviser. Many privileges were granted to the favourite of the leading philologist. The libraries of the university and the municipal archives were thrown open to him, and their most valuable treasures were confided to his hands.

He evidently studied deeply the three Greek philo-

sophers Theognis, Diogenes Laertius, and Democritus; and further, he read Terence, Statius, Orosius, Aldhelmus, and Burley. Under the title "Zur Geschichte der Theognideischen Spruchsammlung" Nietzsche published that lucky paper, recast and revised, in the *Rheinische Museum*, one of the most influential journals of classic philology in Germany. The treatise proved to be of considerable importance in fixing the date of the last revision of the extant collection of Theognidean gnomics. After this Nietzsche occupied himself with the critical study of the sources of Suidas, and of Diogenes Laertius.

These researches enabled Nietzsche to enter for the prize offered by the university for an essay, "De fontibus Diogenis Laertii." He was successful in gaining the prize, and was highly praised before the assembled members of the university. This treatise was afterwards published in the *Rheinische Museum* and it is still regarded and quoted as an authority on the subject in question.

For Rohde and Nietzsche these terms in Leipsic were the springtime of life, when the seed for the future is scattered. A picture of these "incomparable days" presents itself to us in the letters and records of this "Bruderpaar," as though reflected in a spotless mirror.

Here the two companions hold "platonic conversations about all the things which interest an educated man"; they visit theatres, motettes, and concerts together; on long summer evenings after the seminar-class, they stroll through the beautiful Rosenthal, or visit the new shooting-gallery, or perhaps trot through the "Linie" on hired nags; they also live for some time in the same house. "We had not *worked* much, in the Philistine sense of the word, but in spite of that, we considered every single day that passed as a gain to us." Nietzsche converted Rohde to Schopenhauer. Both had philosophical and philological plans in common. Rohde remained a Schopenhauerian.

Nietzsche "surmounted" him. Rohde wrote a master-work on Greek romance. Nietzsche invented the daring but one-sided formula, that romance is to be designated as the infinitely intensified Æsopic fable.

In 1867 Nietzsche had to fulfil the obligation of one year's military service. He was short-sighted, even when at Pforta. He had hopes, therefore, of being exempted, but a sudden new regulation compelled men who were only slightly short-sighted to fulfil their military duty. In the autumn of the same year, after a holiday in the Bohemian forests with Rohde, he went to Naumburg, and here he served his year in the fourth regiment of the Field-Artillery.

Nietzsche got on very well. He was on the best of terms with his superiors, for he was punctual, energetic, and attended strictly to his duties. He was a good horseman, and did not "cut a sorry figure," as one of his biographers says.

However, after a few months, while mounting his horse, a serious accident happened to him. Two pectoral muscles were torn. The wound did not heal well, and his very life was in danger. In a letter to Gersdorff, Nietzsche wrote: "Medical examination proved that I had torn two pectoral muscles. This resulted in an inflammatory condition of the entire muscular and ligamental system of the upper part of the body, and in severe suppuration. When after about eight days an incision was made in the chest, *several cupfuls* of matter were discharged." This shows the danger of the case. Still, though incapacitated, he had to remain in Naumburg to the end of his year's service. He left the regiment with a lieutenant's commission in the "Landwehr."

In the autumn of 1868 Nietzsche returned to Leipsic. Here he lived for about four months as a literary man. Intending to go in for an academical career, he prepared to take his degree as doctor and qualify for a professorship at the university. During this time, as well as during his

convalescence, he occupied himself with philological studies. Homer and Democritus were his favourite authors for research-work. He had, moreover, planned to write a work entitled "Geschichte der literarischen Studien in Altertume." Much of Nietzsche's time was also taken up by the laborious and tedious work of preparing an index to the twenty-two volumes of the *Rheinische Museum*.

At that time he was unexpectedly appointed Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Bâle. His philological treatises in the *Rheinische Museum* had aroused the attention of the university authorities, and they had made inquiries about him. Ritschl recommended him very warmly for the post, so it was decided to offer him the vacant chair. The position was worth three thousand francs a year. The philosophical faculty of Leipsic quickly conferred on him the degree of doctor without any examination, considering his publications sufficient proof of his fitness for it. At that time Nietzsche was barely twenty-five years of age. Certainly this young professor so highly gifted and so honoured was entitled to think himself Fortuna's child.

With this call to Bâle we must close the period of "Nietzsche as a learner." It now remains for us to trace the development of his *inner* life from the time he had left Pforta.

We will give one incident which happened in Bonn, and which, according to Richter, in his interesting series of lectures on Nietzsche, is *typical* of our philosopher.

With several other scholars from Pforta, Nietzsche joined the Burschenschaft "Franconia," a students' club. The quiet student tried to transform himself into a beer-drinking, duel-fighting youth. At first he was present at most of their numerous carouses, which sometimes took place more than once a week.

These carouses are strange ceremonies, but have a healthy and elevating influence on the youth of Germany, in spite of all calumniating philistines and pedants. Though the

chief motto of these clubs, "Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus," appears to point to something quite different, they give their members a powerful education of a manly and national character, and instil a wholesome *esprit de corps*.

So Nietzsche thought. He hoped to learn true life by attending their meetings, and says: "I learned much thereby, and was obliged to recognise in the main their intellectual life." The dash and pluck of fencing, the cheerfulness of beer-feasts, the wantonness, amid their grave dignity, of the Bacchic songs, were some attraction to him for a while.

At these festivals, however, side by side with inestimable ideals, much vulgarity of thought and manners is often to be found. Shallow and narrow-minded brains lay more stress upon the forms and rituals than the culture of the ideals they are meant to promote. Nietzsche noticed this. "I could hardly endure certain individuals on account of their Beer-materialism," he says. The refined young man, who preferred to read Grecian tragedies with his friend Deussen, or revelled in the ethereal world of Faust-music, could not long be a companion of the rough-and-tumble ordinary student. His interest in these social gatherings slackened. Nietzsche at last discontinued his attendance; he no longer took part in the lively excursions along the lovely banks of the Rhine, and shortly after leaving Bonn he lost all touch with his "Burschenschaft," so his name was struck off the lists. To sever one's connection with the club of the university is a daring step, for every member considers it an honour to belong to it for life, and this membership, by the way, often proves very useful in obtaining good positions through the influence of other members.

This episode is typical of many later events in Nietzsche's life. At first he generally succeeded in getting on with people, for he endeavoured to accommodate himself to them. With his innate idealism he idealised and glorified them.

Later on, however, his keen critical mind began to find out all the petty weaknesses and small hypocrisies of human nature. These repulsed and disgusted him. At last, as the deeply rooted longing for the absolutely true, good, and beautiful of the æsthetic thinker grew in him, he would not stoop to make compromises, and in the end he revolted, broke all fetters, and attained his freedom.

In one of Nietzsche's letters to his sister during that period we find a passage which illustrates this episode, though one must make an allowance for the spirit of exaggeration and youthful enthusiasm which characterises it, and which was quite in accordance with the age of the writer. "Is it of any importance to obtain that conception of God, the World and Reconciliation, which is most suitable for an easy-going life? The result of all his researches is of no moment, and of no value to the genuine investigator. Do we expect calm, peace, happiness? No; what we desire is Truth, Truth only, even if it be something most frightful and most ugly." Twenty years later Nietzsche wrote, "Never ask if a truth be profitable or if it be a calamity."

During this period Nietzsche's loosening from the dogmas of Christianity was consummated, though he still adhered to Christian Ethics, and there was as yet nothing hostile in his attitude. His mind, well trained in history, although from another standpoint insufficiently historical, instantly detected all the foibles of dogma. His philosophical instinct, considering as true only that which is absolutely and purely intellectually true, was regardless of his own welfare and that of others. The same tendency which, many years later, made him quote Stendhal's, "Pour être bon philosophe il faut être sec, clair sans illusion," now led him to apostasy from the faith of his childhood.

Disillusioned, and sceptical as he now was, he easily fell under the sway of Schopenhauer. One evening in the winter of 1865–66 Nietzsche discovered in the shop of the second-hand bookseller Rohn, Blumengasse 4, with whom he was lodging at Leipsic, Schopenhauer's masterpiece,

"Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," until then quite unknown to him. He went to his room, flung himself on a sofa, and read and read. A magic charm captivated him, and soon he was a most faithful disciple of Schopenhauer. How he regretted that the great thinker was dead, for otherwise he would have hurried to him in order to do him homage! Schopenhauer was not merely a book to him, he was a friend, a consoler. His philosophy soothed him in the bitterness of his disillusionment; the "Parerga" accompanied him, relieved and supported him, even during the hardships of the military year.

The pensive nun Melancholy was now his mistress for a long time. One may well say that his life henceforth divides itself into two periods which Milton's "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro" splendidly illustrate; one a time of pessimism, clear and lucid, which nearly corresponds with and comprises the periods (which we shall use for the classification of his works) of Apollonism and Socratism; the other, a time of exuberant optimism, or, rather, "affirmism," which we shall designate later on as the period of Dionysism.

No better teacher than Schopenhauer could have been found to introduce Nietzsche to Wagnerism. The music of Wagner, which had been known to Nietzsche for several years, had after 1868 gradually become the soul and object of his musical aspirations.

Nietzsche made the personal acquaintance of Wagner in the house of Professor Hermann Brockhaus, a relative of the musician, where Wagner was staying in strictest incognito. Having been told one day by Mrs. Ritschl about the promising young Nietzsche, the great composer expressed a wish to see him. On a Sunday evening Nietzsche went to the house. Only Wagner and he, besides the family, were present, and the hours passed in interesting talk on music and philosophy. Wagner was charmed with Nietzsche, who showed such an intimate acquaintance with his music. Nietzsche, on the other hand, liked the celebrated man the

more for his reverence of Schopenhauer, to whom, as he said, he was much indebted, and who was the only philosopher able to comprehend the real essence of music. After dinner Wagner played the best passages out of his "Meistersinger," and Nietzsche left the house full of liking for the great man, who on his part had begged him to visit him whenever he could. The close friendship between Nietzsche and Wagner, however, commenced some years later, though even at that early period Nietzsche belonged to that small circle of pioneers who slowly conquered Europe for Wagner. We owe much to these enthusiasts who in their day dared to face the enmity and ridicule of their contemporaries.

Nietzsche never ceased to look upon music as a recreation. At Christmas in the year 1864 he presented to his mother a neat little volume containing eight pretty songs set to music by himself. While at Bonn he visited one of the far-famed "Niederrheinische Musikfeste" in Cologne, where he enjoyed the magnificent performance of a choir of over six hundred singers, accompanied by an orchestra of about a hundred and sixty performers, the whole conducted by Hiller.

As at Pforta, so at the university Nietzsche cultivated intellectual friendships. Nietzsche and Erwin Rohde, Nietzsche and von Gersdorff offer parallels to Shelley and Keats, to Tennyson and Hallam, though the former friendships were very different from the latter. Nietzsche's numerous letters, recently published, bear witness to his love of friendship. His friendships were of the highest kind, and often of a purely philosophical character. His friends had to be seekers after truth even as he was himself.

The man to whom real love probably ever remained unknown was obliged to make friendship the staff of his life. Many passages in his later writings are dedicated to this most Teutonic of all manly virtues, best possessed by the ancients, as he thought. An entire chapter in his "Zarathustra" treats of this subject, and we get a glimpse

of Nietzsche's belief in the elevating power of Friendship in one of his poems, when he says—

"Hail, thou Friendship!
Of my highest longing,
Earliest red of morning!
Endless often
Seemed the path, and night to me;
All things living
Hateful without aim!
Now will I live doubly,
When in thine eyes I have beheld
Victory and dawn:
Thou dearest Goddess!"

We observed how, even at this time, philosophy was gradually pervading every department of Nietzsche's life and mind. Already he was outlining a treatise entitled "Der Begriff des Organischen seit Kant" and "Grundprobleme der Vorstellung."

His profession, that of philology, was to become to him merely a tool for greater tasks. Its routine work, minute and circumstantial, was to be based upon and saturated with a broad philosophical view of the whole of human existence; he could thus avoid the tendency of philology which causes men to shun the world and become estranged from life.

Nietzsche went to Bâle with the intention of becoming a great university teacher, who should imbue his students with the ideals of classical antiquity and with the earnestness and grandeur of the philosophy of Schopenhauer.

## B.

### NIETZSCHE AS A TEACHER.

THE period of Nietzsche's life as a teacher has been subdivided into two parts: the ten years he spent in Bâle as a professor; and the other ten spent in restless wanderings through Italy and Switzerland, during which time he was enormously active as an author.

We shall treat separately the years he passed as a professor, and those he spent in authorship.

#### (*a*) *Years of Professorship in Bâle.*

Accompanied by his mother and sister, one April day in 1869, Nietzsche drove to the station at Naumburg to start for Bâle. They were very happy, those three. Such a success had not been expected, even in their most daring dreams. Amidst many good wishes Nietzsche left Naumburg.

He travelled *viâ* Cologne and Bonn, revisiting places endeared to him by memories of his student days. Then he went up the Rhine by boat. In Karlsruhe he stopped in order to hear once again his favourite opera, "Die Meistersinger"; and thus he said farewell to the German soil.

At that time Bâle still presented quite an old-fashioned aspect. The authorities had just begun to pull down the walls which surrounded and hindered its growth. Customs, many centuries old, with which the inhabitants were

familiar, gave every newcomer the impression that Bâle was a bulwark and stronghold of conservatism.

Notwithstanding their characteristic reserve and reticence —traits in which they resemble the English and Dutch— the honest and upright people of this city received Nietzsche with as much kindness and affection as they were able to express.

At first Nietzsche managed his bachelor home himself at 2, Spalentorweg. Sometimes his sister or his friends would bring animation into the solitary life of the scholar. Nevertheless, during nearly the whole of the first year, he felt somewhat lonely.

On the 28th of May the young professor delivered his inaugural address on "Homer and Classical Philology." He spoke of Homer's personality, and described the aims of philology. He enunciated his philosophical creed, which he, as a philologist, desired to follow in his work. He formulated it by reversing a saying of Seneca: "Philosophia facta est quae philologia fuit," and thus gave expression to that broad view of philosophy which we have previously mentioned.

According to the record kept by his sister, this maiden-speech made a good impression upon his audience. "There we seem to have caught quite a rare bird" one of the members of the Council is reported to have said afterwards to one of his colleagues. On the other hand, according to Hollitscher, the speech does *not* seem to have produced so great an effect.

At the university, Nietzsche had to lecture about six or seven hours a week. He was very much pleased with his students, whose numbers, since Bâle was not a crowded university, were not so large as to put any great strain upon his powers. Moreover, they were sufficiently eager to make his work pleasant.

Ludwig von Scheffler portrays Nietzsche as university lecturer and in his outward appearance, with great lucidity. "I had not expected that the Professor, like

Burckhardt, would come bursting into the room in the full ardour of his thoughts. I had learnt already that the challenging tone of a writer does not always correspond with his demeanour in private life. But such modesty, indeed, almost humility of appearance in Nietzsche, was surprising to me.

"He had a small, rather than middle-sized form. The head was set deeply in the shoulders above the thick-set yet delicate body. Owing to his glistening convex spectacles and the long hanging moustache, his face lost that intellectual expression which often imparts to men of insignificant height something imposing. Still, his whole personality by no means indicated any indifference to outward appearance. He presented no such spectacle as Jacob Burckhardt with his close-cropped hair, his coarse linen and the well-worn suit, bordering on shabbiness, which hung in so slovenly a manner upon the powerful figure of that smiling stoic.

"No, Nietzsche had adapted himself to the mode of the day. He wore light-coloured trousers, with a short jacket, and round his collar a daintily-knotted cravat, likewise of some delicate colour. Not that there was anything loud about this attire. Nietzsche had no desire to pose as a Dandy—when has the German professor ever succeeded in that?—but strove to attain something artistic in his appearance; witness the strands, rather than locks of long hair which framed his pale face.

"Yet how far removed from artistic Bohemianism was all that this man's art denoted in other respects! The small, daintily-shod feet carried him with heavy, almost weary steps up to the professor's chair. Sitting there, his form was concealed behind the barrier, only his head remaining visible.

"The rushing of the Rhine was like an organ Fortissimo, and I was anxious to ascertain whether the lecturer's voice could make itself audible, even with the windows closed. But that was the very experience which captivated and bewildered me: Nietzsche had a voice! Not the full tone

of the orator, nor the sharply articulated but in the main ineffective modulation which characterises the pathos of many a university teacher—Nietzsche's voice, quiet and unaffected, as it issued from his lips, had but one thing in its favour—it came from his soul!

"It was thence came the strong sympathetic impulse which at once communicated itself to the audience, that irresistible power which carried home to me those lectures, which, merely read, would have incited me to the most vehement opposition.

"And the charm of that voice still has its after-effect in me to-day! It tones down and transfigures the most heterogeneous of his maxims. He only half knows Nietzsche, who has never experienced the interpreting melody of his spoken words."

Among many other subjects, he lectured to his students on the Greek Lyrics, on Æschylus, Hesiod, and the philosophers before Plato; also on the history of Greek Literature and the metres of its poets.

Besides his work at the university, he had to teach Greek for about six hours a week to the upper forms of the Pädagogium, the chief public school of Bâle, then still closely connected with the university. Nietzsche was liked by his boys, and made a good teacher.

During these years Nietzsche wrote and published the following works on purely philological subjects: "Beiträge zur Quellenkunde und Kritik des Diogenes Laertius" (*Gratulationsschrift* of the Pädagogium), "Analecta Laertiana" (*Rheinisches Museum*, vol. xxv.), "Certamen quod dicitur Homeri et Hesiodi" (vol. i. of *Acta Soc. Phil. Lipsiensis*), and "Der florentinische Traktat über Homer und Hesiod, ihr Geschlecht und ihren Wettkampf" (*Rheinisches Museum*, vol. xxv. and vol. xxviii.), and several other treatises.

In March, 1870, his office became permanent. Thus, although not twenty-six years old, he had already attained the highest step of the ladder accessible and desirable to

a scholar. He had reached a position not generally attained by the majority until the age of thirty-six.

As we said before, the first period of his stay at Bâle was trying to Nietzsche, as far as his private life was concerned. Schopenhauer's magnificent eulogy on Solitude could not apparently bridge over the gulf between Nietzsche's former and present life. His friends were all far away. The sternness and outward coldness of the persons with whom he came into contact in Bâle made him long for some companion near at hand and akin to him.

In one of his letters to Erwin Rohde he complains that no correspondence can replace the personality of a friend. "Eternally," he continues, "we need midwives in order to be delivered of our thoughts. Most people go to a public-house, or to a colleague whose mind is solely occupied with the interests of their calling, and there, like so many tiny cats, they tumble about all their little thoughts and tiny schemes. But woe to us who lack the sunlight of a friend's presence!"

Fate, however, soon compensated him for that temporary privation. In response to Wagner's invitation, which had been given when they met at Brockhaus', Nietzsche, when on a short holiday at the Vierwaldstätter Lake, went to the composer's country house, Triebschen, not far from Lucerne.

He was received with open arms. Here, in this cosy retreat where the famous composer-poet lived in strict seclusion, the acquaintance of the two men quickly developed into intimate friendship in spite of the difference of their ages.

Beautifully situated at the foot of Mont Pilatus, Triebschen was in itself an abode of happiness, a haven of refuge. It became more and more so to Nietzsche, as here his ideal of friendship seemed to become realised. Numerous visits followed the first, and even the intervals between each of these were filled with a brisk exchange of letters and notes. This intercourse lasted for about three years.

Nietzsche called Wagner his "Jupiter," and he was full

of reverential admiration for him. The incredible earnestness, and the German depth in Wagner's work, entranced the young devotee. When his friends visited him, he pointed out to them his volumes of Wagner's writings as being a credit and an honour to his library. In his letters he constantly urged his friends to study the profound works of Wagner, and begged them to make proselytes and further Wagner's cause generally. At last he even succeeded in converting Rohde and von Gersdorff into Wagnerians.

The Master in his solitude was only too glad to have such a companion, and at first, no doubt, Wagner's affection was unselfish and prompted only by amiable sentiments. Soon, however, he recognised the valuable help that could be got from such a fervent and faithful pioneer and preacher of his new gospel.

Nevertheless, they formed a rare circle of true friendship, a triple alliance against the world's worries—Nietzsche the young and rising thinker, Wagner, and Cosima his wife, the "unique one," as she, the daughter of Liszt, was named by her husband. Deeply interested in one another, they talked of the highest ideals and of immortal problems, whilst at the same time they showed the tenderest friendship in advising and helping one another in personal affairs.

Wagner's charming children were especially fond of Nietzsche. He undertook to buy their Christmas toys, and his visits were always anticipated by them with the greatest pleasure. In both 1869 and 1870 Nietzsche spent Christmas at Triebschen. These days were the great noontides of the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche. This Triebschen was to the latter an Island of the Blessed, and the vivid description by Nietzsche's sister of an evening she spent with those three choice personalities, makes one understand why Nietzsche still wrote in his last year of health, that he would willingly resign all human intercourse, but at no price would he give up the pleasant memories of those days spent in Triebschen.

Among his colleagues, Fr. Overbeck was at that time

the most intimate. He even lived with him for several years. Thus after a while Nietzsche settled down in Bâle, and became accustomed to his new surroundings, so much so that when the University of Greifswald offered him a chair at a higher salary he refused it. Out of gratitude, and in recognition of this faithfulness, the authorities in Bâle raised his salary to four thousand francs.

On July 19, 1870, war between France and Prussia was declared. Apparently Nietzsche was then still a good patriot. He spoke angrily of the "French tiger" and considered it an honour to fall on the field of battle struck by a French bullet. His appointment had compelled him to become naturalised in Switzerland, but he wished to defend the honour of Germany. As a Swiss he was not allowed to join the ranks. So he went as a hospital steward to nurse the sick and wounded. Having obtained the necessary leave, he went to Erlangen along with a friend, the painter Mosengel, in order to get the necessary medical training. Full of the excitement of youth and fervid activity, they travelled to Erlangen, singing many patriotic songs. After a fortnight's training, the two men were sent to the hospitals at the front, and of these they visited several.

In Ars-sur-Moselle they were commissioned to a convoy of wounded soldiers who were to be brought to Germany. Nietzsche himself had six severely wounded men to attend to alone for three days and nights. It was bad weather. All the doors of the goods-train carriage had to be kept closed in order to prevent the sick from getting wet. In addition to their wounds they suffered from dysentery and diphtheria.

After he had deposited his sick at a well-appointed hospital Nietzsche himself became seriously ill with dysentery.

With the attachment of a true friend the painter Mosengel looked after him. Nietzsche's constitution had been too much undermined by the exertions of the campaign. According to his sister we have to look to this sudden illness

as the first, and in fact the sole, cause of his later illness. We had better, however, postpone the intricate question as to the causes of Nietzsche's illness.

Only half recovered, instead of taking a long rest, he again plunged into the midst of work, and resumed the duties of his office.

Among many other proofs of Nietzsche's wonderful power of work, we may here call attention to the fact that he found time to elaborate and deliver several lectures before the public in Bâle. Two of these lectures, "The Greek Musical Drama" and "Socrates and Tragedy," are of interest, as they were part of the preliminary work for Nietzsche's first book, "The Birth of Tragedy." Especially interesting is his opinion expressed in "Socrates and Tragedy," that the old Dionysean tragedy had been annihilated by the rationalistic spirit of Socrates and Euripides. This proposition made quite a sensation in the house of Wagner, who had said something similar in his "Oper und Drama."

A series of public lectures, dealing with "The Future of our Schools," was preparatory to the four books which Nietzsche published under the title of "Unseasonable Contemplations." After the war a spirit of vanity, of luxury, and of boasting self-glorification was spreading everywhere among the victorious Germans. Intoxicated by victory, all the moral pettiness, clumsiness, and poor, formless, rigid life of the philistine and snob came into view. The means of education, already highly developed at that time, and easily available to every one, often produced empty-headed, self-conceited men, scholastic craftsmen, who pretended to know everything. Nietzsche, who was a true and genuine scholar, was disgusted by their foolishness. He feared for the future of German culture. The question as to what really constitutes culture and education had occurred to him; whether it really consists of a mind crammed merely with facts, or of an intellect soundly and methodically trained. For this reason, Nietzsche willingly complied

with the request of the Academical Society of Bâle to give some lectures on the subject, and he spoke in a very convincing and interesting way about "The Future of our Schools." These lectures, which were given in the early months of 1872, were much appreciated and praised.

Now, as ever, Wagner was still the centre of Nietzsche's thoughts. With keen interest he followed Wagner's work. He watched the origin and composition of the "Twilight of the Gods"; he assisted in the correction and proof-reading of Wagner's autobiography, the same which in after years the embittered Nietzsche condemned as containing not an atom of truth, and as the romancing of a stage-player. Nietzsche became one of the patrons of the scheme for the theatre at Bayreuth, by helping to guarantee the sum necessary for the realisation of the undertaking. At one time he even thought of travelling about Germany and endeavouring to arouse public interest in his ideals by giving lectures on them.

The main reason for Nietzsche's attachment to Wagner was his strong belief in the miraculous power of music and art. His words, "The world is only justifiable as an æsthetic phenomenon," remind us of those of Keats, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." During the time spent at Leipsic Schopenhauer was the young thinker's guide; at this time Wagner became his leader. Nietzsche called his connection with Wagner his practical course in Schopenhauer's philosophy. Here, he believed, he had discovered the plan, drawn up with unheard-of daring, to reform the whole civilisation of our time by means of art.

Thinking and scheming together in Triebschen, later on fighting together in Bayreuth, these two men, Wagner and Nietzsche, present the spectacle of an ideal friendship. Three divisions have been recognised in the drama of Nietzsche's friendship with Wagner: first, that of self-surrendering devotion: second, that of temptation; and third, that of victorious enfranchisement. At the time of which

we are now speaking devotion and faithful discipleship were the motive power in Nietzsche's attitude towards Wagner.

However, this self-surrendering devotion does not seem to have been complete or without struggle—though we cannot agree with one writer as to Nietzsche's having been quite indifferent to Wagner's music only a few years before—for we must be careful always to remember Nietzsche's power of critical penetration, and his sagacity. Even now, when most devoted, Nietzsche perceived some of the weak points in Wagner's compositions, though he never alluded to them publicly.

Music was to him a helpmeet for the realisation of his half-dormant, half-conscious philosophical ideals. One passage, in a letter of Wagner, shows how the latter, who had surely abandoned a disinterested, unselfish friendship, felt the necessity of making the conquest of his young partisan more and more complete. "It is, indeed," he writes, "a good thing to have such a correspondence as ours. I have at present nobody with whom I can take things as seriously as I can with you—my *one* friend. You might take from my shoulders much, even half of my life's business. You see on what a miserable footing I am with philology, and what a good thing it is that you are in the same position as to music. Now, you will please remain a philologist in order to be led by music. I am in earnest about what I am saying. I beg you to show the benefit of philology, and thus help me to bring about the great Renascence."

The first fruit of Nietzsche's support of Wagner was the book entitled, "The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music." In 1869 Nietzsche began to write it, and for about two years he continued to work at it. By January, 1871, he had cast it nearly into its present shape. Then he suddenly broke down. His delicate health, which had been terribly shaken by the exertions of the campaign in the previous year, could no longer bear the strain. Jaundice

and inflammation of the intestines forced him to leave Bâle. Accompanied by his sister, who hastened to his help, Nietzsche went to Lugano. Here he regained his health. Pleasant social intercourse—the brother of Field-Marshal Moltke, among others, was at that time staying at Lugano —many cheerful excursions and entertainments, enabled him soon to regain his former strength. Yet, even during these six weeks of recreation, the restless writer could not abstain from work. The book being finished, he offered it to a publisher in Leipsic, but it was refused. By means of his true friends, however, he soon found another publisher, and in January, 1872, the "Birth of Tragedy" appeared in print. We shall consider it here only as far as it affects the history of Nietzsche's life, reserving a detailed sketch of the book, as of all Nietzsche's other philosophical works, for the second part of this treatise.

During the period with which we are now dealing a powerful influence seems to have been exerted upon Nietzsche by Goethe's "Gespräche mit Eckermann"; we cannot, however, agree with Hollitscher that the "Birth of Tragedy" is only a clever expansion of Goethe's judgment on Sophocles, though without doubt there are numerous passages which show Goethe's influence. It is a genuine and original work of Nietzsche, this "Birth of Tragedy." After its publication the art of Wagner was considered by many as a resurrection of the Dionysean Grecian art. Before Nietzsche, no one had formulated this idea.

By all Wagnerians the book was received with great enthusiasm. On the other hand, the philologists either observed a significant silence, or else condemned it. Nietzsche's old patron, Professor Ritschl, after he had received a presentation copy, wrote to his former favourite: "You cannot complain much of me, when I, the Alexandrine and scholar, oppose myself to a depreciation of perception and intellect, and to a demand that one should see in Art, and in Art alone, the force which is to reform, redeem, and free the world." The untiring vigour, the pulsing life in

Nietzsche's book—which, with the sunlight of realities, shocked the men who studied in seclusion, and dazzled eyes spoilt by reading mouldering Greek documents—of course entranced Wagner and his followers. They recognised the immense service which had been rendered to Wagner's art by this æsthetico-philological essay, in which Nietzsche's philosophical instinct led him to grope his way along a new path. "I have never read anything more beautiful than your book," wrote Wagner to his ardent apostle and defender. Others too, like Cosima and Liszt, sent him enthusiastic letters.

The year 1872 saw many events in the life of Nietzsche. In March Bülow, the great conductor, visited Nietzsche. Bülow was not one of his intimate friends, but he liked both the "Birth of Tragedy" and its author, with whom he had many ideas in common, although he mercilessly abused Nietzsche whenever the latter exceeded his scope and tried himself to compose music. In the spring of 1872 Nietzsche composed "Manfred, a Symphonic Meditation." Later in the year he sent it to Bülow with thanks for the excellent performance of "Tristan." Bülow appreciated the thanks, but as to the music he wrote, "Your Manfred Meditation is the highest extreme of fantastic extravagance, the most antimusical that has for a long time come under my notice. From a musical standpoint—apart from its psychological interest—it has only the worth of a crime in the moral world."

The progress of the scheme of Bayreuth made Wagner's presence there unavoidable, and in April, 1872, the idyll of Triebschen came to an end. The farewell was hard. Nietzsche wrote, "Triebschen has ceased to exist. We seemed as if going about among ruins—it was so wretched!"

During the next month Nietzsche himself, along with Rohde and von Gersdorff, stayed a few days in Bayreuth, in order to attend at the laying of the foundation-stone of the theatre. On this occasion he came into contact with most of the prominent Wagnerians—the Countess Schleinitz,

Countess Dönhoff, and especially Baroness Malvida von Meysenbug. A long friendship with the latter followed. Those days, according to Nietzsche, were "simply wonderful, and the air was pregnant with something unutterable, something fraught with promise."

In June Nietzsche was in Munich, along with von Meysenbug and von Gersdoff, in order to hear "Tristan and Isolde," conducted by Hans von Bülow, who had sent him an invitation. The journey, though somewhat wearisome, was richly rewarded by the exquisite performance and the enjoyment which Nietzsche derived from it.

The same month brought the first attack from the camp of the much offended Philology against her faithless follower Nietzsche, and against his "Birth of Tragedy." Von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, a philologist who was formerly with Nietzsche at Pforta and well acquainted with him, but was a disciple of Jahn, Ritschl's enemy, published a pamphlet entitled "Zukunftsphilologie." He abominated the amateur philosophy of his brother philologist. A great display of scholarship was applied in order to crush Nietzsche, but "an odious rancour stamped the scribbling as a poor and worthless compilation." At first Nietzsche was not very angry, but his friends were beside themselves.

In the author of the pamphlet Rohde and Nietzsche had hoped to find a brother-in-arms; so much the greater, therefore, was their disappointment. Rohde's fury was intensified in the highest degree through the injurious personal attitude of this youthful work by Ulrich v. Wilamowitz, and through certain slight errors which he (Rohde) was inclined to explain as the conscious "art of misrepresentation."

"I am not so naïve," wrote Rohde, "as to take Nietzsche's book for a document symbolising absolute truth, but I am unable to comprehend how it is that the representatives of 'the Best' have so entirely failed to recognise that in his book, though undoubtedly in a most eccentric manner, a youthful, enthusiastic, earnest soul utters its rightful convictions."

Rohde did not regard the "Birth" as a scientific work, as his words testify:—"How many misunderstandings would have been avoided had Nietzsche's book appeared in the form of a didactic poem!"

Nietzsche considered self-defence beneath him, but he was the more delighted, when he saw that his friends intended to wage a defensive war. Wagner published in an important newspaper, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine*, an open letter to Nietzsche, in which the attack was ridiculed as an idiotic piece of stupidity, and the pamphleteer was scoffed at as a specimen of the dried-up philological caste.

Then Erwin Rohde published an apology in the form of a book, "Afterphilologie." The errors of von Wilamowitz were refuted with scorn in a style which approaches in some passages the lofty controversial manner of Lessing.

The use of cudgel and club is excusable when one thinks of the aggressor's language. Rohde calls him "a lampooner, a libeller, who ought rather to hide his ignorance than ostentatiously expose it to view," a criticism which was dictated by friendly enthusiasm and not by objective judgment. Wilamowitz-Möllendorf is nowadays a famous philologist—he has recently been honoured by Oxford University.

Nietzsche felt exceedingly grateful. Such a sign of friendship on the part of Rohde was admirable but daring, for he might easily have made an enemy of some leading philologist and thus risked his career. At any rate, von Wilamowitz was done for, though he vainly endeavoured, during the course of the next year, to lead a fresh attack, in his reply entitled "Eine Erwiderung auf die Rettungsversuche für Fr. Nietzsche's Geburt der Tragödie."

Still, in spite of Rohde's brilliant victory, Nietzsche became outlawed and anathematised as a philologist. Everywhere students were strongly advised not to go to Bâle for the study of philology. During the winter session of 1872-73 there were therefore no philological students in

Bâle. Nietzsche had to be contented with two students of other faculties, to whom he read on Rhetoric. The specialists could not forgive their colleague for dabbling in æsthetics and philosophy, though they were still quite willing to acknowledge his philological abilities. When Nietzsche sent up the continuation of his "Florentinische Traktat," Ritschl was much pleased that "he had now returned to the old familiar channels"; another critic also counselled him to turn his back on music and philosophy, and return to his proper calling, in order to do something as good as he had done before. Flach, a philologist of some importance, attributed to Nietzsche "great sagacity," although disputing the result of Nietzsche's Suidas' researches.

In Nietzsche was still to be found the best of philologists. He even entertained the daring plan of writing a "History of Greek Culture," of which "The Birth of Tragedy" was to be the first part. The labour of ten years was to complete the gigantic work. He outlined a scheme for all his university lectures in such a way that they might be of use to him for his work as preparatory researches. But the "History of Greek Culture" was never to be written.

Slowly Nietzsche discovered the philosopher within himself. The philologist disappeared into the background. The philosophical instinct of Nietzsche was too strong to be chained to the treadmill of a profession. Indomitable, in defiance of circumstances, it steered towards a predestined goal. Nothing could stop this instinct. Even the old idols, Wagner and Schopenhauer, were soon forsaken, after they had fulfilled their educational mission.

"The Birth of Tragedy," which idolised and glorified his friend Wagner, having been written and published, Nietzsche began, even then, almost imperceptibly, to undergo a great change in his attitude towards him. The period of self-surrendering devotion drew towards its close, although in 1876 the old affection and the enthusiasm of the æsthete again celebrated a triumph in the book "Wagner in

Bayreuth"; but probably this drop-scene was played contrary to the instincts and convictions of Nietzsche. His desertion of Wagner, of which he himself became conscious only in 1874, was no fickleness; Clotho it was, Fate it was, who had predoomed the "Sternenfreundschaft."

The principal reason of Nietzsche's attachment had been the idea that he had found in Wagnerism the best exponent of the philosophical world towards which he was trending. The principal reason of Nietzsche's detachment was his realisation of the error of this idea. The contrast between their characters, both uncompromising, and Wagner's even autocratic, Nietzsche's unwillingness to be overshadowed and to appear as a mere amanuensis—these facts may have had some influence, but we are of Zoccoli's opinion that the fundamental reason for the dissension was of a purely abstract and philosophical nature. Foerster-Nietzsche, too, calls the Wagnerian report a lie, that Nietzsche's detachment was caused by Wagner's bitter criticisms of an opera by Nietzsche.

Or have subtle motives, Imponderabilia, of which we know nothing, also played their part? Did Nietzsche flee through fear of himself?

In January, 1889, he wrote a note to Cosima from Turin—"Ariadne, I love you!—Dionysos."

As Bernoulli assumes, Frau Wagner was the woman from whom Nietzsche's soul never freed itself; for here woman had met him as principle, as sphinx, as demon, as siren; and as his expiring ego-consciousness merged itself into the Dionysos-incarnation, the ineffaceable shadow of this woman became to him the vision of the Dionysos-bride Ariadne.

At any rate, after 1874, Nietzsche avoided all visits to Wagner, who was "displeased because the second 'Unseasonable Contemplation' did not treat of him."

Nietzsche had passed through a time in which he had absorbed and enriched himself with a new ideal world, that of Wagner. It did not realise his expectations, which were,

as usual, aimed too high; and Wagnerism was dismissed from service. Nevertheless, a certain want of proper regard and some unfairness may be ascribed to Nietzsche for the stinging hatred which he manifested towards the man to whom he owed so much. But in nearly every genius we are able to trace a Napoleonic absoluteness and incontinence. Even Nietzsche's immoderate hatred can be accounted for by the peculiar prevalence of instinct and sentiment in his friendships, whether with Rohde, Wagner, or the spirit of Schopenhauer. Blindly devoted to causes and persons, Nietzsche simply adored them. Later on, his searching, dialectical intellect instinctively broke through, and crushed all the idle visions of his love. There is always a heavy penalty attached to a deep but disappointed love; it turns into reckless hatred.

In the same manner instinct and sentiment had at one time fettered the young student to Schopenhauer; intellect and reasoning loosened the tie in this case also. After all, it was simply a matter of being logical, and therefore Nietzsche could hardly avoid deserting a philosophy which was the chief buttress of the Wagnerian art. We know Nietzsche believed that "a philosophy which we accept out of pure intellect, will never become quite our own, because it never was our own." Thus he had embraced and loved Schopenhauer's pessimism.

This having been stated as an explanation of the slow and at first almost imperceptible change in Nietzsche's attitude towards his two masters, we may now resume the history of this period.

Many works now occupied his time. During 1870–71 he composed an Empedocles-tragedy, which, however, remained but a fragment; and in 1873 he wrote a prose essay on the life and teaching of Empedocles. Here in these Empedocles-studies the first germs of the later Zarathustra-thought began to take root. We find numerous parallels between the doctrines of Empedocles and Zarathustra.

During 1873–76 four books of Nietzsche appeared one

after the other, his "Unseasonable Contemplations," or, as Mencken calls them, "Essays in Sham-Smashing." They were all written while still under the sway of Schopenhauer and Wagner. Originally the author planned more than four, to be a help and aid to Wagner in his combat for the new Renascence; but they were chiefly to regenerate German culture in the sense of the ideals of Schopenhauer and Wagner.

When speaking of Nietzsche's lectures on "The Future of our Schools," we mentioned the disgust the young thinker already experienced in seeing the snobbishness, the pettiness and clumsiness of the educated classes in Germany after the war. Nietzsche's indignation at the pretentious philistine, to whose charge he even laid the general lack of interest in Wagnerism, became stronger after the publication of a free-thinking book, full of sciolism and sham enthusiasm. "The Old and the New Belief," by David Strauss, therefore became the mark and butt of the infuriated Nietzsche. In 1873 he wrote his first "Unseasonable Contemplation" under the title of "David Strauss, the Confessor and Author." The immediate consequence was an immense yelping of the much-hurt philistines, a noisy brawl of pros and cons in the newspapers. One journal, the *Grenzboten*, said that Nietzsche had become professor by a trick of Ritschl and by the stupidity of the people in Bâle; and it denounced him as the arch-enemy of German progress and civilisation. On the other hand Nietzsche gained many a warm friend by his warlike achievement. When Strauss died next year, the idea that he might have hastened the death of Strauss, who was already ailing, grieved Nietzsche, which is a proof of his personal kindness, and of the fact that he always attacked wrong causes and never persons.

The second "Contemplation"—"The Utility and Harmfulness of History"—remained nearly unnoticed. It came out in 1874, and endeavoured to instil a broader spirit and a new life into the study of history. Only

a few people appreciated the book; among whom was Nietzsche's colleague in Bâle, the great historian Burckhardt.

The third and fourth of the "Contemplations" are Nietzsche's farewells to Schopenhauer and Wagner. The third, "Schopenhauer as Educator," 1874, was an apotheosis of the philosopher; the fourth, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," of the musician.

Nietzsche himself designed the third as a sign of his gratitude towards the personality of Schopenhauer. He had already broken with the philosopher's system and dogma. The book was better received than the preceding one, and the Wagnerians rejoiced again.

The fourth "Contemplation"—"Richard Wagner in Bayreuth"—was, as we have already said, the last offering on the altar of Nietzsche's "Jupiter." "Of undying classical worth, full of pregnant thoughts and noble enthusiasm," as Chamberlain in his work on Wagner puts it; or, as Zoccoli expresses it: "One of the best and profoundest works on the genius and art of Wagner"—the book is undoubtedly one of the best Nietzsche has given to the world, and it is a proof of how long the attraction of Wagner lingered in his mind amidst a thousand revolting counter-currents.

While Nietzsche was working at this book, his health once again forsook him. In the summer of 1875 he had to go to Steinabad, to obtain the treatment of a specialist for disorders of the stomach.

Nietzsche had vainly endeavoured to preserve his health by spending his summer holidays during these three years in different health-resorts of Switzerland and Italy, often in the cheerful company of his friends Rohde and Gersdorff. It was of no avail. His sister had come to live with him, and they kept house together; but the restless professor used the increased comfort only to increase the amount of work he did.

Ludwig von Scheffler gives the following charming

account of Nietzsche's household when he and his sister first took up their residence together:

"Nietzsche lived at that time in the 'Spalentorweg.' A neat row of houses extended outside the picturesque, towered gateway, in a sort of boulevard-street. One of the smartest of these two-storey buildings was pointed out to me as the Professor's home.

"In Nietzsche's drawing-room, large, soft fauteuils, with their pretty white cretonne covers patterned with bouquets of violets and rosebuds, offered an inviting reception to the visitor. And snugly ensconced in such an arm-chair, one's glance fell again upon fresh flowers, in vases, in bowls upon the tables, and in the corners, vying with the water-colours in their exquisite blending of hues! It seemed as though one were the guest of a kind lady-friend rather than of a professor. And this feeling was hardly disturbed when the pleasant sound of Nietzsche's sympathetic voice broke in upon the stillness of the room. The Professor did the honours himself, and dispensed the tea with a smile which flitted across his inflexible features like a sunbeam. And yet there remained something constrained in his social attentions."

Upon other visitors that bright and well-arranged drawing-room made no such impression of harmonious superiority; the muslin curtains with their little blue bows gave it a certain air of German common-place suburbanism, or imparted a tinge of old-maidishness. This is merely by the way, as further proof that Nietzsche, in his sincere striving after an artistic mode of life, was yet in some externals lacking in decisive quiet dignity.

Towards the end of the winter session he had to discontinue his lectures, and was obliged to go to Montreux (whither Gersdorff accompanied him), where he regained his health. Working continually up to June, 1876, he had soon finished the fourth "Contemplation," in spite of his weakness, and, a few days before the first festivals at Bayreuth, he sent copies to the most prominent Wag-

nerians. It was his last reverence towards "Jupiter." Then Nietzsche leaped from the Wagnerian war-chariot, fleeing from the cause for which he had been fighting so valiantly.

In the middle of July Nietzsche went to Bayreuth to attend the rehearsals. His book, with its glorification of Wagner, had taken from him all that remained of his Wagnerism. After a few days he suddenly left Bayreuth, "on account of a painful headache," and buried himself in an out-of-the-way place in the Bohemian Forest. Here he wrote the first notes for "Human, All-too-human," the sign of his turning away from his two former guides. When his sister came to Bayreuth, and found he was no longer there, she went to Malvida von Meysenbug's rooms, where she cried bitterly, guessing that some great change had taken place in her brother's mind.

Struggling against, but following a final impulse, Nietzsche, however, came back to Bayreuth for the performance. It was useless—he was now Anti-Wagnerian. The Emperor William was present. The King of Bavaria, who had been pleased with the fourth "Contemplation," would have honoured Nietzsche, had the latter desired it. Wagner, though nervous, over-worked and unable to bestow much attention on his disciple amidst untold stage-worries, was yet kind to him. Still, everything disgusted Nietzsche. He despised the audience, which, it is true, was composed, with the exception of a few select persons, of swells, snobs, scandal-mongers, and the usual society who attend first-representations. Or, as Huneker puts it, "the mob began to buy excursion-tickets to Bayreuth, and Nietzsche shudderingly withdrew." Besides, he hated Wagner, who, once the obliging thoughtful philosopher of Triebschen, had now become a dashing, regardless conqueror and victor. Nietzsche, however, saw in him no longer the victor, but a poor romanticist, a clever opportunist who would one day sink down before the Cross of Christ.

The secret rupture with Wagner at Bayreuth was not

followed immediately by an open break. They even met afterwards in Sorrento, but the intercourse was polite, stiff, and no longer hearty. With Nietzsche's next book, "Human, All-too-human," all intercourse ceased.

The period of temptation in the drama of the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was ended. Wounded to the heart, loathing the world and mankind, Nietzsche left Bayreuth and the brilliant sights of the "Ring of the Nibelungen." He fell ill again. Once more his lectures had to cease, and during the winter of 1876–77 and the next summer, he was obliged to stay abroad on leave. He spent the time partly in Sorrento at the villa Rubinacci with his motherly friend Malvida von Meysenbug, and his new friends Dr. Paul Rée and the student Brenner, partly in Ragatz and Rosenlauibad. "Human, All-too-human" was steadily progressing, and he found much help among his devoted friends.

Here it may not be out of place to give a sketch of Nietzsche's face, in order to add some concrete features to the abstract record we have followed so far. Schuré, who made Nietzsche's acquaintance in 1876 during the first representation of the "Ring of the Nibelungen," has given us the following sketch: "Whilst speaking to him," writes Schuré, "I was struck with the superiority of his mind, and with the strangeness of his physiognomy. The forehead was large, the hair was short and brushed back, the cheek-bones projected like those of a Slavonian. The heavy hanging moustachios, the bold profile of the countenance, would have given him the appearance of a cavalry officer, if it had not been for a something, I know not what, both timid and haughty in his approach. The musical voice, the slow speech indicated his artistic temperament. His prudent and thoughtful deportment revealed the philosopher. Nothing was more deceptive than the apparent calm of his expression. His fixed eye proclaimed the sad work of the thinker. It was at the same time the eye of an acute observer and of a fanatical visionary. This twofold

character gave to it something restless and uneasy, the more so, as it appeared always concentrated on one point. In moments of effusion his look veiled itself with dreamy sweetness, but quickly resumed a hostile glance. Nietzsche's whole mode of conduct had that air of reserve and discreet, hidden disdain, which often characterises the aristocrats of the realm of thought."

For the completion of Nietzsche's portrait, a few further remarks about his private life at this period may here be introduced. As a professor in Bâle he dressed most carefully, wearing in the summer a grey top-hat and light suit. He began the day very early. First he took a cold bath; then followed an hour of meditation; then breakfast and literary work. He preferred to occupy his mornings with the latter exclusively. The lectures at the University and the Greek lessons at the Pädagogium were given in the afternoon. The remainder of the afternoon was filled up with walks. In the evening he read. After 1875, when his sister was staying with him, he used to read aloud to her, or sometimes she read to him. Once, for instance, she mentions having read to him sixteen of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Or they would talk together about his books, build castles in the air, or make schemes for a change in their mode of life.

More than once Nietzsche thought of giving up his professorship, in order to lead an independent, though simple, life somewhere in the country, and devote his whole time and energy to study and philosophy. As he had a small private income, derived from a capital of about fourteen hundred pounds, he was not poor, but by no means affluent; for he spent a good deal in travelling, and in lending money to friends—sometimes even to strangers.

We remember that his "Unseasonable Contemplations" were for the purpose of regenerating German culture and civilisation. In connection with this idea, Nietzsche often fancied that he would be able to do something practical in the way of reformation. "Oh, to educate educators! for

them do I write," he said. He therefore planned going on a tour through Germany, to deliver lectures on his ideals of culture, and use his influence to arouse the philistines from their dull sleepiness. The plan, however, remained nothing but a plan.

Another idea of his was to create a fulcrum, a seminary for future culture in the form of an Order of Friendship. For a time he and his sister cherished the plan of buying a little castle, that of Flims in Graubünden. They thought of instituting a brotherhood of select minds, who should there live a higher life, counsel one another, and make excursions to the collections of art in the neighbouring Italy. The friends, Rohde, Gersdorff, Deussen, and Overbeck, were to belong to this nucleus of future culture, and as frequent guests Wagner, Cosima, Ritschl, Burckhardt, and Malvida von Meysenbug were expected. This scheme was also put on the shelf, though even in Sorrento, and many years later in Nice, Nietzsche still contemplated similar ideas. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see how Nietzsche, the philosopher of individualistic culture, was in this matter a forerunner of the able Dr. Johannes Müller, who has now succeeded in offering an exquisite home to the elect in his castle of Mainberg.

"Multatuli," thus has Nietzsche been surnamed by a Dutch commentator. Truly, this strange storm-petrel Nietzsche has suffered and borne much. He has suffered from our heartless and mad human institutions; he has suffered from the thousand and one deficiencies of his fellow-men. Those years in Bâle brought to him, whose dearest goddess was Friendship, and to whom the pangs of love remained unknown, the greatest of all sufferings, in the loss of Wagner's friendship. And though afterwards he made many more friends, yet, with one or two exceptions, the passion of friendship never again soared to such heights.

The friends of Nietzsche's youth were all far away, and only now and then could they meet. Erwin Rohde, who

was still much to Nietzsche, became later on Professor of Classical Philology in Heidelberg. Deussen, latterly Professor of Philosophy in Kiel, was much abroad, and remained besides a faithful follower of Schopenhauer. The earliest friends of Nietzsche almost completely disappeared out of his life. Krug and Pinder, both of whom became later on highly placed Government officials, had scarcely any further influence on his career, for they were separated both by distance and difference of pursuits from their former schoolfellow.

Still, during this time some new friends entered Nietzsche's life. First of all must be mentioned Köselitz (Gast), a musician and a devoted and kind friend. He became the only true personal disciple Nietzsche ever had during his life. With warm enthusiasm he clung to his great friend to the end. He helped much both in the reading of manuscripts that had to be corrected, and in proof-reading, and ever remained kind to Nietzsche.

Next to him comes Overbeck, whose sincere friendship has been justly appreciated in Bernoulli's virile book. Overbeck was perhaps the most faithful of all friends to Nietzsche, the man. After Nietzsche had been pensioned, Overbeck administered the money of the wanderer, and rendered him many a valuable service.

Malvida von Meysenbug, the well-known authoress of "Individualitäten," was a noble, motherly, and indulgent friend to the rash thinker. "Intelligence, Love, and Moderation" was her formula.

Dr. Paul Rée, the author of "Psychological Observations," became Nietzsche's friend at Bâle in 1874. He often stayed with Nietzsche. His influence has frequently been over-estimated; some have even spoken of a period of "Réealism" in Nietzsche's writings, beginning with "Human, All-too-human." Mrs. Salomé exaggerates the influence Rée exercised upon Nietzsche. But it is undeniable that Rée was to some extent responsible for the change in Nietzsche's philosophical position. The French

aphoristic writers, as La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, Chamfort, and philosophical writers such as Pascal, Voltaire, Stendhal, Merimée, were loved equally by the two friends. It is very probable that by his book, "The Origin of Moral Feelings," Rée led Nietzsche into the camp of the English positivists, of which indications are to be found in "Human, All-too-human." In a letter to Rée he says that "the English philosophical writers furnish the only good philosophical intercourse possible now."

There is no doubt that Nietzsche had a great stimulating influence on Rée, who dedicated his books to him, and did not write very much after severing his connection with Nietzsche.

Last, but not least, we mention Jacob Burckhardt, Nietzsche's colleague in Bâle, Professor of the History of Art. This eminent man was always on a good understanding with his colleague, who was much younger than himself. An Olympian joviality, a refined culture, and the calm of age enabled him to keep faithful to his friendship during all the various stages of Nietzsche's development—a thing which was not easy; for Nietzsche desired to be treated with respect, and there is no doubt that he was sometimes rather exacting, as is shown by a letter to Deussen. Burckhardt wept along with Nietzsche when the Tuileries in Paris were burned down. Burckhardt's influence was always soothing and calming.

We left Nietzsche at Sorrento, ill and on leave, yet working at his next book. He had gone there in October, 1876, accompanied by Dr. Rée, and they all, including Malvida von Meysenbug and the student Brenner, passed a pleasant time there. Nietzsche's eyes, which had been particularly bad, now improved greatly. He devoted considerable time to writing the first volume of "Human, All-too-human," but nevertheless they made many excursions. They also read much together. In this manner Diderot, Michelet, Voltaire, Ranke, and Thucydides were

studied. Not only Nietzsche, but every one of his friends was writing a book.

The oppressive heat in May, 1877, compelled Nietzsche to move to Switzerland. He lived at Ragatz and then at Rosenlauibad. His health being now somewhat improved, he wanted to return to Bâle to attend to his duties. He resumed his work at the University and the Pädagogium for the winter session, and we find him home for a short time in his domicile, 22, Gellertstr.

His failing health, however, forced him in 1878 to ask to be relieved permanently of his work at the Pädagogium, and the authorities magnanimously excused him from his duties there. The constant struggle with ill-health, however, and the impossibility of accomplishing his work both as professor and as author, strengthened Nietzsche's ardent desire for liberty and independence. He knew that to resign his professorship meant to him constant illness. "As long as I was a real scholar," he said, "so long was I healthy; but then there came music, which shattered my nerves, and the metaphysical philosophy, and the care of a thousand things which ought not to have troubled me."

Meanwhile, in 1878, "Human, All-too-human" was finished and published. It was begun, as we have already said, at the time of the Bayreuth festivals. These weeks were wonderfully suitable for a study of the "All-too-human" man. The scandal-mongers, the vain dandies, the sneering snobs of a gathering which ought to have been of the *élite*, furnished Nietzsche with many illustrations to his new and enlarged view of things. In Klingenbrunn, Bâle, Sorrento, and Rosenlauibad the writing was accomplished. With the kind help of Gast the piles of manuscript were set in order, and in February, 1878, "Human, All-too-human" was ready for the printer. Originally, Nietzsche had intended to publish it under the title, "The Plowshare," and anonymously, in order to avoid an open rupture with Wagner; but the publisher would not forego the well-known signature. Nietzsche sent a copy of

his book to Wagner. This presentation copy, by a strange coincidence, crossed on the way a copy of "Parsifal," the sign of Wagner's conversion to Christianity, which he had sent to Nietzsche. Neither answered the other. The secret rupture, which had already existed for years, now became public. The period of victorious enfranchisement in the drama of the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was ended. Nietzsche continued his new course in the "Miscellaneous Opinions and Apophthegms" (1879) and in "The Wanderer and His Shadow" (1880), the first and second complement of "Human, All-too-human," whilst Wagner was attacking Nietzsche in his "Bayreuther Blätter."

Nietzsche thus characterised his work: "I thereby freed myself from all that did not belong to my nature; it is the monument of a crisis, it is the monument of a vigorous self-education, by which I put a sudden stop to all higher deceits, idealism, sense of beauty, and other womanlinesses, which had infested me." The friends of Nietzsche were extremely surprised. The book was appreciated only by a few such as Rée, Gast, and Burckhardt, who called it a sovereign book. So little, however, could most people understand the real change, that they imputed it to Rée's influence. Nietzsche himself thought it necessary to write an explanatory booklet, now published in the posthumous papers.

During the year of the publication of "Human, All-too-human," the idea of abandoning his professorship came more and more into prominence. In March Nietzsche was in Baden-Baden with his sister, and there they decided to dissolve their joint household in Bâle for the forthcoming winter, as the resignation was planned for the next year.

We agree with Deussen that ill-health alone was not the cause of Nietzsche's resignation of his professorship. His restlessness, his predilection for constant variety, the inner change, and the consciousness that he felt himself fitted for a higher vocation—all these caused him to write on the margin of a book of Guyau's, "Thus was my existence at Bâle," when he read, "Let us suppose, for example, an

artist who feels within himself the existence of genius, and who finds himself bound all his life to manual work; this feeling of a wasted existence, of an unfulfilled task, an unrealised ideal, should he continue so, will torment his sensibility almost in the same way as the consciousness of a moral defect."

So the philosophical instinct, which we have so often mentioned before, at last gained the victory. The scholar Nietzsche, who might have attained greater fame even than Burckhardt in the realm of the history of Greek Art, disappeared with "Human, All-too-human," the first chiming note of Nietzsche's philosophy. All previous haps and mishaps, persons, incidents, and books had been but episodes leading up to this. Now appeared the *philosopher Nietzsche.*

In the last winter session, that of 1878–79, Nietzsche lived a very lonely life. His sister had gone in the beginning of summer. He took a house outside Bâle in order to force himself to take long walks. Professor Overbeck and Mrs. Marie Baumgartner were at that time the only friends whom he met. The latter, who had published a very good French translation of "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," helped him in the preparation and copying of the manuscripts for "Miscellaneous Opinions and Apophthegms," which later on formed the second volume of "Human, All-too-human." It was received by the public with indifference.

In 1879 Nietzsche had to tender his resignation as professor, for his health again broke down. After returning from Geneva, where he spent the Easter holidays, his illness reached a crisis. His eyesight also was terribly bad, and even thoughts of death entered his mind. It was, therefore, impossible for him to continue his work.

The resignation was accepted. The Board of Management granted the retiring professor an annual pension of three thousand francs, and intimated this resolution to him in a kind and sympathetic letter, which was both a credit to themselves and an honour to Nietzsche. Thus he left Bâle.

## B.

### NIETZSCHE AS A TEACHER (*continued*).

### (*b*) *Years of Authorship Abroad.*

ELIZABETH, Nietzsche's sister, arranged his affairs in Bâle, and then she and the ailing philosopher went to Schloss Bremgarten, near Berne, where, after three weeks, he was considerably invigorated. He then went for a fortnight to a motherly friend at Zürich, next to Wiesen, and finally to St. Moritz, in Oberengadin, where his health improved wonderfully.

For ten years from this time Nietzsche, like Ahasuerus, led a wandering life. Accompanied by a big box of books, which he called his "club-foot," and resigning all external luxuries, but not the striving after fame, the pilgrim went from place to place, from boarding-house to boarding-house, ever struggling against his ill-health, ever thinking, writing, and proclaiming his philosophy.

The years he had passed in Bâle had transformed the philologist into the philosopher. His intellectual emancipation having been completed, and the philosophical Eros victorious, Nietzsche's life becomes identical with the history of his work and thought. As a motto for these years we may take his words, "What remains to me of life shall be spent in giving complete expression to that for which I still endure life." Kant calls the Sceptics a species of nomads, who abhor all constant cultivation of

the soil. So perhaps it was Fate which condemned this greatest of all sceptics to a roaming life, symbolic of his mental activity. In both cases the way was a lonely one. "They scoffed at me," says Nietzsche, "when I discovered a road of my own, and yet, even then, my feet were trembling on it."

Nietzsche spent the winter of 1879–80 in Naumburg; but it was the most wretched period he had ever experienced there. His vitality and health were at the lowest point, and his sufferings were intense. Neither the climate nor the dull and dreary place suited him. It is also possible that his mother was not the most congenial companion he could have had. "Alas, I wish you would stick to your old Greeks!" she would say, in disapproval of her son's philosophical occupations. A visit from Rée in February, 1880, brought a pleasant change into his life; and soon afterwards, like a bird of passage, he flew southward to Venice, where Peter Gast went to keep him company.

Nietzsche was delighted with the life in Venice. Twice every day he was visited by Gast, who sometimes read aloud to his revered master, and sometimes wrote at his dictation the first notes for the "Dawn of Day, Thoughts on Moral Prejudices."

In Italy Nietzsche was not to be sought in the towns and squares marked in Baedeker with an asterisk. He lingered where the people prayed, sang, and laughed. In Venice he frequented an "Osteria" in so narrow a lane that vendors with the yoke for their baskets on their shoulders had to push themselves through sideways. The lane was naturally dark, owing to the intercepted sunlight; the windows, however, displayed fish and crabs upon thick cabbage leaves, with fowls and bright little stands of Roman salad, and above all was wafted the fragrance of boiled artichokes and white wine.

"Every day," so relates Frau von Bartels, "as we sat in the dining-room of the 'Osteria' (which was merely a

little bit of roofed-in courtyard with a fanlight), a gentleman came to our table, who greeted us, and ordered his dinner in the Venetian dialect, but then sat mute. We took him for an Italian; and we laughed at the oddity of him being at our table, seeking us out and yet never talking to us, and because he presented such a singular appearance, with short, white linen trousers, black coat, extremely thick moustache, and sad brown eyes behind thick polished glasses. But we did not laugh unkindly, for we liked him, and missed him whenever he was late. We laughed most of all at his hair. He wore it in a thick natural curl which formed a little acute angle on his forehead, and by a singular caprice he had cut off the extreme point of it. But next day it appeared to be growing again; on the day after, however, it would be cut off once more. We were so childish that even this made us laugh; and one day he also laughed with us, and talked to us in our own language, and that was the beginning of our friendship."

Thus we see that Nietzsche, in spite of all the fanaticism in his writings, was always governed by his old nobility during his rare encounters with his fellow-men, and thereby exercised an unmistakable charm over women.

The heat of summer, however, again drove Nietzsche from Venice to the north, and he spent his time in Marienbad and Naumburg. There his sister did her utmost to cheer and encourage her brother, who was so much in need of the encouragement which he never met. In October, 1880, he again left for Stresa on Lago Maggiore, and thence he went to Genoa.

Here he put up with simple people, and lived in a back garret at 8, Salita delle Battestine; it was not too healthy a place, but he had an exit upon a small balcony overlooking some gardens. Here in Italy the ways and manners of the common people, of which he had little knowledge, were full of interest to him. He did not speak Italian as well as French; in fact, he

even condemned the learning of foreign idioms as being a hindrance to perfection in one's own language.

This modern Diogenes led the simple life, living on about £3 a month. He cooked for himself, fruit being his favourite food. His landlady and the neighbours admired his gentleness, and called him "il santo"; they really thought he was a poor saint, and presented him with candles for his quiet evenings. It may perhaps be mentioned here that Nietzsche appears to have had some presentiment of his final breakdown, as Lanzky and others of his acquaintances assert; even his landlady, Carlotta, one of whose sons had died in an asylum, relates that whenever this son was referred to in Nietzsche's hearing, he used to whisper "Anch' io." At that time the ideal mode of life which he cherished consisted of "independence that did not offend the eye, a light sleep, and a gentle, quiet walk." He took very little alcohol. He wished to have nothing to do with princes or other celebrities, with women or newspapers; he desired no honours, no intercourse save with the higher spirits, and occasionally with the lower classes.

Early in the morning he would go into the country carrying a small knapsack, which contained books, manuscripts, bread, and fruit. He discovered many quiet nooks from which he could behold lovely prospects; there he would rest and think. To quote his own words: "When the sun shines, I always love to go to a solitary rock by the sea, and having before me the sea and the blue sky, I lie there under my sunshade like a lizard." He often remained there until after sunset, when the deep quiet of evening was spreading over the bay of Genoa.

Nietzsche's health improved, and during the winter months he was full of the happiness resulting from the power to create. In January, 1881, he sent the manuscript of the "Dawn of Day" to his friend, Peter Gast, who carefully copied it, and in March it was forwarded

to the publisher Schmeitzner, at Chemnitz. It appeared in July, 1881. Nietzsche called this book a decisive one, and truly it was so. Most of his former works (including "Human, All-too-human") had been controversial—offensive or defensive—alike in aim and essence. They were works of transition and combat. In the "Dawn of Day" began the real dawn of Nietzsche's philosophy. The book, however, met with a poor reception. Rohde took no notice of it, and even Burckhardt was no longer enthusiastic.

During a short stay in Recoara Nietzsche had suffered from a return of his illness, and in the summer of 1881 he went to Sils-Maria in the Engadine, which became his favourite resort. Seven consecutive summers he spent here, in the house of a certain Mr. Durisch. It is a small village and commune in Switzerland, in the canton of Grisons, and in those days was much less known than it is now. The village, situated in an angle formed by the junction of the Albula and the Hinter-Rhein, is about twelve miles south-west of Chur. One of its chief attractions is a lake close at hand. All the surroundings also are perfectly beautiful. Nietzsche loved the slender larches which cover the surrounding slopes and hills, ever boldly raising their heads and defying the storm. He considered them as symbols of his life and teaching—that the individual thrives best where there is most danger to resist. The keen thinker delighted in the pure, crisp mountain air. Sils-Maria and the Engadine, with its clear, transparent atmosphere, its jagged rocks, its cold glaciers, remind one of the cruel, stern necessities by which, as Nietzsche taught us, life is governed. Great plans offered themselves to him. Here, in Sils-Maria—now the Mecca of all Nietzscheanites—occurred to him the first idea of the Eternal Recurrence, and here he jotted down his first notes for "Thus Spake Zarathustra." In such surroundings the eternal recurrence was not the calm and arid contemplation of a Pythagorean, but Nietzsche thought he had found

therein the Yea and Amen to his philosophy. A feverish desire for work took possession of him, so intense, indeed, that he refused a visit from Dr. Rée, for he dreaded having the solitude of Sils-Maria disturbed.

According to Diederichs, "The conformation of the district is southern, but the vegetation is of northern modesty. It bursts forth impetuously in summer like a long-suppressed love, and with the red of the Alpine roses, pinks, and thistles, is blended the blue of the gentians and bluebells, the yellow of the Compositæ and Ranunculaceæ, together with the various shades of colour of the Alpine flora, all blooming at the same time in close proximity. The glades between the trees are all veritable flower-carpets, and the rocky peninsula Charté in the Silser lake has in particular something of a Dionysean festivity in its wealth of flowers. Here, upon the highest point of the little peninsula, Friedrich Nietzsche often lay, and sang to his own melodies his songs of Prince Vogelfrei, and whatever occurred to him, so loudly that people could hear him on their way to the lake. Between the brown pine stems and their delicate needle-like branches, he looked out upon the blue lake and across green meadows. Behind these, above the zone of life, towered the snowy peaks of Corvatsch and Magna, and the amphitheatre formed by the broad, glistening semicircle of the Fex glacier."

Nietzsche lived with Durisch, now mayor of the place. The house lies somewhat back from the village street, on the forest. It is a two-storeyed building with five windows facing the front; it has green shutters and a grey slate roof, so that it bears a certain resemblance to Goethe's "Gartenhaus."

Durisch had often sat on Nietzsche's bed and conversed with him when the latter's attacks made all work impossible. He was then more talkative than usual.

"You ought not to work so hard, Herr Professor."

"Yes, I must; that is my life."

Nietzsche inhabited at a low rent a room (facing the

forest) into which no sunshine came, on account of his eyes. Even the cover for his writing-table had, for the same reason, been specially manufactured of green cloth, interwoven with stripes of light green silk.

Nietzsche took only his mid-day meal in the Hotel Alpenrose; not at the table d'hôte, however, but alone in the tourists' restaurant, where he ordered beefsteak and peas almost every day. Then he often drank a glass of beer. Morning and evening he took his meals at home. "O, he often lived somewhat injudiciously," related Durisch. "When his mother sent him anything which he particularly liked, he often ate till he was sick. He was very fond of honey in the comb, and would manage to eat up a large comb in three days." Who does not immediately think of Zarathustra's Honey Sacrifice?

Durisch, and several of Nietzsche's admirers, discovered the stone on the lake of Silvaplana, the sight of which, according to a letter written by Nietzsche to his sister, suggested to him the first vision of Zarathustra. Two admirers, also, had a memorial tablet inserted in a rock on the peninsula of Charté, and engraved upon a granite slab the song of frenzy, the midnight song, "O Mensch, gib acht!"

In the autumn of 1881 Nietzsche again returned to Genoa, where he spent a happy and contented time, one of the happiest periods in his life. He writes: "Here in Genoa I am happy and proud, as though I were Prince Doria or Columbus! I wander, as I used to do in the Engadine, over the heights, with a feeling of exulting happiness, and with a look into the future, such as no one before me has ever dared to have." Here he wrote the preliminary notes for what he first called the second part of the "Dawn of Day," but which, later on, became "The Gay Science." This work is permeated throughout by his newly-won love of life and vital power. It is written "in the language of the spring; it is therefore full of wantonness, restlessness, and contradiction, like the weather in April."

An account has been given of the impression produced by Nietzsche's personality at this time. In a gentle and yet impressive manner he would direct the conversation in which he was taking part; he was polite and retiring, and no one could discern in the quiet, wandering scholar the reformer of the world. He preferred the mask of insignificance. He often said how necessary it was to appear thus, to wear such a mask, for his own sake as well as for the sake of others. When he was a professor at Bâle he dressed most carefully; now he preferred simple clothes, and a soft hat which protected his eyes. With a skin tanned by the sun, an abundance of fine, soft, silky hair, a magnificent, dome-like forehead, large brown shining eyes and excellent teeth, Nietzsche appeared for the most part the picture of health; and this impression was enhanced by the strength which enabled him to wander for six or eight hours daily.

During February of 1882 Dr. Rée visited Nietzsche, who gladly received him. They made a trip to Monaco together, but the journey upset Nietzsche's nerves, and following the advice of his physician, he went by sailing ship to Messina. He stayed there only a short time, for the Sirocco drove him away, and he again journeyed northwards. On the way he visited Malvida von Meysenbug and Dr. Rée, both of whom were then in Rome. They promised him what he was longing for, a disciple, a certain Miss Salomé, whom they considered peculiarly fitted to be taught his philosophy. According to them, she was exceedingly clever and highly gifted, and Nietzsche was expected to find in her a personality to whom he might bequeath the mission of expanding and spreading his teachings—a work which could be done far better by a living and devoted disciple, than by books and writings. Nietzsche was greatly pleased, but the whole episode of his connection with this lady was destined only to cause disappointment.

In the meantime, he went to the Grunewald, near Berlin, on a suggestion that he would find it the most suitable

place for his health. The place disgusted him, however, and he returned to Naumburg. Here he read the proofs of his "Gay Science," which he completed at Tautenburg in Thüringen. It was published in September, and was warmly received. It then contained only four parts; towards the end of 1886 Nietzsche wrote a fifth part, which appeared in the second edition.

Miss Salomé came to Tautenburg, and the initiation began. Nietzsche soon discovered, however, that she was not what he had expected. It is very difficult, at present, to sift thoroughly the details of this tragedy of errors, so as to impute justly guilt and innocence. This much is certain, that Miss Salomé, who was, after all, a woman with a heart, was bored by her position as a disciple. The Queen in "Three Weeks" would have been bored, too. Nietzsche sublimated too much the idea of love. His sister, also, is not without blame in the matter. She, the respectable clergyman's daughter, often experienced difficulties in dealing with her impulsive and daring brother's mental flights. From Tautenburg, where she was staying with the Nietzsches, Miss Salomé poured out her grief in letters to friends. A letter from Dr. Rée, who seems to have sympathised with her, and of whom she was very fond, caused a scene between her and Nietzsche's sister, and was the commencement of a permanent rupture. The personal acquaintance lasted only five months. The philosopher's feelings were deeply wounded, and he was excessively disappointed. It was too much for him to be compelled to relinquish the hope of a disciple.

Again he had lost two friends. For Rée, in his eyes, seemed no longer worthy to be his companion. In the course of the next summer Rée disappears from the circle of Nietzsche's friends; though probably as regards the affair with Miss Salomé he was not guilty. Nietzsche broke with him for personal reasons, and not because of scientific differences. Miss Salomé, now Frau Professor L. Andreas-Salomé, in Göttingen, later on published a book on

Nietzsche. Dr. Rée later on became a physician and a positivist. He published several books, and we may remark a cruel passage appended to his posthumous work "Philosophie." Rée wrote in 1897 to a friend, that "Nietzsche was a madman, a man craving for name and fame at any price, a poor, sick, and perhaps lunatic poet," whom he could never read, and whom to read at all was only possible in extracts.

Suspicious, and soured by his disappointment, Nietzsche in the autumn left Leipsic, where the discipleship had been finally ended, and went to Genoa. All alone he climbed his stony path through life, offended and saddened by the lack of judgment he found among his contemporaries.

Genoa was not pleasing to him that winter, so he lived on the quiet, beautiful bay of Rapallo, not far distant. He lodged here at a little inn, from whence every morning he climbed in a southern direction along the great highway towards Zoagli, overlooking the far-reaching sea, passing on his way lofty stone-pines. In the afternoon, when his health permitted, he would walk round the entire bay.

The gloom which had come over him in the last year was cleared and brightened by the composition of the great poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which was to be an advance on all his hitherto published works. The first of the four parts of this work was published about May, 1883. Nietzsche gives a touching description of his state of mind while writing it. He speaks of the enormous strain and pressure, and the miraculous inspiration under which he worked; but the power of inspiration which Nietzsche thinks unique in his case is not without a parallel. It is not necessary to look far back to find a similar case. Every reader of Rousseau can remember a similar outpouring of the sentimental Jean-Jacques.

Gast was delighted when he read the proofs of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The book, however, proved a failure at first, though nowadays it has become the most widely

read of Nietzsche's works, and that by which *alone* superficial readers generally judge the philosopher.

Before he returned to Genoa from Rapallo, Nietzsche suffered severely from an attack of influenza. During the sleepless nights caused by this illness he began to take hydrate of chloral. After May he went to Rome, and lived in a loggia high over the Piazza Barberini, from whence he could overlook the city, and listen to the music of the fountain below. A landscape painter, named Müller, was with him, and many pleasant hours were spent with Malvida von Meysenbug. Nietzsche was, however, rather given to melancholy, for no one seemed to respond to or understand his book of Zarathustra. He wrote the "Nightsong," a portion of the second part, in Rome, but afterwards his health again gave way. The weather was hot, and at the same time the quarrel with Rée occurred, so Nietzsche longed to be away from Rome. He made many plans as to where he would go.

It is interesting to note that he seriously thought of going to Ischia; but he abandoned that project, and shortly afterwards a frightful earthquake destroyed nearly the whole of the island. Sils-Maria became once more his abode. Again the hermit-philosopher wandered over its jagged rocks—dreaming, hoping.

The lukewarm reception of the first part of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" was soon overcome by Nietzsche's *Amor Fati*, and in about ten days, it is said, he wrote down the second part, which was published in September, 1883. It is very rich in personal reminiscences, especially of his last stay in Rome.

At this time his practical-minded sister was anxious that Nietzsche should accept another position at a university. He entered into negotiations with Leipsic University, but without result; partly because the radical thinker was given to understand that he was no longer a *persona grata*, and partly because he himself was rather indifferent about the matter.

The autumn of 1883 was a very trying time to Nietzsche. The members of his guild had rejected his request for readmission to a university. "Zarathustra" was a strange puzzle to the world, and other troubles also came to embitter Nietzsche's life. He was staying at Naumburg, where his mother was opposing her daughter's desire to marry Dr. Foerster, as the marriage would probably involve Elizabeth's leaving Germany and going to Paraguay with her husband. Frederick joined his mother in this opposition—more especially as a certain lady, herself in love with Dr. Foerster, endeavoured to break off the match between him and Elizabeth by spreading the report that Foerster had been abusing Nietzsche and his books. Nietzsche believed this report, and considered the betrothal a personal offence. The letters sent to Nietzsche by the scheming girl, who was constantly slandering Foerster, had at last the effect of discontinuing the correspondence between Nietzsche and his sister. Nietzsche was extremely pained by this discord.

He left Naumburg and went to Nice by way of Genoa. There, whilst taking constant outdoor exercise, often for eight hours a day, he composed the third part of "Zarathustra." Like all the four parts of the poem, it was written down in about ten days. It appeared in the beginning of 1884, but had the same icy reception as the preceding parts.

In 1883–84 a young scholar from Vienna, Dr. Paneth, was spending the winter at Villafranca, near Nice, occupied with physical and geological studies. As an admirer of Nietzsche, he saw him frequently. Some passages in letters which Dr. Paneth wrote to his *fiancée* about the lonely thinker, give us a good insight into Nietzsche's private life at that time, although Paneth somewhat exaggerated his poverty; for Nietzsche then possessed a fixed income of some four thousand francs. His pension was three thousand, and he derived another thousand francs from his small fortune which we have

already mentioned. He was, however, of a careful disposition, for he constantly feared that his pension might be withdrawn, as it was only a voluntary one, and not fixed by law; he had also a presentiment that one day it would be necessary to pay for the publication of his books.

Dr. Paneth writes: "His small room is bare and inhospitable-looking; it certainly has not been chosen with a view either to ease or comfort, but solely on account of economy. It has no stove, no carpet, and no daintiness, and when I was there it was bitterly cold. Nietzsche was exceedingly friendly. There was nothing of false pathos or of the prophet about him, although I had expected it from his last work; on the contrary, he behaved in quite a harmless and natural way, and we began a commonplace conversation about the climate and dwellings. Then he told me, but without the slightest affectation or assumption, how he had always felt that a task had been laid upon him, and that he intended to perform it to the utmost of his power, as far as his eyes would permit him. Just fancy, this man lives all alone and is half blind. In the evening he can never work at anything. There are many contradictions in Nietzsche, but he is a downright honest man, and possesses the utmost strength of will and effort. I asked him whether he would like me to draw the attention of the public to him on the occasion of the publication of the third part of 'Zarathustra.' He would not object, he said, but he did not seem to like the idea. Such a contempt for every extra aid to success, such a freedom from all self-advertisement is impressive. He is absolutely convinced of his mission, and of his future fame; this belief gives him strength to bear all his misfortunes, his bodily sufferings, even his poverty. Of one thing I am certain, Nietzsche is chiefly a man of sentiment."

In April, 1884, Nietzsche visited his friend Gast in Venice. He had in his mind the plans of many books

which he wished to write. He thought of commencing to write a "Philosophy of the Future," as a commentary and explanation to "Zarathustra," which was so little understood. From Venice he again went for the summer to his beloved Sils-Maria, by way of Bâle and Zürich. A ray of hope came to him when he met the cultured Baron Heinrich von Stein, with whom he had formed a chance friendship a few years before. They had exchanged some friendly letters, and now Stein came to spend three days with Nietzsche, his revered master. Both were charmed with each other, and the visit of this most devoted of all his new followers had a stimulating effect on the solitary man.

Towards September, Nietzsche met his sister in Zürich. A reconciliation took place, and on the occasion of her marriage the following year, Nietzsche was able to write a kind letter to Dr. Foerster. This meeting, which was followed by a seven weeks' stay in Germany, cast a bright gleam of happiness over the whole autumn, his sister's influence having a cheering effect upon him. Nietzsche's letters to Gast and Stein during those days are buoyant, and his vitality was at a high point. In Zürich, as well as in Mentone, where he went in October, he wrote several poems.

About this time Nietzsche had a law-suit with his publisher concerning money that had been withheld, and other matters. He had therefore to look out for another publisher, as he had just finished a fourth part of "Zarathustra." At one time he even thought of a fifth and sixth part. All attempts, however, to find a new publisher were in vain. His fame as an author during the seventies had been ruined by his strange writings during the eighties. He therefore decided to have the fourth part printed at his own cost, and not published at all. This concluding part had been composed while in Zürich, Mentone, and Nice, and was finished in February, 1885. Nietzsche ordered only forty copies to

be printed, which he intended to send to his friends; but he sent only seven—so lonely and forsaken was he!

During the winter of 1884–85 Nietzsche's abode was at Nice. The life in the "pension" was not very pleasant to him, and he travelled to Venice, where his faithful friend Gast was living. Here he conceived the plan of "Beyond Good and Evil," which was intended as an explanatory guide to "Zarathustra." It was to be the prelude to a greater work which should embody the whole of his philosophy.

Much of the two following years was spent by Nietzsche in revising the books he had written up to that time. He resolved to re-edit them all. So he wrote deeply thoughtful prefaces, which were to facilitate the comprehension of his writings; he added a fifth part to his "Gay Science"; some of the books were also supplied with new title-pages, and he did everything that he could think of to improve them.

Interesting is his summing up of the contents of his eleven books in the following formulæ:—

Birth of Tragedy: Metaphysics for artists.
Strauss: The culture-philistine. The Loathing.
History: Life and History—the fundamental problem.
Schopenhauer: The philosophical eremite. "Education."
Wagner: The artist-eremite. What can be learnt from Wagner?
Human: The free spirit.
Miscellaneous: The pessimist of the intellect.
Wanderer: Solitude as a problem.
Dawn: Morality as a sum of prejudices.
Science: Scorn of European morality. A prospect of surmounting it.
Zarathustra: How the man who lives beyond it ought to be.

A compromise was made with the publisher Schmeitzner, who paid the money due. The rights of publication of the former books were sold to E. W. Fritzsch, who had

already been the publisher of the "Birth of Tragedy" and of some of the "Contemplations"; and the whole of Nietzsche's books, weighing sixty-two hundredweights, changed their storing-place.

In spite of the worries with his publishers, Nietzsche was in quite a bright and happy mood during the greater part of this time. In the winter of 1885–86 we again find him in Nice, living at 26, Rue St. François de Paule. He praised the lovely place as his Eden, and was there able to revise thoroughly "Beyond Good and Evil."

In the following spring Venice became the home of Nietzsche. Thence he went for a short visit to Leipsic, in order to see Rohde, the friend of his youth. But their friendship had chilled. Neither understood the other. Nietzsche, who ever dwelt in the ethereal realms of thought, appeared to Rohde as if he had come from some strange, far-off land. The petty interests of Rohde, who had just been appointed professor at Leipsic, where he did not get on well with his new colleagues, wearied the thinker, whose mind was far above the minor matters of this earth. Thus he lost another friend.

Besides the absurdly trifling matter of a difference of opinion about Taine, there were also other causes which separated the friends. Above all it was Nietzsche's behaviour towards Wagner which troubled and pained Rohde, and further, Nietzsche's cosmopolitanism, with its French bias, almost hostile to everything German; his biting sarcasm against "Vaterländerei" ran directly counter to the homely patriotism which Rohde had preserved through all variations of mood and opinion. Rohde himself later on defined the motive of his alienation from Nietzsche briefly and strikingly as "manifold misunderstandings and the inability to follow Nietzsche's last evolutions."

When in Leipsic Nietzsche entered into negotiations with C. G. Naumann for the publication of his new books, and

the latter accepted "Beyond Good and Evil," which was to be sold on commission. Nietzsche of course had to pay the cost of producing the book. To-day Naumann is the prosperous publisher of all Nietzsche's works, and would scarcely be induced by the offer of any sum to relinquish that right.

"Beyond Good and Evil" was to be "a clear exposition of Nietzsche's views; it was to revolutionise our opinions concerning the history of morals." Some call it the pivot of Nietzsche's writings, for the great work he had had in view, to which this is a prelude, remained but a fragment. Again the newspapers and journals published unfavourable criticisms; he received only kind letters from Burckhardt and Taine.

The "Will to Power" was to have been the title of the great work, of which but fragments remain. Already in the spring of 1883 Nietzsche had declared that, after finishing his poem "Zarathustra," he would begin his chief prose work. For five years all his notes were destined for that work, and only his restlessness, or at times some burning question, would make him take from his treasury of materials some single topic, and publish the notes thereon as a book. Thus, all his works published after that spring, with the exception of "Zarathustra," are but extracts from this treasury of notes expanded into special treatises. To judge by these fragments, had the book itself been completed it would have eclipsed everything else he has written.

In it he did not intend to give an elaborately wrought-out system. He always mistrusted the building of elaborate systems, too often made out of cobwebs. Nevertheless, his work was intended to express the *whole* of his views of the world, the whole of his philosophy. It was not to teach a dogma, but was meant to be a "preliminary guide to research." During the summer of 1886, which he spent in Sils-Maria, while reading the proofs of "Beyond Good and Evil," he devoted every spare moment to this gigantic work.

Nietzsche passed a busy life during the autumn and winter. We meet him in Ruta on the Riviera, and then

again in Nice at the Pension de Genève and at 29, Rue des Ponchettes. His principal work, and the revision of the new editions of his earlier books which was only concluded in the beginning of the next year, occupied the greater part of his time.

He had much agreeable social intercourse during his leisure hours with a certain Madame von P., with whom he made many excursions—one to San Remo, where the German Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick III., was staying. Later on Nietzsche met Meta von Salis-Marschlins, the noble writer of "Philosoph und Edelmensch," and Miss Helen Zimmern, the author, among other works, of the lucid and pleasant book, "Italy of the Italians."

An earthquake, which shook Nice, showed Nietzsche's immovable composure. While many people lost their heads, Nietzsche, another Phileas Fogg, behaved as coolly as if nothing had happened.

The spring of 1887 again found Nietzsche labouring hard at his chief work. Whilst staying at the Villa Badia on the Lago Maggiore, in Zürich, in Chur, and afterwards in Sils-Maria, he drafted the necessary outlines and drew up his plan. The scheme was thus arranged: "The Will to Power: an Attempt at a Trans-valuation of all Values. 1. The European Nihilism. 2. Criticism of the highest Values. 3. Principle of a new set of Values. 4. Discipline and Chastisement." He laboured at his work incessantly. As he needed the help to be derived from great libraries, he first thought of going to Germany. He changed his mind, however, and again went in the autumn to Venice, and afterwards to Nice, ever restlessly pursuing his great aim.

In the beginning of the following year the conception of the "Will to Power" was completed, but the execution was doomed to failure, so that the work has remained but a fragment. The crisis in Nietzsche's illness, and the fact that he was constantly interrupting the larger work for the sake of intermediate publications, were the reasons of this failure.

For instance, in 1887 he wrote the "Genealogy of

Morals." He had received several letters asking him questions about "Beyond Good and Evil." He took material from his notes, and, in the space of twenty days, he formed that biting book out of these materials. It appeared about November, and was published at the author's own cost, like all his books after "Zarathustra." It was intended to pave the way for the comprehension of "Beyond Good and Evil."

In 1887 Nietzsche published also his "Hymnus an das Leben," which Mottl is said to have pronounced an effective composition.

"O solitude, thou art my home!" These words of Nietzsche had to become more and more his consolatory saying; for his surroundings were now more solitary than ever. His only absolutely devoted friends were Gast, Seydlitz, and Stein; but death soon robbed him of the third member of this little group. All the others disappeared. Deussen, while on a journey to Greece, visited Nietzsche in 1887, but the old heartiness of their friendship was no more. Rohde had quarrelled with him about a trifling matter of opinion. He even had temporary troubles with Gersdorff and Malvida, though eventually these were surmounted. Professor Overbeck, at Bâle, who administered Nietzsche's money, and Professor Burckhardt, who always remained kind, were too far off to satisfy the affectionate friend.

Nietzsche was cruelly hurt by the lack of comprehension, which caused more suffering to him than to Schopenhauer, for though he had an intellect as hard as steel, he had a heart as soft as down.

A pious and distinguished English lady, in ill-health, who often met Nietzsche in Sils-Maria, has left a touching description of how tenderly he always cared for her, and was unwilling to allow her to enter into conversation about his philosophy; and how he had even implored her with tears in his eyes not to read his books. "For," she continues with great humour, "such a feeble, ailing creature as I am would, according to his teachings, have had no right to live."

This delicacy and tenderness of feeling explains why Nietzsche, though he never seems to have made a deep impression on the heart of any woman, was always on terms of friendship with the best women of his time. Malvida von Meysenbug was very fond of him, although she, an old experienced cosmopolitan, never believed that Nietzsche's gospel was the only saving truth. Frau Marie Baumgartner, Meta von Salis-Marschlins, Baroness von Ungern-Sternberg were devoted friends and disciples, as also were many other women with whom he came into contact at Bâle. Meta von Salis-Marschlins, who knew Nietzsche for many years, visited him several times. She came to him at Sils-Maria in July, 1887; here they took long walks in the beautiful surrounding country, and the enthusiastic lady has furnished us with many interesting details from the realm of the thoughts of the "Philosopher and Nobleman."

Nietzsche was by no means a woman-hater. When he was professor of philology he was not averse to the idea of getting married. He was fond of brave and healthy women, but he never experienced the passion of love, although some passages in Nietzsche's letters to Madame von O. betray more than a fleeting affection. His intellectual energies, and his passion for Truth, gradually, however, absorbed all his thoughts; and if the philologist still dreamt of a woman in his future life, the philosopher turned every liking into friendship, and at last he considered that marriage would be an impediment to him.

"It would be ridiculous," he says, "if a group of penniless wretches should decree the abolition of the right of inheritance; but none the less ridiculous is it when childless men take part in the legislation of a country. They have not got sufficient ballast in their ship to be able to venture safely on the ocean of the future. But it seems equally absurd for him who has made it his task to obtain the utmost knowledge, and discover the true valuations of the whole of existence, to burden himself with the love of wife and child, and with the personal considerations en-

tailed by the possession of a family, their support, and provision for their future,—and thus stretch before his telescope a dim veil, through which hardly any gleams from the far-distant world of stars can penetrate. Thus I come to the conclusion that a married man cannot comprehend the highest thoughts of philosophy."

During the year 1888, the last year in his career as an author, Nietzsche worked feverishly, to the utmost of his power. As though he foresaw that destiny would not allow him to work much longer, he produced book after book. In the spring of this year he was living in Turin. The climate did him good. The neat and pretty university town was much to his taste, and he decided upon a longer stay.

A gleam of hope, a ray from the rising sun of his fame, now threw light over the bitter cold of his disappointed life. At the University of Copenhagen the clever and learned Dr. George Brandes delivered a series of lectures on the German philosopher Nietzsche. The lectures were well attended, sometimes by as many as three hundred students. It was the Dawn of Nietzscheanism, and this last year of Nietzsche's authorship was thus brightened by the first gleams of his future fame.

Whilst working at his "Will to Power," a chapter which he wrote on Modernity led Nietzsche once again to treat a single topic in the form of a book. Wagner was once more the subject. The excessive worship of Wagner, then prevalent, and the preponderance of pessimism in Wagner's ideas, awoke the wrath of Nietzsche, who now saw in classic art alone a life-elevating influence, and in modern art a corresponding life-lowering influence. Accordingly in May and June he wrote "The Case of Wagner," two postscripts and an epilogue being added during July; it appeared in September, rousing a storm of indignation in the ranks of the Wagnerians. Spitteler is of the opinion that the "Case of Wagner" was written by Nietzsche not solely out of mere enthusiasm for his cause, but that also a certain animosity against the dead Wagner had a share in it. On

the 9th of November, 1888, Nietzsche wrote to Spitteler: "It is quite natural that I connect my 'conversion' with 'Carmen.' You will not doubt it a minute—simply one *more* malignity of mine. I know that the success of 'Carmen' excited Wagner's wrath and envy."

These lines and the rather dubious propositions made by Nietzsche to Spitteler with regard to the mode of publishing "Nietzsche contra Wagner" are rather incriminating, yet we must try to imagine the present sentiments of Spitteler wounded through certain attacks, and we shall then not judge too harshly the ways of Nietzsche, whose "Zarathustra," after all, remains infinitely superior to Spitteler's "Epimetheus."

During the summer Sils-Maria was for the last time the resting-place of Nietzsche. But the weather was bad, and he was confined to his rooms, feeling very unhappy, in spite of a visit from Meta von Salis-Marschlins.

He returned to his beloved Turin in the autumn. Living at the Via Carlo Alberto 6[iii], he became possessed anew with a fever for work, and often rose at two o'clock in the morning and began his writing.

Immediately after the production of "The Case of Wagner" another book was commenced, "Idlings of a Psychologist," the title of which was altered during the printing into "Twilight of the Idols," as a parody on Wagner's "Twilight of the Gods." It appeared in January, 1889.

Nietzsche, in the best of spirits, then applied himself to his masterpiece, "The Will to Power." He rejected the old plan and title, and now drew up a scheme for four books, which were to be entitled "The Trans-valuation of all Values"—*i.e.*, 1. The Antichrist: an Attempt at a Criticism of Christianity. 2. The Free Spirit: a Criticism of Philosophy as a Nihilistic Movement. 3. The Immoralist: a Criticism of that most fatal Species of Ignorance, Morality. 4. Dionysos: the Philosophy of Eternal Recurrence. As we have said before, the work was fated to be never

completed. Nietzsche only finished the first book, "The Antichrist," a vitriolic attack upon Christianity, published many years later.

Bernoulli says that the Antichrist was *the* "Will to Power"; he maintains that E. Horneffer's assertion was justified, according to which Nietzsche is said to have given up altogether the idea of a "Will to Power" in four parts, and already to have packed all his most important thoughts into the "Antichrist." Nietzsche's sister opposes this. She says:—

"What my brother intended in the work, the 'Will to Power,'—namely, to give a statement of his entire views with the 'Will to Power' as the central point—seems to have been something different from the work written in such a passionately accusing tone, which he called the 'Transvaluation of all Values!'

"This new work ought certainly to have contained everything upon which my brother placed the highest value, but nevertheless much remains unconsidered, or has been too slightly touched upon, which in the 'Will to Power' is plainly and clearly presented to us."

In order to explain his new attitude towards Wagnerism, and the contrast between his former book, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," published in 1876, and the lately published "Case of Wagner," Nietzsche next set himself to collect all the passages from his writings concerning Wagner, and compiled a small work, "Nietzsche contra Wagner." He never saw the publication of this, nor of "The Twilight of the Idols."

He also wrote an autobiography, "Ecce Homo," to be published in—1908.

The angry God of Olympus sent a flash of lightning. Nietzsche, like another Prometheus, the seeker and bringer of Fire and Truth, fell a victim to his too highly-strung intellect. He went mad. This intellect, which desired absolute Truth, which rejected "l'illusion, l'éternelle consolatrice," this intellect of unparalleled daring, was

doomed to destruction. To whom does this not recall the words of Schiller—"Error is the life we live, and, O, our knowledge is but death!"

His highly-strung, over-strained intellectual life, his feverish, unceasing work, his terrible solitude and the slowly gnawing worm of his disease—these are the chief causes of the night of insanity which clouded the end of this strange man's life. Other minor matters were only forces which caused this sword of Damocles, which had long been threatening, to fall suddenly and unexpectedly. Malvida von Meysenbug sent a letter showing that she did not appreciate the "Case of Wagner." Nietzsche's own publisher permitted an abominable article against him to be published in a musical journal belonging to the firm. Some antisemitic fanatic, angry at a few kind remarks about the Jews which Nietzsche had made in his writings, wrote him anonymous letters, in which his brother-in-law, Dr. Foerster, was charged with having sent from Paraguay newspaper articles against Nietzsche, full of abuse and hatred. Only after the death of her husband in 1899 did Elizabeth find among his papers an accusing letter from Nietzsche to Dr. Foerster, in which occurs this passage: "I take narcotic after narcotic, in order to alleviate my sorrow, and yet I cannot sleep. To-day I shall take so much that I shall lose my senses."

On one of the first days of January, 1889, near his lodgings in Turin, Nietzsche had an apoplectic fit. For two days he lay stupefied and unconscious on his sofa. Later on he was once more able to walk, but he had no idea of the value of money, and paid for trifles with gold; he spoke loudly and constantly, and wrote many odd and quaint letters. His trusty friend, Professor Overbeck, alarmed by one of these letters, came from Bâle in the second week of January. It was ascertained that Nietzsche was insane, and Overbeck took the poor sufferer to Bâle on January 9th and placed him in an institution. Nietzsche's mother came immediately, and on January 17th took him to the psychiatric institution

of Dr. Binswanger in Jena; and in March, 1890, when he had improved considerably, she took her son to her home in Naumburg.

Overbeck wrote to Köselitz (Gast) on January 15, 1889, as follows:—

"Up to Christmas, Nietzsche's letters had misled me as to his present condition; about Christmas these letters became more frequent, and at the same time both handwriting and contents betrayed in the most disquieting manner a peculiar over-excitement. But a letter which he sent on December 31st to my excellent colleague Andreas Heusler, whom Nietzsche also had highly esteemed ever since his days in Bâle, made me most suspicious of all. The letter was perfectly rational in itself, but surprising to Heusler as the first intelligence Nietzsche had ever sent him from Italy.

"The point in question was a demand for the re-purchase of his writings still published by Fritzsch. I myself had been induced, by a letter received shortly before, to advise strongly against this, and to express at the same time the anxiety caused by these letters.

"On the same 31st of December I received an answer which led me to consider the plan with Fritzsch settled, but it by no means allayed my anxiety. On January 6th Jacob Burckhardt received a letter, which he immediately sent to me, and has left with me, as the first document proving the necessity for my interposition.

"Now it was evident, that between this and the preceding letter—on January 4th, as I proved later on through his landlord—Nietzsche had entirely lost his identity. He was not only a king, but the father of other kings (Humbert and others); he had been at the funeral of his son Robilant, and so on—all uttered in the fantastic tone of a madman.

"In my perplexed despair I at once wrote the most urgent letter that Nietzsche should come to me directly—a double folly, as I learnt next day from the superintendent of our

lunatic asylum, the possible consequences of which, however, I averted at once by a telegraphic announcement of my own immediate departure. For on showing my colleague Wille (the superintendent) the letter to Burckhardt, and a short note which I myself had received from Nietzsche on Monday morning, he convinced me that there was no time to lose, and that if I felt my duty lay there, I must set out at once. And for that I am very grateful to him, though I was thus impelled to undertake more than I was conscious of being able to carry out. Indeed, I dared not have made my arrival in Turin an hour later.

"On the same afternoon—I mean on that of my arrival at Turin, a week ago to-day—the matter there was becoming a public scandal; the landlord, as I learnt from his wife, had just gone to the police and to the German Consul. Still, an hour before, as I had already proved, nothing was known to the police.

"Nietzsche, who had fallen in the street the day before, and had been picked up, was now threatened with immediate consignment to a private 'Manicomio,' where he would become surrounded with adventurers, who flock together on such opportunities quicker in Italy than in other countries. It was the last moment when his removal was still possible, without special obstacles other than those presented by his own condition.

"I pass over the touching circumstances in which I found Nietzsche in charge of his lodging-house keepers—proprietors of a newspaper kiosk on the Via Carlo Alberto—they are characteristic of Italy. With the terrible moment when I saw Nietzsche again, I return to the principal matter; it was a terrible moment.

"I saw Nietzsche crouching in a corner of the sofa, reading what proved to be the last correction of 'Nietzsche contra Wagner,' and looking terribly worn. He saw me, and, recognising who I was, rushed to me and embraced me passionately; then, bursting into a flood of tears, he sank back upon the sofa in convulsions.

I was also, through strong emotion, hardly able to stand upright.

"Did the abyss upon which he stood, or rather into which he had already fallen, disclose itself to him at that moment? At any rate, nothing of this sort was repeated.

The whole family of Fino was present. Nietzsche had hardly sunk back again, groaning and starting convulsively, when they gave him a cordial to swallow. For the moment calmness ensued, and Nietzsche began to talk laughingly of the great reception which was prepared for the evening. Therewith he was back in the sphere of illusions, which he never again left while I was present—quite clear as to my identity and that of others generally, but as to his own involved in utter night. It appeared that, working himself up at the piano in loud songs and frenzies, he brought out fragments from the world of thought in which he last lived; at the same time, in short sentences uttered with an indescribably muffled tone, he babbled of sublime, wonderfully transcendental, and unspeakably horrible things, regarding himself as the successor of the dead god, interspersing the whole with interludes on the piano.

"Thereupon followed once more convulsions and outbreaks of unutterable suffering; but as I said, that happened only in a few transient moments; upon the whole the assertions of the profession which he ascribed to himself as the buffoon of the new eternities preponderated, and he, the incomparable master of expression, was unable to render even the raptures of his delight otherwise than in the most trivial speeches, or by means of fantastic dancing and leaping.

"At the same time the childlike harmlessness, which had never forsaken him even in the three nights during which he had kept the whole household awake with his raving, made his removal (at least for the travelling companion whom I had brought with me at Wille's earnest advice) a matter of child's-play;—combined as it was with an almost implicit docility, as soon as one entered into his ideas of royal receptions and entries, festival music, and so on.

"The journey took place between Wednesday 2.20 p.m. and Thursday 7.45 a.m. It began with a terrible half-hour in the bustle of the station at Turin under brilliant sunshine; Novara also occasioned some scenes; otherwise we three travelled alone, Nietzsche rendered drowsy by chloral, though waking again and again; but at the most only singing loud songs, among them, during the night, that most beautiful Gondola-song.

"The conveyance from the station to the hospital on the morning of the 10th went off almost to perfection; only I felt a fixed horror of the whole occurrence. . . .

"A scene in the waiting-room of the hospital:—

"(I must premise, that Nietzsche still had no idea where he was. In order to avoid such scenes as we had in Turin, my companion had impressed upon the patient before alighting that he would first of all enter Bâle incognito, therefore he must greet no one, or the effect of the later entry would be destroyed. Nietzsche stepped from the railway carriage into the cab in the strictest silence, and crouched there, for the most part in a condition of complete prostration. The first meeting with Wille, the superintendent, had taken place, and the latter had left the room again for a moment.)

"*I* (to my travelling companion): 'Excuse me, Doctor, for not yet having introduced you.' (I had omitted it in the excitement.)

"*Nietzsche* (who must have known Wille formerly): 'Certainly, he must be introduced. Who was that gentleman?' (viz., Wille, who has just gone out of the room.)

"*I* (dreading nothing so much as the mention of his name): 'He has not yet introduced himself, we shall hear directly.'

"Wille returns.

"*Nietzsche* (in the most courteous and dignified manner of his best days): 'I think that I have seen you before, and much regret that I cannot for the moment recall your name. Will you——'

"*Wille:* 'My name is Wille.'

"*Nietzsche* (continuing, with no change of countenance, in the same manner and in the calmest tone, without any consciousness): 'Wille? You are an alienist. I had a talk with you some years ago about religious mania. It was occasioned by a madman "——," who then lived here or in Bâle.'

"Wille listened silently and nodded assent.

"Just think with what blank astonishment I listened, being able to recognise the literal accuracy of this recollection, which stretched back over seven years. And now the chief thing: Nietzsche did not connect this perfectly clear recollection in the slightest degree with his own present position, he betrayed no sign that Wille's profession concerned him at all. He quietly allowed himself to be handed over to the assistant doctor who came in, and upon receiving an invitation to follow, left the room with him, without saying anything further.—I do not know how to give you a clearer idea of this breakdown which annihilates his entire personality.

"Since then I have not seen him again, not even on Saturday. When I called again I received the information that his condition had not substantially altered; there was much noise and singing, sleep could only be obtained artificially, and I was not to attempt to see him again for eight days, and everything depended upon quietness.

"On Thursday, when I myself was half out of my senses, I was obliged to write to his mother. The poor lady came on Sunday evening, and saw her son yesterday afternoon. Now she will hear of nothing but taking her son with her (against the strong advice of myself and Wille) into her own house, which is certainly not to be thought of, and is, in fact, forbidden.

"To-morrow I shall receive an answer from Jena, whether admission there is possible. If it is in the affirmative, then the departure of Frau Nietzsche with the patient, and an excellent companion discovered by my wife—a doctor, who was once Nietzsche's enthusiastic pupil here in the

Gymnasium—is fixed for Thursday evening, the day after to-morrow. . . ."

In his next letter Overbeck wrote :—

"Much indeed has happened since I wrote to you. Nietzsche is no longer here; he went away on Thursday evening, accompanied by his mother, a doctor and an attendant, and if all went well, he must since Friday afternoon have been under the care of Professor Binswanger in Jena.

"Wille entirely agreed in the choice of the institution—what led to it in the first place you already know—he was not so satisfied with the hasty departure, nor with the participation of Nietzsche's mother in his removal, though he made no protest.

"In both cases, however, Frau Nietzsche would hear of nothing else, and would not entertain my proposal that she should go on at first alone to expedite matters, and make preliminary arrangements for the admission of her son in Jena—leaving me to accompany the patient, with the necessary assistance, at least as far as Frankfort, where we should probably have found some one among his relatives or friends who would have relieved me.

"Excuse me from writing more about the distress of the four days which Frau Nietzsche spent with us, and about the departure—the terrible moment which I can never forget—when about nine o'clock, in the glaring hall of the Central Station, I saw Nietzsche, closely conducted by his two companions, his face like a mask, and with hurried but unsteady gait, betake himself in absolute silence from the cab into the compartment reserved for him."

## C.

### THE ILLNESS OF NIETZSCHE.

EVER since that breakdown a main subject of dispute between the friends and enemies of Nietzsche has been the question—*Was Nietzsche's illness responsible for and did it influence his writings?*

G. M. Gould is of the opinion that "it would be impossible to estimate correctly how far the irritation of his brain was responsible for aristocratic anarchy, and for his occasional lapses into egotistical disdain, but it certainly was not wholly inoperative; and without doubt it helped to produce stringency, hardness, and radicalism."

Dr. Binswanger in Jena diagnosed the breakdown as atypical, not progressive, paralysis. According to Gould it is extremely doubtful whether Overbeck is correct when he considers that the use of chloral had largely contributed to the final breakdown; indeed, Gould says it is certain that the so-called sudden stroke in 1888 was only the more apparent effect of thirty years of over-use and disease of the brain—that is to say, of his morbidly feverish intensity of mental activity.

Without attempting to give a final decision on this controversy—which will not be settled as long as Dr. Breiting, the psychiaters Binswanger and Wille, and the oculist Schiess, who treated Nietzsche, have not published their data, and as long as a certain entry in the books of the Jena Institution has not been elucidated—we may still bring together a few facts, and from them try to arrive at a workable theory.

Nietzsche's sister tells us in "Die Zukunft" that her father was absolutely healthy but short-sighted. Nietzsche himself called his illness a bad inheritance from his father ("Leben," vol. ii. 327), and writes in a letter to Gersdorff: "My father died at the age of 36 of inflammation of the brain; it is possible that it may take me off still earlier." Whether the probably diffuse encephalitis from which Nietzsche's father suffered was chronic, or caused by accident through a fall down a flight of steps, remains, therefore, still an open question, and it is at any rate *possible* that Nietzsche was predisposed by heredity.

It is true that during his childhood he suffered from a certain weakness of the eyes, which was increased by the bad light of his room at home and of the schoolrooms at Pforta. We know that later on this weakness was great enough to make him believe that he would be exempted from military service.

Gould considers that this very short-sightedness was the principal cause of Nietzsche's migraine and headaches, and he disputes Dr. Möbius' statement that "myopia" does not cause pain. "Nietzsche underwent an atropine-cure, but this was a mistake, for the myopia increased all the more during his life, as the natural and inevitable result of over-correction of the myopia, and non-correction of his astigmatism and anisometropia, which obviously existed in his myopia. The simultaneous and equal suffering of his eyes, head, and digestive organs is the most striking peculiarity of Nietzsche's case; all the reflex symptoms, ocular, cerebral, neural, psychic and digestive, depended accurately upon the exact amount of work which he gave his eyes, and were relieved in exactly the same proportion as the amount of walking and physical exercise that he took."

In 1866 Nietzsche was in such excellent health that he would willingly have taken part in the campaign of that year.

In 1870 Nietzsche is represented to us as having possessed the health of a bear, and being as fiery, elastic, and self-

reliant as a young lion, a statement which we can understand when we think of Dr. Gould's opinion.

Perhaps the origin of his physical and mental ill-health should be attributed to the accident which befel him during his military service, or to the severe dysentery from which he suffered during the Franco-German War. His sister believes that this last illness was alone responsible for his subsequent trouble. As he never took proper rest after this illness and was always hard at work, jaundice ensued in 1871, and from that time his constitution was more and more undermined by colds, headaches, sleeplessness, influenza, and rheumatism. The many drugs that he swallowed ruined his stomach, and in 1875 Dr. Wiel stated that Nietzsche suffered from chronic catarrh, with dilation of the stomach. The frequency of his illnesses increased for several years, and in 1879, when his vitality was at its lowest point, he was ill for "about one hundred and eighty days." The grief of losing Wagner's friendship also did him much harm. After 1881—and this is very important to remember, for his purely philosophical works were written *after* that date!—Nietzsche was comparatively well, and "never had more than fourteen days of ill-health annually, up to 1887."

In 1882 he began to take hydrate of chloral, and he admits that this always caused him to see men and things in a false light the next morning—showing, as in De Quincey's case, that the drug had "palsying effects on the intellectual faculties." For this reason he again and again struggled to give up the use of that drug. He also used an uncommon narcotic, which an old Dutchman had brought from Java.

Chamberlain says that the first signs of the fearful malady appeared as early as 1878, "scattering the splendid intellect and making him the court-fool of a frivolous, scandal-loving *fin de siècle*." This is a reckless statement, disproved by many records and witnesses.

Ungern-Sternberg, the clear-headed author of "F.

Nietzsche im Spiegelbilde seiner Schrift," states that a certain nervousness existed as early as 1875; and when we read some of Nietzsche's letters written in the summer of 1883, we also cannot help discovering in them a certain irritability, and often even traces of morbidness; but there is the undeniable word of Ungern-Sternberg that in 1886 Nietzsche appeared to possess "a cool head and a critical mind; combined with the greatest possible sobriety."

Against Chamberlain's theory, too, are all the letters and private papers of Nietzsche, in which, as every unprejudiced investigator must own, the clearest common sense prevails. On December 27, 1888, Nietzsche wrote a letter to C. Fuchs, which is comparatively quite normal.

Another proof that Nietzsche was not mad before 1888 is the irrefutable testimony of his friend Rohde. Rohde's biographer, Crusius, says: "On January 7, 1889, Rohde received from Turin, on a loose sheet of paper, a short address signed Dionysos, written with a perfectly steady hand, in which Nietzsche in conclusion exalted his friend among the gods—a touching proof that the music of the old friendship was still reverberating within him. Rohde belonged also to that procession of saluting phantoms which floated past him in the twilight of that fast approaching intellectual night, whose darkness finally enshrouded the genius of the lonely man. The paper caused Rohde some anxiety; but he sought to persuade himself that some jest of the writer lay behind the words. After a few days he learnt otherwise. Rohde confesses in his letters to Rühl and Overbeck at the time, that the catastrophe had utterly astonished him; that from his latest impressions of Nietzsche he had not considered such a thing possible, and was now quite overwhelmed by the terrible fact; that certainly Nietzsche's last utterances (referring especially to 'The Genealogy of Morals') had given least of all the idea that this vigorous intellect could suddenly break down; and that the last-mentioned work was well arranged and more strictly logical in form than his earlier compositions."

We agree with Gould in calling Möbius' attempt to fasten on Nietzsche the stigma of exogenous disease both silly and disgusting, for Deussen tells us "*mulierem numquam attigit*," and it is reckless to assume heredity in this connection. We also agree that Nordau's charge of sadism is foolish and frivolous. We finally admit that the influence of Nietzsche's disease over his character and writings *is* manifest, though we do not say "everywhere" and "painfully"; and we further consider that the serious affections of his eyes, head, and digestive system, which were caused by his constant writing, compelled Nietzsche to bring together his notes with the least possible amount of work, and that from this cause many contradictions, illogical statements, and insufficiently modified assertions resulted. *We are, however, bound to uphold our conviction that Nietzsche was never mad before the December of 1888*, and we must call in question "the existence of a thirty years' mental *disease* of which the stroke of apoplexy was only the visible effect." We must utterly denounce such a book as that of Schacht, in which Nietzsche is described as already mad in 1886, and as a wicked scoundrel and boaster.

Dr. Binswanger, the eminent physician of Jena, is said to have written: "No one will ever succeed in writing an exact history of Nietzsche's illness, for the dates concerning the beginning of the malady are neither clear nor evident." *With the data that we have, however, we must come to the conclusion that Nietzsche's mind was healthy until the end of 1888.*

We must grant the existence of nervousness, of an often feverish intensity of mental activity, and of a sometimes apparent morbidity; but who can give the exact definition of a healthy and of a mad intellect? Even Lombroso has failed to do so. Did not the very strain on his mind, and the intensity of his physical sufferings, as Nietzsche himself believed, sharpen his keen insight, his logical and philosophical powers?

We have still to mention a few events during the last

years of the great sufferer Nietzsche, whose whole life, as Gould so well puts it, is an unexampled pathetic tragedy. "No one," Gould continues, "has suffered more grievously; no martyr ever endured more intense and continuous torments." All the more are we compelled to admire Nietzsche's stoicism. "Impavidum ferient ruinae."

In 1893 Elizabeth, the widow of Dr. Foerster, returned from Paraguay. At that time Nietzsche was still able to receive her at the station at Naumburg, and to hand her a bouquet. His general health had thus far improved. The mental faculties of the patient, however, were decaying more and more. The first two years of his illness had inspired some hope, and a certain Dr. Langbehn was convinced that Nietzsche's case was curable. But it was not to be. There is no return through the Gates of Horn. With endless care and great self-sacrifice Nietzsche's aged mother looked after her son. In 1895 he was suffering from a paralytic affection of the jaw. In 1897 she herself fell ill, and at Easter of the same year death called away the loving and devoted Franziska Nietzsche, a true *mater dolorosa*.

After this Elizabeth removed with her brother to Weimar, where she bought a villa called "Silberblick." His favourite seat was on the verandah. The pleasant view over Weimar, with the mountains beyond, the far horizon, the formation of the clouds, the sunset, these were his chief enjoyments. Nietzsche showed great pleasure in music. Peter Gast, Dr. Carl Fuchs, and Miss Kate Bruckshaw, all clever pianists, often played to him.

He usually disliked visitors. However, when he evinced a desire to see people, his sister would ask friends and adherents to come to the house. The fame of Nietzsche grew wonderfully; painters and sculptors came to see him. He received his guests resting on a divan, dressed in a long garment of thick white cloth, in the style of the garb of Roman Catholic priests.

Professor Lichtenberger, from Nancy, the enthusiastic

commentator of Nietzsche, once paid him a visit, and he thus describes his impressions: "At any rate—and this is a supreme consolation to his friends—this end of life is not so forbidding and woefully melancholy as one might easily imagine it. In the slow decline of this enthusiastic lover of life, this apologist of energy, this prophet of the superman, there is an indescribable beauty, which is both sad and peaceful. His brow is always to be admired; his look, which seems as if turned inwards, has an indefinable and deeply touching expression. What is passing within? No one knows. He may have retained a dim remembrance of his life as thinker and poet. 'Have not I, too, written good books?' he said quite recently, when some one put a new book into his hand."

In the summer of 1898 another slight apoplectic fit occurred, and the next year a more severe one. Nietzsche became weaker and more silent.

In August, 1900, Nietzsche took suddenly ill and had to keep his bed. He was troubled with a cold, accompanied with fever and difficulty in breathing. He became worse, and died on August 25, 1900, about noon. The immediate cause of his death, according to Dr. Reicholdt, was pneumonia with œdema of the lungs. His last word was "Elizabeth."

From far and near came the mourning friends and disciples. The young Horneffer, later on editor in the Nietzsche-Archiv, came from Göttingen, and over the coffin in the house of mourning he delivered a worthy funeral oration. "To all futurity his life has become a school of independence. We do not wail over this coffin. The man who lies here is not dead. It is not the night of death which has come here—it is the dawn of a new day. I seem to see the dead man raise himself; he stands erect, and a world throws itself at his feet! . . ."

Nietzsche was buried in his native village, Röcken. Peter Gast, in his rather flamboyant address at the grave, said: "Now that thy body, after the great Odyssey of thy mind,

has returned to its home, the earth, I, as thy disciple, and in the name of all thy friends, utter unto thee a fervent cry of Thanks in memory of thy great past. Thou wast one of the noblest, one of the purest men that ever set foot on this earth. And though it is known to both friend and foe, I do not deem it superfluous to speak thereof at thy sepulchre. For we know the world, we know the fate of Spinoza. In the same manner, around the memory of Nietzsche, posterity may throw shadows. And for that very reason, I conclude thus: 'Peace be with thy ashes! Holy be thy name to all future generations!'"

# PART II.

## SKETCH OF NIETZSCHE'S WORKS.

# PERIOD I.

The Dionysean period; Nietzsche under the influence of Schopenhauer and Wagner: a pessimistic idealist. (*See* page 290.)

# I.

## THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY OUT OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

LITERATURE: *Ballot, Centralblatt, Dowerg, Gurauher, Lasserre, Ofner, Rohde, Seeman, Stickney, Witte.*

THERE are two instincts, two states of the human mind—the Apollonian and the Dionysean. On these two psychical dispositions depend all the developments of Art, for Apollonism and Dionysism are the pure and direct states of Art.

The Apollonian instinct is a sort of dream of beauty; the Dionysean instinct is a kind of intoxication resulting from the delight of mere existence. The *principium individuationis* of Schopenhauer and the god Apollo with his sunny eyes: these convey to us an idea of the former. The Dionysean impulses of Spring, of the St. Vitus's dancers during the Middle Ages, the conception of a harmony of the world: these convey to us an idea of the latter.

The art and the civilisation of Greece were originally Apollonian; it was a beautiful visionary world, and moderation was its axiom. Later on the Dionysean instinct became united with the Apollonian, and together they gave rise to the greatest works of Art.

The lyric writer Archilochus was the first in whom these two instincts were joined. He introduced the popular song. Now, in a popular song melody is the most important part. Music has a Dionysean character, for, being pure will, it symbolises a realm beyond all forms of visible manifestation.

Under the influence of this mysterious Dionysean state of music, the Apollonian instinct in the lyric poet comes to life, firstly as a visionary conception. Thus Schiller mentions a "musical sentiment" as always preceding the composition of his poems. The product of the Apollonian instinct, thus awakened, is the text of the lyrical poem, linked to music.

Besides this we have a proof of the Dionysean origin of the Apollonian instinct in the fact that the so-called subjective lyric poet is by no means subjective; he is one with the All-being, the Soul of the World; the personal common ego becomes one with the world-ego. At any rate music is the mother of the lyric poem. The strophic structure of our songs shows the innate will and power of music to constantly create new visionary objects for imagination.

We have to take into consideration similar facts in order to understand the origin of Greek tragedy.

Greek tragedy developed itself out of the tragic-choir, the satyr-choir. Tragedy was born of the spirit of music.

To the Greek the satyr was an expression of the longing for freedom, for a return to nature; a longing strengthened by the artificiality of the Apollonian instinct, though on the other hand the Dionysean instinct and the satyr were defied by the Doric art and the Doric State. Still to the mind of the Greek the satyr bore the stamp of primitive man, possessing all the highest and strongest emotions, and without the loathsome sensualities of the Dionysean culture of the Babylonian Sakaën.

The satyr, the fabled child of nature, stands in about the same relation to cultured man as Dionysean music to civilisation. Richard Wagner says that civilisation is made ineffective by music, just as lamplight is rendered ineffectual by daylight. In the same way I believe that the cultured Greek felt himself of no importance and effaced when contemplating the satyr-choir; and this is the next effect of the Dionysean tragedy, that State and Society, and in general all the depths between man and man, yield to an

overwhelming feeling of unity and oneness, which leads back to the heart of Nature. The metaphysical consolation with which every good tragedy dismisses us is this: that Life, which is at the heart of all things, is, in spite of its different manifestations, for ever indestructible, powerful, and joyous. This consolation appears to us most clearly in the satyr-choir, natural beings, who, one may say, live for ever outside of all civilisation, and remain eternally the same, in spite of passing generations and nations. The Greek consoled himself with this choir, and his art saved him from the Hamlet-like loathing which follows all knowledge. Art was to him a veil.

Impressed with this idea, the disciples of Dionysos rejoiced and exulted, and the enthusiastic revellers even thought they were changed into satyrs. Later on the tragic-choir was an artistic imitation of that natural phenomenon. It was never, as some think, the expression of the critical moral sentiment of an ideal spectator.

At first tragedy was not drama, but choir. In the beginnings of tragedy, Dionysos the god, who was always the hero and centre of the vision, was never represented, but was only present in imagination. Later on he is shown in objectivation, and then the choir has to stir dionysically the spectators, so as to make them see the god and not the masked actor.

Thus the whole Homeric Apollonian world of Fable became gradually fruitful and more real.

Greek tragedy died with Euripides. The spirit of music disappeared, to be replaced by another spirit.

Euripides brings everyday life upon the stage. The belief in an ideal past and an ideal future is naturally lost by this. The caste of slaves becomes supreme. Heroism disappears, and the much-praised "Greek serenity" is nothing but the cheerfulness of the slave, who is responsible for nothing of importance, has no worthy aim to strive for, and thinks the Present of greater importance than either the Past or the Future.

Like Plato, Euripides undertook to show the world the reverse of the instinctive (unintelligent) poet; his æsthetic maxim, that "Everything rational is beautiful," is on an equality with the Socratic principle that "Only he who knows is virtuous." We may thus regard Euripides as the poet of æsthetic Socratism. And besides this, Euripides (who was repentant of his vandalism towards the end of his life) was really only the mouthpiece and exponent of another power. This power was Socrates, the man who overthrew the grand old Hellenistic culture, and was the founder of a new culture, under the sway of which we still live.

To understand this most "questionable" figure of antiquity, we must remember that a key to the character of Socrates is presented to us by the extraordinary phenomenon called the "dæmon" of Socrates. In special circumstances, when his gigantic intellect began to reel, he received a firm support in the utterances of a divine voice, which then spoke to him. This voice always acted as a check on him, whenever it came. In this completely abnormal nature instinctive wisdom only occasionally appeared in order to oppose conscious perception. While with all productive men it is instinct which is the creative, definite force, consciousness generally acting critically and checkingly, with Socrates it is instinct which becomes the critic, and consciousness the creator—a perfect monstrosity *per defectum*. And here we also observe a monstrous *defectus* of all mystical aptitude, so that Socrates might be quoted as a specimen of the non-mystic in whom the logical nature is developed to the same excess as the instinctive wisdom in the mystic.

With Socrates the old stalwart Marathonian perfection of body and soul was more and more sacrificed to a doubtful enlightenment, involving the progressive degeneration of the physical and mental powers. From this time we find another contrast, Socratism and Dionysism: here excessive strength of instinctive wisdom, there excessive development

of the logical side of nature. This contrast destroyed Greek tragedy. Afterwards the utmost to be hoped for was a dramatised epic.

And now the pale philosophical thought of Socrates overgrows and stifles the sublime old art. In place of lofty Apollonian conceptions, we meet with cold, clearly expressed, or paradoxical thoughts; instead of Dionysean ecstasies we find the fiery, affected passions of the actor. The choir becomes something merely secondary, and might even be dispensed with.

With Socrates the "man of theories" was born; a man thirsty for knowledge and perception, even ready to die for them. But Socratism also leads to a mean, utilitarian view of life, and often considers mere existence as the highest good. Also all science and knowledge, when pushed too far, again and again reaches its limitations, its frontiers beyond which it cannot pass, where all logic is wrecked or comes to a standstill. Then appears a new perception, the tragic. By this Socratism is counteracted, according to which, tragic Art, though agreeable, is not useful.

German philosophy, in Kant and Schopenhauer, by tracing and outlining the natural limitations of all human perception, has helped to bring forth the tragic perception, thus inspiring confidence that some day *the present culture, which is still too Socratic, shallow, and optimistic, may be annihilated.*

A second factor, which guarantees a revival of Dionysean Art, is German music, which, in the musical tragedies of Richard Wagner, has created the form in which the German Mythos celebrates great triumphs, and has erected an imperishable monument to the Dionysean ability of the Germans—to become beautiful through suffering!

Music is the Dionysean Art *par excellence*, whereas plastic art partakes more of an Apollonian character. Music, in the highest sense of the word, is a symbolic expression of the world's meaning. We have endeavoured to show clearly the struggles of the Spirit of Music for figurative and

mythical manifestation, increasing from the beginnings of Lyrics to the Attic tragedy, ceasing after it had just attained luxuriant growth, and completely disappearing through the intrusion of Socratism. Would it not be possible to see it reappear from the depths of fable, and thereby regenerate our tragedy?

The modern man without myths is abstractedly educated. Abstract education, abstract morals, *the* abstract! One can realise the aimless wanderings of the artistic imagination of the present day, unrestrained by home-myths; one can picture to oneself a culture which has no fixed and sacred origin, which is condemned to exhaust all possibilities, and, poverty-stricken, to feed on all cultures. Such is the Present, the result of Socratism, which tends towards the sweeping away of all myths.

*Existence and the world are only justifiable as æsthetic phenomena.* The precise function of tragic myth is to convince one that even what seems ugly and discordant is an artistic game with which the Will amuses itself in the eternal fulness of its joy. This phenomenon of Dionysean art, which is so difficult to comprehend, becomes thoroughly intelligible when one remembers the wonderful significance of musical dissonance.

No one should think that the German spirit has for ever lost its mythical home-land. One day, after a tremendously long sleep, it will awake in all the freshness of the morning; it will then kill all the dragons, and exterminate the malignant dwarfs, and will rouse some Brunhilda from her sleep —and even the spear of Woden will be unable to obstruct its course!

## II.

### UNSEASONABLE CONTEMPLATIONS:—DAVID STRAUSS, THE CONFESSOR AND AUTHOR.

LITERATURE: *Anzeiger, Centralblatt, Hillebrand, Kuh, Revue, Richter, Zeitschrift.*

IT seems forbidden by public opinion in Germany to refer to the evil and dangerous consequences of the late war. A great victory is a great danger. The greatest error at present is the belief that this fortunate war has been won by German culture. An iron military discipline, natural courage and endurance, the superiority of the leaders, the unity and obedience of their followers– in short, factors which have nothing to do with culture, helped to obtain the victory.

*Culture is, above all, uniformity of artistic style in the vital functions of a nation.* Neither a smattering of many things, nor the amassing of extensive knowledge, is a means to Culture or a sign of it.

At present both the public and private life of Germany shows every sign of the utmost want of Culture; the modern German lives in a chaotic muddle of all styles, and is still, as ever, lacking in original productive culture. If, in spite of this well-known fact, the utmost satisfaction prevails among the educated classes, it is due to the influence of the Culture-Philistines.

The word "Philistine" is taken from the vocabulary of student life, and signifies originally the opposite of the

Son of the Muses, the student, who is *the* genuinely civilised being. The Culture-Philistine, however, imagines that he himself is really a Son of the Muses, and a civilised human being. But he is only a snob of civilisation, who erroneously thinks he finds the necessary unity of culture in the monotony of educational institutes, in the horrible *tutti-unisono* of the commonplace, would-be accomplished people he meets, all of whom are but copies of his own lack of cultivation. He is the personification of self-conceit, and the deadly enemy of all genuine seekers for truth, which, he thinks, he has already attained. A weak epigone, he praises ease and comfort; he turns philosophy and classical philology into "historical sciences." He has no desire that *enthusiasm* should be produced by history, as Goethe said it ought to be; that would be too troublesome; the Philistine's aim is dulness and deadness. According to his own admission, he is too conservative and cowardly to participate in the daring flights of souls that long for the beautiful.

The book of David Strauss, "The Old and the New Belief," is an avowal, a confession of the faith of the Philistines. Here we find a narrow-minded Philistine betraying the secrets of his conceited brotherhood. The Philistine, as the founder of the new religion of the future, the "New Belief," in its most impressive form, the Philistine become an enthusiast—this is the unprecedented phenomenon which distinguishes the present age in Germany!

Strauss is no longer, as in his earlier books, desirous of the honours of a thinker, he now wishes to be the founder of a new religion. This book is to be a catechism of modern ideas, and this upstart Philistine waddles like a hippopotamus along the universal highway of the Future.

We want a straightforward answer to the following three questions: What Heaven does this New-Believer dream of? How far does the courage of his New-Belief carry him? And lastly, how does he write his books?

Of course, the Heaven of these New-Believers is no

longer the Heaven of Christianity with its Alleluia-singing; it is a Heaven here on this earth. And of what description? It is a Heaven of comfort, where these sweet-tempered, good-natured souls enjoy the progress made by our civilisation and culture, and can lead a happy life—studying would-be history, reading the newspapers, drinking beer and revelling in the works of the great poets and musicians, as corrected, edited and made more digestible by their impudent priest, David Strauss.

Strauss is impudent, for he criticises the great heroes of German poetry and music without even grasping an atom of the truth as to the essence of their greatness. He would like to turn them all into cock-robins. It is a heaven of the rodentia, this Heaven of Strauss.

Presumptuous as he is, David Strauss has, however, no real courage. He does not draw from his New-Belief and his denial of Christianity sufficient courage to apply modern ideas to Ethics.

He teaches that the Universe is a colossal machine with iron-toothed wheels, with heavy hammers and stamps; but not only are the merciless wheels moving there, soothing oils are also being poured forth! And Strauss, while attacking Schopenhauer, claims the same reverence and piety for his Universe of wheels, as did the religious for their God. The essence of his religion is that everything is regulated by unalterable, but reasonable laws. Strauss is a hopeless gleaner from Hegel and Schleiermacher.

In a roughly comfortable way Strauss wraps himself up in the shaggy vesture of our ape-genealogists, and extols Darwin as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, but we perceive with shame that he constructs his Ethics independently of the question, "How do we conceive of the world?" Here was an opportunity where he might have shown natural courage; for here he would have been forced to turn his back on the class to which he belongs, the Culture-Philistines, and it would have been necessary for him to *boldly deduce moral precepts for*

*the guidance of life from the doctrine of universal war and the survival of the fittest*—precepts which can only be originated in a thoroughly fearless nature like that of Hobbes, or in an exalted love for Truth, quite different from that enthusiasm which only explodes in violent invectives against clergy, miracles, and the "great historical humbug" of the Resurrection. *For with a genuinely Darwinian system of Ethics, resolutely carried out, he would have had the Philistines against him, whereas they are now on his side.*

Strauss promulgates the teaching that we should never forget that we are not only natural beings, but also men; and that all men have the same needs and the same rights. He is a poor inconsequent coward.

It still remains to answer the question, "How does he write his books?" We have now heard about the pedantic and dwarfish confessor; but perhaps, in spite of his narrow, dried-up soul, he is still a classical author and writer? No; his book is full of muddles and literary reminiscences; quotations occupy the place of real thoughts and ideas; and, with its illogical plan and structure, it is the poorest mental food possible. It shows on how low a level our university scholars and intellectual slaves crawl, that the book has already passed through six editions, and has been called a religious work for scholars. Even the theological enemies of the book acknowledge the masterly style of the author!

Strauss is no logician; and as a stylist he is a futile and worthless actor, without character, being neither like Voltaire nor like Lessing.

His figures of rhetoric are too artificial and pretentious. The book also contains a large number of grammatical errors, confused metaphors, confusing abbreviations, inelegancies and laboured affectations of a long-drawn-out style.

## III.

### UNSEASONABLE CONTEMPLATIONS:—THE UTILITY AND HARMFULNESS OF HISTORY.

LITERATURE: *Anzeiger, Binder, Hillebrand, Hoffman.*

"EVERYTHING is hateful to me which only instructs me without increasing or directly invigorating my mental activity." This saying of Goethe may be put as a hearty *Ceterum censeo* at the head of this contemplation concerning the worth and worthlessness of History. We propose to describe why information without invigoration, why knowledge which relaxes activity, and why History as a costly educational superfluity ought to be hateful to us. At present we all suffer from a sort of historical fever; for this reason, therefore, I call this critical contemplation unseasonable or untimely.

The animal, abiding for ever in the present moment, lives unhistorically; whereas man, even when a child, learns the meaning of "it was," that watchword wherewith struggle, suffering, and weariness come to human beings.

If happiness, or a longing for fresh pleasures, makes men love life, no philosopher perhaps has more right on his side than the Cynic, for the happiness of an animal, which is that of a perfect Cynic, is the living proof of the truth of Cynicism. The smallest degree of happiness, if only continually existing and causing enjoyment, is incomparably more valuable than the greater degree of happiness which lasts only for a while, as a whim or

freak of Chance among many miseries and deprivations. He who cannot rest in the present moment, forgetting all that is past, he who cannot stand on one point like Victory, without fear or giddiness, will never know what true happiness is, and what is worse, he will never do anything to make other people happy. *In order to be able to act we need the power of forgetfulness.* To give a simple explanation of my theme: there is a degree of sleeplessness, of ruminating, of dwelling in the past, by which the living come to grief and at last go to rack and ruin, whether it be an individual, a nation, or a culture. The non-historical *and* the historical are equally essential for the health of an individual, a nation or a culture. There are men whom we may designate unhistorical—they consider the past and the present to be one and the same, and regard all the different facts as a kind of ever-present type. These men are resigned and lifeless, though they may be wise. We make *use* of History in our lives, and we do not put it on an equality with a pure science like mathematics.

History belongs to the living in three respects: firstly, to those who work and struggle; secondly, to those who preserve and venerate the past; and thirdly, to those who suffer and need deliverance. To this triad correspond three varieties of history—*monumental*, *antiquarian*, and *critical*.

Firstly, History belongs to the man who is working and struggling—to him who is fighting a great battle and needs examples, teachers, comforters, but cannot find them among living men; History is therefore a help to him against resignation to things as they are. The stories of great men, the great moments in the struggle of individuals, stretching like a chain through the course of ages, inspire him with the confidence that a great deed which has been possible in the past is possible in the Present and Future. But monumental History can also do harm. Egoists and fanatics are led by it to

the destruction of empires, to the murder of princes, to wars and revolutions; and the lazy and futile use it especially to curb the efforts and deeds of great men.

Secondly, History belongs to conservative and reverential minds in an antiquarian sense. The conservative and reverential man looks back with love and respect to that past from which he has sprung. He guards with careful hand the relics of the olden times, he preserves the conditions under which he has grown up for those who will come after him, and thus he serves life. Sometimes he greets across the darkening centuries the soul of his nation as his own. Patience to hunt and grope for details that have almost become effaced; the endeavour to comprehend them; and an ability to rightly understand the past even when much obscured: these are his gifts. The great value of the antiquarian mind, however, lies in its ability to throw a simple touching feeling of pleasure and contentment over the rough and hard conditions of an individual's or a nation's life. But History in the antiquarian sense has also its drawbacks—it tends to paralyse activity, for it can only preserve, but not produce, Life. It rejects all that is new, and praises all that is old as immortal.

To counteract this tendency, the third division of History, the critical, is needed for the service of Life. When man is suffering from intolerable conditions he must in order to live have strength to criticise the past, to sit in judgment on it, so that he may destroy what is wrong in the present. It is not justice or mercy that hears the cause of the past—it is Life, that hidden, impelling power, ever devouring itself. But critical History, when it condemns a thing, a privilege, a caste or a dynasty, always contains the germ of a great danger.

Thus History serves Life, and all men and nations, according to their different aims, powers, and wants, require to use one or other of these divisions of History, not merely as a satisfaction of the thirst for knowledge, but also for the

purpose of Life; the use of History is thus to be ruled and guided by Life and its wants. This natural connection has been obscured in our times by the claim that History is a science, and so hurtful has this been that we might put as its motto "*Fiat veritas, pereat vita!*"

We modern men are nothing in ourselves. We only become worthy of consideration when we fill and over-fill our minds with knowledge of the strange times of the past, its customs, arts, philosophies, thoughts and religions. If a Hellen appeared among us he would think we were encyclopædias walking the earth. We ought to strive for that culture which is the unity of the artistic style in all the vital functions of the life of a people. We should aim more at the unity of the German Genius, than at political unity.

The damage done by a superabundance of History to Life seems to me fivefold. The personality of the individual becomes weakened. The age comes to think that it possesses a rarer virtue, a greater amount of justice than any other. The instincts of the people are destroyed, and the individual, no less than the whole, is prevented from maturing. The injurious belief arises that we are an over-late product of the ages, only epigones. The age falls into a dangerous tendency to irony, and from that into the still more dangerous tendency to Cynicism, by which finally the vital forces are neutralised and destroyed.

History ought only to be studied by one who possesses a strong personality; a weak man becomes timid and oppressed. The objectivity of the modern man is often only a phrase to express his stupidity and indifference. All men and nations that desire to develop completely need some atmosphere, some guarding, veiling cloud. The ironical and cynical sentiment which we have just mentioned is perhaps a relic of the Christian theological belief in the end of the world. *O, if mankind would only learn to believe in the fresh memento vivere instead of the old, worn out, and useless memento mori!* Students of History become passive and retrospective. On the other hand, if the feeling that one

is a wanderer in the rear of time is certainly disconcerting, it must seem even more frightful and overwhelming when, with audacious recoil, such a belief as the Hegelian philosophy deifies the wanderer, as the true significance and the heir of all that has taken place—when his conscious wretchedness is put on a level with the consummation of History. Such a mode of contemplation has accustomed Germans to speak of the "World-process" and to justify their own age as the necessary result of this "World-process"; it has also raised History to the exclusively sovereign power, in place of the other powers, Art and Religion, under the supposition that it is "the self-realising power," "the dialectic of the spirit of the nations," and "the final Court of Appeal." History thus interpreted according to the teachings of Hegel has been sarcastically called "the perambulation of God upon the earth." He who has learned to bend the knee and bow the head before "the power of History" will at last, in mechanical Chinese fashion, nod his "Yea" to every power, whether it be the government, public opinion, or the majority, and will dance to any measure played by these powers.

Men have made from History a species of religion, they have even tried to find therein a moral basis for the senseless facts of chance and fate. But that is utter foolishness.

Others, like the would-be philosopher, Hartmann, in order to make the world agreeable and comfortable, teach a cynical fatalism—that we are the final and highest product of the "World-process" and that in this dim conception of the "World-process" we are to look for the aim and end of humanity.

Individualism is salvation, the culture of the individual. If the teachings of the *souverain* genesis, of the constant change of all concepts, types and genera, and of the utter want of fundamental difference between man and animal—if these teachings, which I believe to be true but poisonous, be for another generation thrown to the masses, it will be no wonder if mankind be ruined by egoism.

To me the masses only appear to be worthy of regard, firstly, as blurred copies of great men, printed on bad paper from worn-out plates; secondly, as a resistance to the great men; and lastly, as the tools of the great men. For the rest, they may go to the Devil and the statistician.

We are young; we abhor the senile men of Hartmann's system, with their utter devotion to the World-process; we *will* think unhistorically! And so we protest against the present historical education of youth. *Before all things man ought to learn to live.* After History has been learnt it must be used for living. The aim of modern education is not the production of the free, cultured man, but of the pedant, the useful scientific man, and the historic, æsthetic Culture-Philistine! The head of the young man is filled with a thousand disconnected facts about nations of which we have only indirect knowledge, facts concerning nations of distant ages; and he knows next to nothing of the pulsing life of his own time. Instead of *cogito ergo sum,* we must try to be justified by one day saying *vivo, ergo cogito.*

There are two remedies, two ways of putting in order the chaos of our would-be Culture—we must learn to think unhistorically—that is to say, we must forget to think "historically"; and we must fix our gaze upon the two powers Art and Religion, which, in contrast to all the other "becoming" powers, are in "being"—that is to say, we must learn to think "over-historically." Culture is not a decoration of life, it is the Harmonious Life itself.

## IV.

### UNSEASONABLE CONTEMPLATIONS:—SCHOPENHAUER AS EDUCATOR.

LITERATURE: *Asher, Centralblatt, Hillebrand, Langen, Revue, Westminster.*

A TRAVELLER being asked which quality he had found most prevalent among mankind in the many countries he had visited, answered that they all had a propensity to laziness.

This laziness, and also a little fear along with it, causes individuals to shelter themselves behind custom and accepted opinions. Only a few, artists especially, have the courage to display their individuality. Every man is a unique being; in every man there is an inner voice which calls to him, "Be thou thyself!" Every young soul hears this call day and night, and trembles; for it can never attain happiness as long as it is in the chains of fear and of stereotyped opinions. How comfortless, wretched and ridiculous is life without deliverance, without freedom from those fetters!

There is no more desolate, no more repugnant creature in nature than the man who has shirked obedience to this inner voice, and who squints and leers in all directions, now to the right and now to the left. Especially in our own age —which is ruled and dominated, not by living-men possessing a harmonious culture, but by sham-men who only follow "public opinion"—is this class of humanity numerous. Every young soul, however, hears from the inmost recesses of his heart the desperate cry, "How am I to get to myself?

How shall I find myself again?" There are many methods. One of the best is to consider who might best be our educator and leader. The true educator and pedagogue is a liberator. Arthur Schopenhauer is such a liberator, and he may be one to us.

Needing such an educator, one might wander through the whole of Germany and through all her universities, and yet not find him. Our schools and teachers neglect true ethical education, and substitute in its place a hollow formalism. Never before was there greater need for moral teachers, and never before was it more impossible to find them. *Between real life and our scholastic education there is a great divergence.* Even over the best personalities of our time there lies a darkness and dulness, an eternal vexation at the fight between hypocrisy and honesty which is going on within them. Here Schopenhauer helps us. Schopenhauer is honest and does not deceive even himself. He speaks to us simply, naturally, and clearly. Only Schopenhauer and Montaigne are alike in their honesty. What is more, Schopenhauer is bright and cheerful, and it is this healthy, inartificial cheerfulness which reveals him to us as the victor. Lastly, Schopenhauer is constant and steadfast. His power rises like a flame during a calm, straight upwards, unerringly, without trembling or restlessness. He always follows his path, without even allowing us to perceive that he has been searching for it; as though compelled by the law of gravity he moves along, firmly, easily, inevitably. And he who has ever felt what it means in our present tragelaphic humanity to find a harmonious being, swinging on his own axis, unimpeded and free from dissimulation, will understand my happiness and amazement when I discovered Schopenhauer.

I care for a philosopher only as far as he is able to act as an example. Schopenhauer's life is a grand, uplifting example. With rare bravery has he fought against all the perils which menace the inner life of man, and has remained the conqueror, in spite of many scars and stains. The dangers of the isolation which is forced upon originating and

out-of-the-ordinary men were avoided by him, and he thus escaped being hopelessly defeated by the gloomy melancholy demon of loneliness; and whenever we may have to flee into the desert from the flies, and feel sad and depressed, the picture of this lonely philosopher will brighten our listless eyes. He avoided the danger—with which every thinker who starts from the philosophy of Kant is threatened—of despairing of attaining Truth by facing Life in its totality, and by an idealism of resignation. Here Schopenhauer has become an admonishing guide to all who, caught in the cobwebs of dialectics, would like to abandon further effort. The danger of callousness, which besets and freezes the mind of all who suppress their longings for an intellectual or moral ideal, was withstood by him through the power of his strong and unbreakable nature, and here he is a helpful ally against Cynicism.

The perils of isolation, despair and callousness are those of our inner nature. Schopenhauer was also victorious in the dangers arising from the age in which he lived.

The philosopher, or the legislator who wishes to determine the exact measure and weight of facts, will ever have to fight against his age, if it be diseased and morbid. But, as he is fastened to it by a thousand links, the philosopher will often appear to be other than he really is. The highest attainment, however, is to be able to look beyond one's age, to educate oneself in spite of one's time. And this is what Schopenhauer enables us to do, for he makes us understand the age in which we live.

Of course it would be a great happiness if the investigation into the character of our age resulted in the discovery that never before had there been an age which gave so much cause for pride and hope as ours. Some people—for instance, many Germans—really believe that this is so. How does the philosopher look upon the culture of our age? In a very different way, indeed, from the paid professors of philosophy, who are contented with their State. When the philosopher considers the universal hurry, the

increasing restlessness, and the cessation of all thoughtfulness and simplicity, it seems to him as if he could perceive the symptoms of a complete extirpation and eradication of Culture. The waters of religion are disappearing, and are leaving behind them only swamps and sloughs. Nations hate each other. Sciences, pursued immoderately and with the blindest *laisser faire*, break up and dissolve the established order. The educated classes and countries are carried away by a great and contemptible thirst for money. Never before was the world poorer in love and kindness! We live in a period of atoms, in an atomistic chaos.

But who, in such dangers, will devote his knightly and shielding services to Humanity in order that the sacred temple-treasure, which has been gradually accumulated by successive generations, may not be profaned? Who will raise the true image of Man, when all feel in themselves only the selfish worm, and the cowardly dog, and are so fallen off from that image into the realms of the animal, or even of the rigidly mechanical?

The Modern Era has furnished successively the pictures of three such types of man—the Man of Rousseau, the Man of Goethe, and the Man of Schopenhauer. The Man of Rousseau, overwhelmed and half crushed by supercilious aristocrats and pitiless wealth, spoiled by priests and bad education, and put to shame before himself by ridiculous manners, is sure to be the most popular, and will gain the largest following. The Man of Goethe, the calm, thoughtful, contemplative man, is always the exception, and hardly suitable as an example, the more so, as he possesses no strength for reforms. The Man of Schopenhauer possesses this strength. He is the heroic man, who takes upon himself the sufferings entailed by truthfulness, and, although knowing that there exists no happiness, still endeavours to follow life, and dies proud and happy in his heroism.

The task now arises, how to bring this ideal man home to

our hearts so clearly that we may copy him, or at least not despair of being able some day to attain likeness to him. We must derive from his example practical teachings, new duties, laws and guides for our daily life. Only then will Schopenhauer become our educator. And it is possible to bring that distant goal within our reach, it is possible to *live* according to Schopenhauer's philosophy.

So long as we strive after life as after happiness, so long are we still animal. All this hustle and bustle of founding cities and States, of wars, of restless accumulating and squandering—while this lasts, man is but a refined beast of prey. Sometimes for a moment the cloud breaks, and we ask, "Wherefore? Whereto?" But again we plunge into the turmoil in order to gain forgetfulness.

Who are the true incarnations of mankind? Those who are no longer animals—the philosophers, artists, and saints. And the duty and task of each individual is to promote and produce Culture. But Culture is the production of the philosopher, the artist, and the saint within and without ourselves, and therewith the perfect Nature. *'We must fight against everything which stands in the way of the creation of great men.'* From his childhood every one should consider himself as the servant of this great idea, of this last aim of Nature, the production of the Man of Schopenhauer.

There are many obstacles. One can understand the sacrifice of one's own happiness for the happiness of the greatest possible number, the Happiness of All. But who would sacrifice himself for One? Yet that is the duty of Culture: to assist Nature in her groping towards true Manhood.

There is also the selfishness of money-making in industry and commerce. Knowledge is power, therefore one should gain as much knowledge as possible; then the desires will become more elevated, production will follow, and happiness will rule! But only so much knowledge! Culture, what is that?

There is also the selfishness of the State, which only pretends to be the spreader of culture in order to obtain good servants and obedient tools. Thoughtful Culture is hateful to the Government.

There is the selfishness of all those who use culture only as a cloak for their hollowness, their emptiness. They need some tinsel, some finery, though they desire nothing beyond superficiality, and do not want true Culture.

Last of all, there is the selfishness of science. To the students of science culture is nothing but the exclusive promotion of acute judgment and discernment; mere affairs of the Head, without enthusiasm or depth; the selfishness of science, therefore, suppresses the longing for warmth and geniality, by cooling and mortifying Man.

All this so-called culture must be superseded so that all may know the true purpose of Culture, may free themselves, and attain redeeming, liberating cultivation. The chief means to this end are education to absolute truth, to manliness, to worthy pride, and becoming early accustomed to the society and knowledge of men;—no narrow patriotism, no binding oneself to the Government, and above all, no scholarship education.

The scholars of our days! We find in them a certain amount of curiosity, a craving for adventure in the realms of knowledge, a certain passion for hunting in the hidden lairs of thought, a certain tendency to contradiction and disagreement, and lastly, a number of other doubtful qualities!

Experience, alas! teaches us that, with respect to philosophers who are naturally great, nothing stands so much in the way of their progress as the bad philosophers, who are supported by the Government. The freedom with which the Government at present favours some men for the sake of philosophy is in truth no freedom, but an employment which supports the man who holds it. No State would ever dare to patronise such men as Plato and Schopenhauer and appoint them as university professors. Why? Simply

because the State is afraid of them. As long as he is patronised and appointed by the State the philosopher must acknowledge something higher than Truth—namely, the State. As long as the realm of pseudo-thought recognised by the State endures, all the beneficial influences of true philosophy will be frustrated, or at least hampered. On that account I consider it necessary for Culture that philosophy should be freed from all governmental and academic supervision, and that State and Academy should be relieved of problems which they cannot solve, and of the difficulty of distinguishing between true and spurious philosophy.

Nature rarely succeeds in producing an artist or a philosopher, and when she has produced him his influence on his contemporaries is often very slight, as in the case of Schopenhauer. From these considerations, and from the contemplation of Schopenhauer, some parent may perhaps get a few hints for the education of his son. Liberty, individual liberty, liberty in its best sense, is the key to the problem.

## V.

## UNSEASONABLE CONTEMPLATIONS:—RICHARD WAGNER IN BAYREUTH.

LITERATURE: *Chamberlain, Heckel, Iwanow, Lessing, Newman, Wyzewa.*

### I.

FOR an event to be great two things must be united: the lofty sentiment of those who accomplish it and the lofty sentiment of those who witness it.

Wagner had faith in the greatness of his work as well as in the greatness of those who would witness it. In his dedicatory address of the 22nd of May, 1872, he gave expression to this thought in the words, "I had only you to turn to, who are the most personal friends of my own particular art, my work and activity."

In the realm of art Wagner may be compared to the first circumnavigator of the world. After this voyage not only was there discovered an apparently new art, but Art itself; and as for us, the disciples of this revived Art, we shall have time and inclination for thoughtfulness, deep thoughtfulness. All the talk and noise about art which has been made by civilisation hitherto must seem like thoughtless obtrusiveness. Everything makes silence a duty to us—the quinquennial silence of the Pythagoreans. Who of us has not soiled his hands and heart with the shameful idolatry of modern culture? Who could exist without the waters of purification? Who does not hear the voice which cries, "Be silent and pure"? The merit alone of being

included among those who give ear to this voice will grant even us the lofty look necessary to view the event at Bayreuth; and only upon this look depends the great future of the event.

How Wagner developed, what he now is and what he will be, we who are nearest to him can see up to a certain point with his eye, and it is only by this Wagnerian eye that we ourselves shall be able to understand his grand work, and by the help of this understanding vouch for its fruitfulness.

## II.

In the case of those who are remarkably endowed, their life will present not only the image of their character, as in the case of every one else, but it will present above all the image of their intelligence and most individual tastes.

The dramatic element in the development of Wagner cannot be ignored, from the time when his ruling passion became self-conscious and took possession of his whole being. There was a period in his life which might be called prae-dramatic, his childhood and youth, which it is impossible to approach without discovering innumerable problems; but with the appearance of his moral and intellectual strength there also commenced the drama of his soul. His nature seems to be divided into two instincts or spheres.

In the depths of his being there gushes forth a passionate will which longs to rule, which, like a rapid mountain torrent, endeavours to make its way through all paths, ravines and crevices. Only a force completely free and pure was strong enough to guide this will to all that is good and beneficial. Had it been combined with a narrow intelligence, a will with such a tyrannical and boundless desire might have become fatal; in any case an exit into the open had to be found for it as quickly as possible, and the pure air and light had to reach it.

There was a spirit full of love and calm belief, full of goodness and infinite tenderness, hostile to all violence, and slavery. And it was this spirit which manifested itself to Wagner. It hovered over him as a consoling angel, it covered him with its wings, and showed him the true path.

A star appeared to him which, as soon as he recognised it, he named "Fidelity," unselfish fidelity. He has graven upon all his thoughts and upon all his compositions its image and problems. His works contain almost a complete series of the rarest and most beautiful examples of fidelity: that of brother to sister, of friend to friend, of servant to master; of Elizabeth to Tannhäuser, of Senta to the Dutchman, of Elsa to Lohengrin, of Isolde, Kurvenal, and Mark to Tristan, of Brunhilda to the most secret vows of Woden—and many others.

## III.

The poise of the constituent forces, the yielding of the one to the other, was the great requisite by which alone he could remain wholly and truly himself. At the same time this was the only thing which he could not control, and over which he could only keep a watch, while the temptations to infidelity and its threatening dangers beset him more and more. The uncertainty therefrom is a fruitful source of suffering for those in process of development. Each of his instincts made constant efforts to get entirely out of control.

How is it possible for any one to remain faithful here, to be completely steadfast? This doubt often depressed him, and he expressed it as an artist expresses his doubt, in artistic forms.

In the career of every true artist, whose lot is cast in these modern days, things turn out dangerously and desperately. Thus Wagner changed his associates, his dwelling-place and country, and when we come to comprehend the

demands of the circle in which he moved, we can hardly understand how he tolerated it for any length of time.

In the midst of this mode of life, a detailed description of which is necessary in order to inspire the amount of pity, dread and admiration which are its due, he developed a talent for acquiring knowledge, an extraordinary possession even among Germans, the nation learned above all others. From a novice trying his strength, Wagner became a thorough master of music and of the theatre, and also a prolific inventor in the preliminary conditions for the execution of art. No one will any longer deny him the glory of having given us the supreme model for lofty artistic execution. The renewer of the simple drama, the discoverer of the position due to art in true human society, the poetic interpreter of old views of life, the philosopher, the historian, the æsthete and critic, the master of languages, the mythologist and the myth poet, who for the first time included all these wonderful and beautiful products of a primitive imagination in a single Ring, upon which he engraved the runic characters of his thoughts—what an abundance of knowledge Wagner must have had in order to have become all that!

## IV.

The history of the development of Culture since the Greeks is short enough, when we take into consideration the actual ground it covers, and omit the halts, relapses, uncertainties and evasions. The Hellenising of the world, and to make this possible, the Orientalising of Hellenism—this double mission of Alexander the Great is still the latest event of importance; the old question, whether a foreign civilisation is really transmissible, is still the problem that the peoples of modern times are vainly endeavouring to solve.

In our time the spirit of Greek Culture is scattered broadcast. It is now necessary that a generation of anti-

Alexanders should arise, endowed with supreme strength for concentration, for binding together, for drawing to itself the individual threads of the fabric, so as to prevent them being scattered to the four winds. I recognise in the person of Wagner one of these anti-Alexanders. He possesses the secret of uniting what was isolated, weak, and inactive. One can say in medical language that he is an astringent force, and in this respect he is one of the greatest civilising powers of his age.

For us, Bayreuth is the consecration of the dawn of the combat against the rampant and oppressive increase of present-day culture. Hitherto we have had but one kind of enemy—those who call themselves "Cultivated," but for whom the name of Bayreuth designates one of their greatest defeats.

## V.

Wagner concentrated upon life, past and present, the light of an intelligence whose ray was bright enough to cast its lustre to a remarkable distance. That is why he is a simplifier of the world, for the simplification of the world always consists in the fact that the glance of the intelligent man overmasters the immense profusion and wildness of an apparent chaos, and unites that which before seemed hopelessly scattered. Wagner does this by discovering a connection between two things which seemed to exist apart from each other as if in separate spheres: the connection between music and life, and similarly between music and the drama.

In this world music seems to be an enigma, but the appearance of such a series of great artists, as the history of modern music discloses, makes us believe that it is not Chance that here rules, but absolute Necessity—this Necessity is just the problem of which the solution is given us by Wagner.

At first he recognised that language is everywhere *en*

*souffrance.* In his misery man can no longer make himself known by the aid of language, he can no longer communicate his thoughts properly. Music, however, is at the same time a return to nature, and a purification and transformation of nature.

The manner in which the modern man is revealed is only a semblance; that which he represents serves rather to conceal his true self than render it visible. And for what purpose do the souls inspired by music appear amongst us? Through the medium of these inspired souls, music expresses the desire for its symmetrical sister, Gymnastics, as its necessary expression in the visible world; in seeking to satisfy this longing music becomes a judge of the whole present-day world of deceitful appearances.

In the spiritual economy of our cultured men, art is at present either a wholly deceitful or a degrading need; it is either nothing, or something bad. This is Wagner's second answer to those who ask the meaning of the music of to-day: "Help me," he exclaims to all who can hear, "help me to discover the Culture which my music—the recovered expression of true feeling—presages."

## VI.

I will give but two examples in order to show how the sentiment of our time has been perverted, and how the present age has no consciousness of this perversion. Formerly financiers were looked down upon with honest scorn, though they were of service to the world; for it was said that every society must have certain less noble members. Now, these men are the ruling power in the soul of the new humanity, as the most greedy part of it. In former times people were warned especially against taking the day or the moment too seriously; the *Nil admirari* was recommended, and the care of things eternal. Now, there is but one kind of seriousness left in the modern mind, and it is devoted to the news brought by the newspaper and the

telegraph. Profit by the passing moment, and make your decision as quickly as possible, so as to be able to turn it to some account. This age is despicable. It even seems that that part of the mind which has remained active without being used up by the great mechanism of gain and power, has as its sole task the defending and excusing of the present. Before which accuser? Its own bad conscience.

And here, at this point, we plainly discern the task assigned to our modern art—that of lulling to sleep or stupefying! Making the conscience unconscious in one way or another!

He who wishes to set Art free and restore its purity and sacredness, should himself be innocent, in order to discover the innocence of Art. It is the voice of Wagner's art which says to man: "Learn to become natural again, and then suffer yourselves to be transformed through Nature and into her, by the charm of my ardour and love."

Over the coming of Wagner there hovers a necessity which both justifies it and makes it glorious.

## VII.

In Wagner the visible world desires to be spiritualised, absorbed, and lost in the world of sounds. In Wagner, also, the world of sounds seeks to manifest itself as a phenomenon for the sight; it seeks, as it were, to incarnate itself. This constitutes the dithyrambic dramatist, if the meaning given to the term includes also the dramatic artist, the poet and the musician; a conception necessarily borrowed from Æschylus and the contemporary Greek artists—the only perfect examples of the dithyrambic dramatist before Wagner.

The ideal dramatic artist is the free artist, properly so called, he whose thought necessarily embraces all the arts simultaneously, the reconciler of spheres apparently separated, the restorer of a unity, a universality of artistic

power, which can neither be divined nor revealed, but can only be proved by the fact.

With Wagner we scale the most elevated peaks of feeling, and it is only there that we feel ourselves brought back to Nature's boundless heart, into the realm of liberty. There we see ourselves and our fellows emerge as something sublime from an immense mirage, if I may call it so; we see the deep meaning in our struggles, in our victory and in our defeat. Changed thus into tragic men, we return again to life in a strangely consoled mood.

The trouble and proud wonder which an artist experiences with regard to the world are united to an ardent desire to embrace the same world in love.

## VIII.

When the ruling idea of his life made itself felt in Wagner's mind—the idea that through the theatre Art can exercise an unequalled influence—it aroused the most active emotions in his whole being. At the commencement it did not produce the clear and luminous decision as to what was to be done and desired. The idea at first appeared almost solely as a temptation, as though it were an expression of his gloomy and selfish will, ever eager for power and glory.

When he recognised his error, despair made him understand modern success, the modern public, and all the counterfeit system in which modern art is moving. And whilst becoming the critic of "effect" in others, he felt in himself the indications of his own purification. He continued to search for his true path.

Wagner was changed into a rebel against society. He recognised in the folk-poet the only real artist that has hitherto lived. His own experience made him understand how unworthy is the position of art and artists, who try to satisfy the artificial requirements of a society given to luxury. Wagner observed how this society was formed,

how it could draw new strength from apparently contradictory sources; for example, from Christianity, which, discredited through hypocrisy and half-measures, strengthened it against the people, and how science and philosophers easily bow down before this bondage. Through pity for the people, Wagner became a revolutionist.

He knew that myth and music would elevate the people. The artist saw that the first things necessary were to restore to myth its manly nature, to set music free, and force it to speak.

Tannhäuser and Lohengrin were produced. At first the people did not understand them. He was in despair, and was soon in exile and misery. And only then, through the terrible reawakening of his hopes and convictions, there begins, in the life of this great man, the period over which as a golden reflection there is stretched the splendour of a supreme perfection; only then does the genius of the dithyrambic drama cast away its final veils. He produces Tristan and Isolde, this *opus metaphysicum* of all art; the Meistersinger of Nüremberg; the Ring of the Nibelungs; his work of Bayreuth.

## IX.

Wagner's *poetic* ability is shown by his thinking in visible and actual facts, and not in ideas. The Ring of the Nibelungs is an immense system of thoughts, but without the speculative form of thought. Wagner made language return to a primitive form, in which it does not yet think in ideas, where it is poetry, picture, and sentiment. He was fond of the German language. It should not be forgotten that none of Wagner's dramas are meant to be read, and consequently, one cannot require in him what would be rightfully demanded in the spoken drama.

*Wagner, in his capacity as supreme master of form, points out the way, like Æschylus, to a future Art.*

In general it can be said of Wagner the musician, that he

has given a voice to everything in nature, which up to his time had been unwilling to speak. Before his time music for the most part moved in narrow limits. It was applied to man's permanent conditions—what the Greeks call *ethos*. Beethoven was the first to make music speak a new language—till then forbidden—the language of passion. But his art showed traces of confusion and peculiar difficulties. When we consider what Wagner was able to accomplish, it seems that what he brought about in the province of music corresponds to what has been done by the inventor of the detached group in the province of plastic art.

## X.

The artist who possesses such an empire subjugates all other artists without wishing to do so. Wagner has proved himself master of the most opposing wills.

Wagner refuses to dwell in the midst of a throng of musicians. Composing in his own style, he only imposes more insistently upon all the talents the new task of discovering along with him the laws of style for dramatic diction. He feels the most urgent need of establishing the tradition of a style for his Art, by the help of which his work can pass from age to age in its pure form, until it has reached that future for which it was predestined by its creator. His Art cannot, like that of the philosopher, be committed to the care of transcription. Art has to be transmitted through living faculties, and not through letters and words.

When considering Wagner in the character of a writer I know of no written æsthetics that give more light than those of Wagner. All that can possibly be learnt concerning the origin of a work of Art is to be found in them.

If there is anything which distinguishes his Art from that of modern times, it is surely that he no longer speaks the language of a particular caste. His thoughts are more than

German; the language used by his Art is directed to men, to the men of the future however.

## XI.

But Wagner is no Utopian. No Golden Age, no cloudless sky is ordained for those future generations, for which his instinct makes him hope, and whose approximate traits can be divined from the cryptic characters of his Art. Neither will superhuman goodness and perfect justice extend over the plains of the future as a constant bow of promise. *But the generations of the future will be more genuine.*

Then men will say that passion is better than stoicism or hypocrisy; that *to be honest even in doing wrong is better than losing one's self out of regard for the accepted system of morals; that the man who is free can be good just as well as wicked,* but that the man who is not free is a disgrace to nature; in short, that *he who wishes to be free must become so by his own effort,* and that liberty does not fall into any one's lap as a miraculous gift. Such a world will indeed have need of Art. Wagner's Art will give it satisfaction and deliverance, through *Love,* which is the motive of all his works.

# PERIOD II.

The rationalistic period; Positivism; the "theoretical man" of Socratism; the period of emancipation from Idealism hitherto so called. Schopenhauer and Wagner are discarded, and the prevailing problem is that of the origin of morals; a kind of rationalistic asceticism and pessimistic idealism are the result, expressed in the form of aphorisms. (*See* page 291.)

## VI.

### HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN.

LITERATURE: *Centralblatt, Wagner.*

### I. FIRST AND LAST THINGS.

METAPHYSICAL philosophy assumed a miraculous origin for all the higher values of Life; but historical philosophy, inseparable from natural science, does not hold this view.

At present we need a chemistry of all moral, religious, and æsthetical conceptions and perceptions, that we may discover their origin and constituents. We must learn to think of philosophy historically. There are no eternal facts, no absolute truths. Man is no *æterna veritas.* The great fault of all philosophers is, that they begin their speculations by analysing man as he now is. But man has grown, though not materially during the four thousand years of history, for he developed chiefly in the remotest ages.

*A characteristic of higher culture is that it estimates the insignificant truths, found by severe methods, higher than all the blessed errors, which have come down from metaphysical and artistic ages.* The origin of all metaphysics is the dream.

Dreaming is a reversion to the earlier stages of humanity; our primeval ancestors had, like savages of to-day, a mental life similar to our dream life. Thoughtful minds in those ancient times never separated cause and effect.

Even nowadays, we still erroneously consider causes, actions and things, which are really intermingled and complex, as complete in themselves. This is the result of the dreamlike state of our minds.

It remains for us to gain a pure perception, based on historical contemplation and intuition, which will one day triumph by outlining historically the origin and growth of the power and process of thought. It might turn out that what we call the World is merely a colossal accumulation of delusions, which have originated and grown with the whole development of organic beings, and which the Past has handed down to us, an accumulated treasure upon which the value of Humanity is founded.

The belief in the freedom of the will is a genuine error of all that is organic, for the individual wrongly assumes that each of his perceptions is something isolated, unconditional, incoherent. The idea of cause and effect naturally only matures slowly in beings essentially illogical. Even Logic and Mathematics are based upon the fundamental error that there are several equal quantities. It is even impossible to say that any "*one*" thing exists. The idea of nature is only a perception of man, and consists of a collection of intellectual errors. All prevailing propositions as to the value of life are illogical and unjust. For the material at our disposal is ever incomplete; we have no empirical knowledge, there being no absolute inductive idea extant; thus *all our valuations are precipitate.* In addition, no empirical knowledge is produced by pure conception. Finally, the standard of valuation—our own being—is no fixed invariable quantity, but for ever subject to oscillations and moods. That we are fashioned thus, and yet able to perceive it, is one of the most perplexing problems of existence.

But this illogical state of affairs is necessary and productive of much good. It is Error alone that has made man so thoughtful, tender, and ingenious, and has brought forth the blossoms of religion and the arts.

Many people no longer believe in the possibility of progress. We maintain that it is *possible*, but to believe in its necessity is foolish and unnecessary. If wise men work together they will create a culture higher than the vegetative and animal culture hitherto possessed. Art and philosophy will be substituted for religion. The terms Optimism and Pessimism, so trite and wearisome, will be superseded. Apart from theology and its contentions, it is obvious that the world is neither "good" nor "bad"; that these conceptions have significance only in relation to mankind. Probably even in this connection they are not authorised in the manner in which they are ordinarily used. We must by all means rid ourselves of both the reviling and glorifying modes of contemplating the world.

## II. History of the Moral Sentiments.

The history of the moral sentiments may be thus outlined: First, single actions were called good or evil, according to their *consequences* being either useful or harmful. Forgetful of the origin of these expressions, man began to call *actions themselves* good or evil, labouring under the same error which conceives effect as cause, as when one calls a stone hard, a tree green. After that, the *motives* which led to the actions were called good or evil, and an action in itself was considered to allow of both designations. Finally, these labels were fastened on man, on his nature and essence, as the abode of such motives.

To-day, we have recognised the history of moral sentiments as the history of an error, based on an assumed freedom of will. We know that man is a continuation, an effect; and not in himself responsible.

The beast in us wishes to be deceived. Morality is a white lie, which saves us from being torn by that beast. Without the errors, which are contained in these assumptions, man would have remained an animal. But he thought himself something higher, and therefore subjected himself

to more severe laws. This obedience to law has taught man to distinguish between moral and immoral, good and evil. To be moral means to obey the laws sanctified by custom. He is called "good," who easily and willingly obeys the moral conventions, to whose true character he is quite indifferent. He is ever helpful, and as the usefulness of this is apparent, he wins the title "Good." To be immoral means to break the laws sanctified by custom. And as the harmfulness of those who injure and oppress others is perceived, such dangerous people are stigmatised as "Evil."

Habit also is an important species of pleasure, and thus a source of Morals. The habitual is easier to perform than the unaccustomed. We know by experience that habit, our second nature, proves useful and often agreeable. In this way Morals are a union of that which is useful and pleasant.

All our evil actions are caused by the desire of the individual to obtain pleasure and avoid discomfort. Considered thus, they are not evil, but have been so branded on account of the erroneous opinion that man possesses free will. Pleasure is essentially neither good nor evil, and for the same reason wickedness is quite harmless. It is only consideration of the *consequences*—either from his neighbour, the State, or God—that induces man to abstain from evil.

Compassion or Charity does not consider the welfare of the recipient; it yields a certain emotional pleasure and conveys a feeling of power.

The preservation of life, an aim justified by all morality, explains also all evil actions. Life is a struggle for the pleasure without which it could not exist. Whether the individual conducts this struggle so that others call him good or evil depends solely on his intellect. Good actions are sublimated evil ones, while evil actions are debased good ones.

"Everything is necessity," the new theory of perception says; and this new perception itself is a necessity. Every-

thing is innocence, and by perception we understand and judge it. Everything in the realm of morality is in a state of transition, but there is an end in view. Thousands of years hence the wise man will exist, conscious of his own innocence. We are only Nature's first steps towards him. *Moral mankind will one day be replaced by a wise mankind.* The sun of this new gospel sheds its first rays on the highest peaks in the soul of each individual; the fogs roll themselves together, and side by side in our souls we find the clearest light and the darkest gloom.

## III. Religious Life.

We should like to exchange the false teaching of the priests—that a God who demands the good, and is the guardian and witness of our every action, moment, and thought, loves us and plans our good even in misfortune—for truths, as alleviating, beneficial, and salutary as those errors. But alas! there are no such truths. The best that philosophy can give are possibilities, a limitation sadly alluded to by Byron when he wrote—

> "Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most,
> Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
> The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."

One would soil one's intellectual conscience if one tried to approach Christianity in any shape. No religion has ever contained a truth. And between religion and science there is neither kinship, friendship, nor even enmity; they occupy different planes.

The origin of religious systems is the lack of the true conception of causality. Man was taken as the centre and measure of nature, which was anthropomorphosed by laws, miracles, and love. The wizard is the forerunner of the priest.

Christianity is now an empty husk without right to

existence. It is recklessly immoderate, Asiatic, petty, and barbarous.

The need of redemption is wrong psychology. Asceticism is spite against one's self, created by the mistaken conceptions of Christianity. It is a kind of concealed thirst for power at any price, a cowardly shunning of life, a stimulus for the degenerate.

If Christianity, with its avenging God, its doctrine of general sinfulness and of election, and its danger of eternal condemnation, were true, it would be folly *not* to become a priest, apostle or hermit, and thus work out one's own salvation with fear and trembling. It would be senseless to lose eternal advantages for the sake of temporal comfort. If one believe at all, the everyday Christian is a wretched creature, a dolt.

The aim of modern Science is that man should suffer as little and live as long as possible; thus enjoying a sort of everlasting bliss, of a more modest kind than that promised by religion.

## IV. From the Soul of the Artist and Writer.

Art raises her head where religions bow down. A great number of sentiments of a religious nature are then taken over by Art, which thereby gains depth and feeling, and begins to preserve and invigorate faded ideas.

As regards the discovery of truths, the artist is less trustworthy than the thinker. He will not give up the effective premissæ of his art—the fanciful, the mythological, the variable, the extreme;—and so the artist can never stand in the foremost ranks of enlightenment. He has ever remained a child, a youth, and an epigone.

Art makes life bearable by casting over it a veil of confused, illogical thought. The artist involuntarily tries to make mankind childlike.

The homage with which we surround the genius is due firstly to vanity, for it is consoling to our insignificance to

assume that such gifts are some special grace of the gods, and secondly, to the attention which anything that is complete always attracts at the expense of that which is growing or incomplete.

In fact, one ought never to speak of innate talents. To attain greatness one needs the earnestness of the artisan, which first learns to form perfect single parts, before undertaking a complete work.

The best author will be he who is ashamed to be a writer. In our own times many writers are to the public what the court fools were to the princes in the Middle Ages. Nevertheless bad authors are necessary, since the standard of culture is so low in the majority of readers. Very often author and reader do not understand one another sufficiently, as the former, who is too well acquainted with his matter, neglects those illustrative examples and similes, which would make his work intelligible to the ordinary reader.

Our senses, especially by the influence of modern music, have become more and more intellectual; we always ask, "What does it mean?" and hardly ever, "What is it?" As the pleasure is transferred to the brain the senses become duller and feebler; the symbol replaces the real, and we drift surely into barbarism.

In addition to this, we have broken the bonds of the Hellenic-French art, and have become accustomed to call all fetters irrational. Art goes slowly towards its death. A last splendid sunset-glow is around us, and perhaps a time will come when no artists in our sense of the word will be any longer possible.

## V. Characteristics of Higher and Lower Civilisations.

The characteristic of a lower civilisation is the fettered, that of the higher the free spirit. The fettered spirit lives in the realm of custom, from which the free spirit has disentangled itself. The one demands reasons, the other beliefs.

The free, scientific mind, unbiassed by religion or metaphysics, is the first condition of the higher civilisation. The epochs of culture correspond with the geographical zones, only that they lie upon, instead of beside, one another. The zone of the culture of the Past, with its powerful contrasts, its glow, its brilliancy and richness of colouring, its reverence for all that is mystic and dreadful, gives the impression of a tropical climate ; whereas our culture, with its clear but dull sky, its pure, uniform air, represents the temperate zone. Even its existence is already a progress, though art and religion are declining.

Interest in education will become powerful only when the belief in a God has been abandoned, just as Medicine only began to flourish when the belief in miraculous cures had ceased.

*The higher cultures will allot a more important place to the physician*, who will become the spiritual adviser and guide.

But higher culture cannot bring happiness. Rigorous scientific work alone can yield what is necessary to make us happy in the new culture.

Europe has become Europe by the rational education bequeathed to us by the Greeks in the Renascence. And for the future, our schools have no more important task than to inculcate rigorous modes of thought, prudent judgments, and the formation of just conclusions.

Let us therefore go forward on the road of wisdom with a firm step and good confidence ! Whatever be thy state, be a source of experience to thyself ! Cast away dissatisfaction with thy nature, pardon thyself on account of thine own ego, for thou hast in thyself a ladder with a hundred rounds, on which thou mayest ascend to knowledge.

One must have loved religion and art as mother and nurse, or one cannot become wise. But one must be able to outgrow them. In like manner history must be

familiar. Thy aim is to become thyself a chain of necessary links of culture. No honey is sweeter than that of knowledge, and tribulation must be the udder, out of which thou mayest draw milk for thy refreshment. Let thy last movement be towards the light, thy last utterance the praise of experience.

## VI. Man in Society.

In intercourse with men a kindly pretence of not discerning their motives is often necessary. That partisan is always the most dangerous who evinces an exaggerated party spirit, and too credulously expresses his creed in public.

We often contest an opinion simply because it is distastefully expressed. Ingenious persons are often led to adopt a proposition, if it is put in the form of a paradox. To hurt no one may be as much the characteristic of a just as of an anxious mind. A noble soul is embarrassed by the knowledge that some one is under obligation to it, a mean soul by the knowledge that it is under obligation to some one. It is difficult to understand how the Greeks could give to their relations a name which is the superlative of the word "friend."

Friendship is only possible in this world if we learn to be silent, and never touch on certain matters.

## VII. Woman and Child.

*The perfect woman is a higher and rarer type of humanity than the perfect man.*

He who is the best friend will have the best wife, for marriage is based upon the talent for friendship. For that disease of mankind, self-contempt, the best cure is to be loved by a clever woman.

Love marriages, so called, have Error as their father and Need as their mother.

The commencement of friendship between woman and man is easy, but its continuance is only possible if a slight physical antipathy exists.

Before marriage this question should be put: "Will you continue to be satisfied with this woman's conversation until old age?" Everything else in marriage is transitory.

The future ideal marriage in which the wife will be a companion and friend in the highest sense, will probably necessitate the simultaneous institution of concubinage.

Women always secretly intrigue against their husbands' higher nature; they seek to cheat them out of the future, for the sake of a painless and comfortable present.

As to whether the free spirits will have wives, I believe that generally, like the soothsaying birds of antiquity, they will prefer to fly singly.

## VIII. A Glance at the State.

A higher culture can originate only where two castes of society exist: the caste of forced labour and that of free labour.

It may be said against war that it makes the victor stupid, and the defeated malicious. In its favour it may be said that by these very effects war barbarises. It is as sleep, as winter-time to Culture; man emerges from it strengthened for good and for evil.

Socialism is not a problem of right but of power. A man who has no property does not understand the affairs of the State, and ought to have no share in the government. If *Socialists* can prove that the present distribution of property is the result of injustice and violence, and if they decline all responsibility for such an institution, they only deal with part of the question. The whole past of the old Culture is built upon violence, slavery, fraud, and error, but we cannot abrogate its results either in whole or in part. *No violent redistribution, but a slow, gradual reformation and regenera-*

*tion of the mind are needed; the sense of justice must be increased everywhere,* whilst that of violence must be weakened.

There are political and social fanatics who zealously and eloquently call for an overthrow of all institutions, believing that the proudest temple of a beautiful humanity would then arise automatically. In this dangerous dream still lingers the superstition of Rousseau, who believed that there existed in human nature a wonderful amount of good, buried, however, by the institutions of civilisation, by society, State, and education. Unfortunately we know by historical experience that every such overthrow revives the wildest energies, the long buried horrors and excesses of remote ages. Such an overthrow may, therefore, be a powerful medicine for an enfeebled race, but it can never be an adjuster or a builder. It was not Voltaire's moderate nature, which was reasonable and practical, but Rousseau's impassioned foolishness and misrepresentations which evoked the optimistic spirit of revolution, against which I cry, "*Écrasez l'infâme!*" Through him the spirit of enlightenment and progress has been long banished. Is it possible to recall it?

*In Europe, at least, the barriers between different nations will disappear more and more, and a new type of men will arise—the European.*

## IX. Man by Himself.

Convictions are more dangerous enemies to truth than lies.

We must have minds either naturally enlightened, or illumined by art and knowledge. Idealists fancy that their ideals are better than all else, and they will not believe that, if their cause is to thrive, they must use the same mean tools as other men.

Never to speak of oneself is a noble hypocrisy.

The foolishness of a cause is no argument against its existence, but rather a condition of it.

He who can speak very little of a foreign language derives more pleasure from it than he who speaks it well. The pleasure is with the smatterers.

He who has attained something of intellectual freedom cannot regard himself otherwise than as a wanderer on earth, and not as a traveller towards some goal, for none exists. But he will have his eyes open and watch what happens in the world. Such a man will have many hours of sadness when he wanders in the fields of knowledge as in a desert, but he will experience also morning-hours of radiant happiness, when many pleasures surround him, gifts of the free spirits who dwell in the mountains and forests of solitude, and, like him, are philosophers and wanderers. Born of the secrets of dawn, they wonder why the day between the hours of ten and twelve possesses such a pure, serene, radiant, translucent aspect. They seek the Philosophy of the Morning.

## VII.

### MISCELLANEOUS OPINIONS AND APOPHTHEGMS.

(This book and the following one deal with the same nine topics as "Human, All-too-Human," but the subdivisions are not separated one from the other.)

ALL good things are strong stimulants to life, even every good book which has been written against it.

Belief in Truth begins with the doubt of all hitherto accepted truths.

The most serious parody I ever heard was, "In the beginning was nonsense, and the nonsense was with God, and the nonsense was God."

It is always more comfortable to follow conscience than intellect; for after every failure conscience has some excuse, some consolation. Therefore there are more conscientious than wise people.

The origin of custom goes back to two considerations: The community is worth more than the individual; and a lasting advantage is to be preferred to a transient one. Hence the permanent advantage of the community must be placed before any advantage of the individual. Custom must be preserved, even though the individual suffer for the common good. This opinion, of course, is held only by those who are not the victims, for the sufferer naturally argues that the individual may be of more value than the community; just as a minute in paradise may be more valuable than a drowsy continuation of painless well-being.

*The mother of debauchery is not joy, but joylessness!*

Success sanctifies the motive. No one should disdain to acquire a virtue, even if so-called mean and selfish motives—self-love, desire of personal advantage or comfort, fear or regard for health, name and fame—should impel him. If they compel us to acquire a virtue, such as renunciation, faithfulness to duty, order, economy, or moderation, they are worthy of consideration. For virtue, when gained, will refine us by the pure air which it makes us inhale, so that it will constantly purify the motives for our further actions. Education, therefore, should *enforce* the virtues according to the nature of the pupil; Virtue herself, as the sunny summer air of the soul, will then be able to do her own work, and add maturity and sweetness thereto.

The object of modern music in what is called, by a strong but vague name, "infinite melody" can best be illustrated by the idea of a person going gradually into the sea, losing secure foothold, and finally submitting himself to the elements—thus being obliged to swim. The older music, on the other hand, by its elegant, solemn, or passionate rhythm, now fast, now slow, compelled one to dance. The necessary observance of definite balance in time and intensity demanded the hearer's continuous attention. The contrast between the cool breeze which springs from attention and the warm breath of enthusiasm comprises the charm of all good music. Richard Wagner has another kind of movement closely akin to swimming or hovering. "Infinite melody" seeks to break up all symmetry of measure, and even at times laughs at it. Its wealth lies in what to older ears sounded as a rhythmic paradox.

The trick by which Christianity had an advantage over all other religions is, in a word, Love. Thus it became the lyric religion, whereas in its two other creations, Semitism has presented to the world heroic, epic religions. There is in the word Love something so ambiguous, so suggestive, so appealing to the memory, and to hope, that even the lowest intelligence and the coldest heart feel something of its

glamour. The cleverest woman and the most ordinary man are reminded by it of the most unselfish moments of their lives, even if Eros took but a low flight with them; and those countless individuals who have missed Love on the part of parents, children or loved ones, especially persons of a sublimated sexuality, have found a treasure in Christianity.

Only he who has brains ought to possess property.

Thou must believe in fate; science can force thee thereto. But the fruits which this belief produces in thee—cowardice and resignation, or grandeur and love of truth—will show the nature of the soil into which that seed hath been sown, but they are no criterion of the seed itself.

"And forgive us our virtues": thus ought we to pray to our fellow-man.

## VIII.

### THE WANDERER AND HIS SHADOW.

IN order that there may be beauty of face, clearness of speech, kindness and firmness of character, Shadow is as necessary as Light. For this reason the Wanderer converses with his Shadow, and of all that he sees :

We feign a contempt of all the common things of life, while we appear to appreciate highly the "most important things." Priests, schoolmasters, and idealists soon persuade the child that the salvation of the soul, the service of the nation, the promotion of science and such things are of more importance than everyday affairs.

*Nearly all our physical and mental defects are derived from ignorance of what would best serve us in arranging our daily life. Epicurus has said that for mental calm and contentment a solution of the final questions of life is utterly unnecessary.*

Before one seeks for man a lantern must have been found. Must it be the lantern of the Cynic?

You that abhor the theory of free-will may not by your very maxims punish the criminal!

The prick of conscience is as foolish as the bite of a dog on a stone. Conscience is not the voice of God, but of other men in the heart of man.

Every spoken word is a danger to spiritual freedom.

In the first era of higher humanity Courage is considered the greatest of all virtues; in the second, Justice; in the

third, Moderation; in the fourth, Wisdom. In which era do we live? In which dost thou thyself live?

In reading Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle (especially in the "Dialogues des Morts"), Vauvenargues, and Chamfort, one is nearer to antiquity than with any other group of six authors. In them the spirit of the last centuries of the old era has risen anew. Together they form an important portion of the great and ever continuous chain of the Renascence. These are European books.

The Middle Ages were those of great passions.

*The greatest alms-giver is cowardice.*

A good fox calls not only the grapes that he cannot reach sour, but also those that he has already taken.

Men throng to the light, not to see better, but to shine more brightly. One willingly acknowledges as a light the person before whom one shines.

*We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions themselves, of which we can never be quite sure, but we may perhaps do so for the right to hold and change them.*

Many chains have been put upon man in order that he may learn to behave less like an animal; and in truth he has become more gentle, intellectual, bright, and cautious than any other animal. Now, however, he suffers from the effect of these chains and the lack of pure air and free movement. These chains are—I repeat it again and again—the heavy and overpowering errors of moral, religious, and metaphysical concepts. When the chains and their effects have been cast off, the first great goal is reached: the separation of man from the beast. We are now just beginning to cast off the chains, and for this we need the greatest caution. Only to those who are worthy should liberty of mind be given.

# PERIOD OF TRANSITION.

A time of transition occurs between the second and third periods. The "Dawn" and the "Gay Science" belong to this transition stage, since they contain characteristics appertaining to both periods. (*See* page 292.)

## IX.

## THE DAWN OF DAY.

LITERATURE: *Academy, Athenæum.*

### I. THE SUPERMAN.

*The Morality of Custom.*—Wherever there is a community and consequently a morality of custom, the sentiment prevails that the punishment for every breach of custom falls chiefly upon the community. (I refer to that supernatural punishment whose workings are so difficult to comprehend.) The community can insist on any of its members making amends for immediate injury which may have followed his action. It may also wreak a sort of vengeance on the individual for calling down the divine wrath on the heads of the community. It feels every offence of the individual as specially its own. "Custom," it complains, "has grown lax, when such actions are possible." Every unusual mode of thought also causes fresh terror. It is impossible to calculate the sufferings of the rarer, choicer spirits in the course of history, through being always looked upon, and even looking upon themselves, as evil and dangerous. Originality of every kind acquired a bad conscience under the supreme rule of the morality of custom.

*The natural history of duty and right.*—Our duties are the claims which others have upon us. How did they acquire these claims? By assuming us capable of engage-

ments and of reprisals; by thereupon entrusting something to us, by educating, directing, and supporting us. We fulfil our duty—that is, we justify the idea of our power in consideration of which all these things were bestowed upon us, and we return them in the same measure in which they were meted out to us. It is thus our pride which bids us do our duty. In order to re-establish our self-esteem we do something for others in return for what they have done for us; they encroached upon the sphere of our power, and would always be concerned in it, did we not, by means of "duty," practice reprisals, and thus encroach upon theirs.

The rights of others can only relate to that which is in our power; it would be unreasonable to ask something that we do not possess, or consider that we possess. The sense of duty depends on our having the same belief as others with regard to the extent of our power; namely, that we can promise to undertake certain things ("Freedom of will"). Our own rights are those powers which others have not only conceded to us, but which they desire us to keep. How do they set to work? Firstly with prudence, fear, and caution; either they expect in return something similar from us—protection of their rights; or they consider that a contest with us would be dangerous or useless; or else they see in every diminution of our power a disadvantage to themselves, in so far as we should thus become unfit for an alliance with them against a hostile third person. Secondly, rights are granted by donation and concession, in which case, the others have sufficient power to be able to surrender a portion thereof, and guarantee it to him to whom they give it. In so doing they assume a feeble sense of power in the recipient of their gift. Thus do "rights" originate, as acknowledged and guaranteed gradations of power. If the proportions of power are materially changed, rights disappear and new ones are formed, as is shown by the relations of nations. When our power materially decreases, the feelings of those who have hitherto guaranteed our rights undergo a change; they hesitate about putting

us back into our former full possession of power—if they feel unable to do so, they henceforth deny our "rights." When our power considerably increases, the feelings of those who have hitherto recognised it, and whose recognition we no longer need, likewise suffer a change: they will probably try to reduce our power to its former level. The right of others is the surrender of our sense of power to the sense of power in them. When our power becomes utterly shattered our rights cease; and similarly, when our power becomes largely increased, the hitherto acknowledged rights of others cease for us. The "just person" thus constantly requires the most delicate tact to estimate the grades of power and right, which, on account of the transitoriness of human affairs, never remain long stable. To be perfectly "fair" thus requires much practice, good intentions, and infinite common sense.

*Our striving for distinction.*—Our striving for distinction urges us to keep a constant watch on our neighbour to know his feelings; but the fellow-sentience and fellow-knowledge which are essential for the gratification of this instinct are far from being harmless, compassionate, or kind. On the contrary, we desire rather to discover how by look or manner we make our neighbour suffer and lose his self-control; and even when he who is striving for distinction makes a pleasant impression, he enjoys this, not through the pleasure he affords, but because he makes an impression on the other's soul, transforms its shape, and rules it at will. *The striving for distinction is the striving for ascendancy over one's neighbour.*

*On the knowledge gained by those who suffer.*—The condition of invalids who have been for a long time terribly tortured by suffering, and whose reason has not thereby grown dim, is not without value in the search for knowledge. This value is quite irrespective of the intellectual benefit which every deep solitude, every sudden and justifiable freedom from all duties and habits, entails. He who suffers severely looks out upon external things with a

terrible indifference. All the small deceits by which the average person hides from himself the true nature of things have disappeared, and his very self, stripped of all trappings, lies bare before him.

*Fellow-sentience.*—In order to understand another person, and reproduce in ourselves his feelings, we may probe his feelings to their very depth; but as a rule we abstain from doing this, and produce in ourselves his feelings, not according to their cause, but according to the effects which they exhibit in him; we imitate in ourselves the expression of his eyes, voice, gait, attitude (or even their image in words, pictures, and music), until we reach a slight resemblance to the play of the muscles and nerves. A similar feeling will thereupon arise within us, in consequence of an old association of movement and sentiment, which is trained to move backwards and forwards. We have developed very highly this art of fathoming the feelings of others, and, in the presence of a human being, we are incessantly and almost unconsciously practising it. One need only watch the play of a woman's features to see how they quiver with animation through the constant imitation and reflection of all that is going on around her. But by music more than anything else are we shown what great masters we are in the quick and subtle divination of feelings; for, though music is a mere copy of copied feelings, it frequently makes us share in them, so that we grow sad without the slightest reason, because we hear sounds and rhythms which remind us of the tones, movements, or habits of sorrowful people.

If we ask how the imitation of the feelings of others has become so familiar to us, the answer is that man, as the most timid of all beings owing to his frail and complex nature, has been trained by his timidity to fellow-sentience and the ready perception of the feelings of others, and even of animals.

The faculty of quick perception—which is based upon that of quick dissembling—decreases in proud, vainglorious

men and nations, because they have less fear. On the other hand discernment and dissimulation abound among timid nations, whence also the imitative arts proceed.

*Future outlook.*—If, as one definition puts it, only those actions are moral which have been done solely for the sake of others—there are no moral actions! If only those actions are moral—as another definition declares—which are done spontaneously, then again there are no moral actions! What then are the actions that we call by this name? They are the results of intellectual blunders!

*The necessity of solitude.*—O, you poor creatures in the large cities of wide-world politics, you young, gifted, ambition-tormented men, who consider it your duty to give your opinion on everything that occurs; who, by thus raising dust and noise, mistake yourselves for the chariot of history; who, being always on the lookout for an opportunity to put in a word or two, lose all true productiveness! However desirous you may be of doing great deeds, the profound silence of pregnancy never comes to you! The event of the day sweeps you along like chaff, while you fancy that you are chasing it.

*Business men.*—Your business is your greatest prejudice, for it ties you to your locality, your society, your inclinations. Diligent in business—but lazy in intellect, content with your inadequacy, and covering your contentment with the cloak of duty!

*The most personal questions of truth.*—What am I really *doing* and what do *I* aim at therewith? These questions of truth are excluded from our present syllabus of education—we have no time for them. We always have leisure for playing with children, for paying compliments to women, for speaking to youths about their future and their pleasures—but not for discussing the truth. But what are seventy years?—they pass on and soon draw to a close; it matters so little whether the wave knows how and whither it flows. It might even be wise not to know.

*The usefulness of the strictest theories.*—We pardon many

moral weaknesses in a man, provided he adheres constantly to the strictest theory of morals. The life of free-thinking moralists, on the other hand, has always been placed under the microscope, and any error in conduct has been used as an argument against their convictions.

*Question of conscience.*—Tell us briefly what new thing you desire.—We no longer desire to turn causes into sinners and consequences into executioners.

*Consider!*—He who is being punished is no longer the same as he who has done the deed. He is always the scapegoat.

*A comedy of noble minds.*—Those who are unsuited for true cordial intimacy, endeavour to impress us with their noble dispositions by their reserve and by a certain contempt of intimacy, as though the strong feeling of their assurance were ashamed of showing itself.

*To be unfamiliar with trade is noble.*—To sell one's virtue only at the highest price, or even to carry on usury with it—as a teacher, official, or artist—lowers genius and talent to a shopman's business. Once for all, let *our* wisdom keep us from being smart!

*Choice of one's surroundings.*—Let us beware of living amongst those in whose presence we can neither observe a dignified silence nor communicate our loftier thoughts. We thereby grow dissatisfied both with ourselves and our surroundings; we even add to our distress the displeasure of feeling ourselves always plaintive. We should live where we are ashamed to speak of ourselves, and have no need to do so. But who thinks of such things? We speak of our "fate," make a broad back, and sigh, "Woe is me, ill-starred Atlas!"

*Gardeners and gardens.*—Out of dark, dreary days, out of loneliness and unkind words, conclusions grow up within us like fungi. Woe to the thinker who, instead of being the gardener of his plants, is only their soil.

*In the great silence.*—Here is the sea, here we may forget the town, even though its bells are still ringing the

Angelus—that sad and foolish, yet sweet sound, at the cross-roads of day and night.—Only another minute! Now all is hushed! There lies the broad ocean, pale and luminous, but it cannot speak. The sky is glistening in its eternal silent evening-glory, in red, yellow and green; neither can it speak. The low cliffs and crags, jutting out into the sea—as though trying to find the loneliest spot—none of them can speak. This intense silence which suddenly enfolds us is beautiful, yet awful; it makes our hearts glow. O, the deceit of this silent beauty! How kindly it could speak, and yet how maliciously! Its tied tongue and its face of passive happiness are but tricks for mocking at your sympathy. Be it so! I feel no shame at being the sport of such powers! But I pity thee, O Nature, because thou art bound to silence, though only malice tie thy tongue. Alas, the silence deepens, and once more my heart swells within me, and is startled by a fresh truth.—It is dumb also; it too, sneers, when the mouth utters anything in this beauty; it too enjoys the sweet malice of silence. I begin to hate speech, and even thought. Is not every word which I hear accompanied by the mockery of error, imagination, insanity? Must I not laugh at my pity and mock at my own mockery? O sea, O night, ye are depressing teachers! Ye teach man to cease to be man! Shall he resign himself to you? Shall he turn like you, pale, glittering, dumb, immense, resting above himself? Exalted above himself?

*The great prize.*—The man with a nobly-framed intellect, who is at the same time endowed with the character, inclinations, and even experience, consonant with it, is a very rare but delightful being.

*Growing heavy.*—With whatever weights he may encumber himself, he will yet raise them all. But you, who judge from the weakness of your own wings, conclude that he wishes to remain on the ground, because he thus burdens himself!

*Seeking one's company.*—Are we then too exacting when

we court the company of men who have grown mild, savoury and nutritious; men who expect little from life and prefer to look upon it as a gift; men who are too proud ever to feel rewarded, and too intent on their passion for knowledge and honesty to have leisure and favour for glory? Such men should be called philosophers.

*Even for this reason solitude.*—A. So you wish to return into your desert?—B. I am not fast, I have to wait for myself—it will be late by the time that the water from the fount of my own soul always gushes forth, and I often thirst longer than suits my patience. Therefore I go into solitude—in order not to drink out of the cistern for everybody. Among many people I live like many, and do not think like myself. It always seems to me that they wish to banish me from myself and rob me of my soul—and I become angry and afraid of every one. I then need the desert to become good again.

*How we should turn to stone.—By slowly, very slowly growing hard like a precious stone: a joy to all eternity.*

*Losses.*—Some losses impart to the soul a dignity which makes it refrain from complaining.

*Changing one's skin.*—A snake which is unable to change its skin will perish. So will all intellects that are prevented from changing their opinions: they cease to be intellects.

*Never forget.*—The higher we soar, the smaller do we appear to those who cannot fly.

## II. Good and Evil.

*We grow moral—not because we* ARE *moral.*—The submission to morals may be either slavish, vain, self-interested, resigned, gloomily fantastic, thoughtless, or despairing; but in itself it is not moral.

*Amulet of the dependent.*—Whoever is utterly dependent on a master should have some mode of inspiring fear and holding the master in control.

*The demon of power.*—Neither necessity nor desire, but the love of power is the demon of mankind!

*Waste.*—The first words and actions of excitable and abrupt natures do not generally afford any clue to their true character (for those are prompted by circumstances); but because those hasty proceedings have actually taken place, the subsequent really characteristic words have frequently to be wasted in merely counteracting the first.

## III. Attacks on Christianity.

*Christianity and the emotions.*—There is a great popular protest against philosophy traceable in Christianity: the good sense of the ancient sages had dissuaded mankind from the emotions; Christianity desires to restore them to man. For this purpose it deprives virtue—as understood by the philosophers as the victory of reason over emotion—of all moral value; it condemns rationality generally, and calls upon the emotions to manifest themselves in their full strength and glory: as love of God, fear of God, fanatical belief in God, and implicit hope in God.

*For "truth."*—The truth of Christianity was and is still said to be attested by the virtuous life of the Christians, their fortitude in suffering, their firm belief, and, above all, by its extension despite all opposition. We should learn at last that all this is no argument either in favour of or against Christianity's truth, for truth needs a different proof from sincerity, which indeed is no argument in favour of truth.

*At the death-bed of Christianity.*—The really active people are now, at heart, dead to Christianity, and even the more moderate and thoughtful among the intellectual middle-classes only retain it in a strangely simplified form. A God who, in His love, ordains everything, for our ultimate good, who both gives us and takes from us, our virtues and happiness—in short, an apotheosis of resignation and modesty—this is the best and most lifelike residuum of

Christianity. Christianity has thus glided into a gentle moralism; it is not so much "God, Freedom, and Immortality" which have remained, but goodwill and honest feeling, and a belief in their final victory. It is the euthanasy of Christianity.

*Mortal souls.*—The most useful acquisition to knowledge is perhaps the abandonment of the belief in the immortality of the soul. Henceforth humanity is at liberty to wait, and test its new ideas. In past times the eternal welfare of the poor "immortal soul" depended on the extent of knowledge acquired in the course of its short life. Now we have recovered courage to have errors, endeavours, and provisional acceptances—and for this very reason individuals and races can now fix their eyes on vast tasks such as in years gone by would have been considered madness and defiance of heaven and hell. We are allowed to experiment upon ourselves. Even mankind has a right to do this.

## IV. Science and Art.

*The juggler and his counterpart.*—The marvellous in science is opposed to the marvellous in the juggler's art. Whereas he endeavours to persuade us to believe in a very simple instead of a complex cause, Science compels us to abandon our belief in simple causality in the very instances in which everything seems clear and intelligible. The "simplest" things are extremely complex.

*Dealing like an artist with our foibles.*—I should like those who must have foibles to possess enough artistic power to use them as foils for their virtues, and thus make us desire them. The great musicians possessed this power on a gigantic scale. How often do we meet in Beethoven's music with a rude, dogmatic, impatient strain; in Mozart's music with the jovial mirth of honest fellowship; and in Richard Wagner with an abrupt and aggressive restlessness. By means of their foibles, these musicians have created

within us an ardent craving for their virtues—and a palate ten times more sensitive to every accent of intellect, beauty, and goodness in music.

*The eye which is dreaded.*—Nothing is so much dreaded by artists, poets, and authors as the eye which perceives their petty deceptions, and how frequently they have halted at finger-posts which point to innocent self-complacency or to straining after effect. They fear this eye, which detects when they would sell little for much, or would exalt and adorn without being in themselves exalted—this eye which, despite all the illusions of their art, sees the idea as it first appeared to their imagination, perhaps as a fascinating, celestial form, perhaps as a theft perpetrated against the world, perhaps as something commonplace which they have had to enlarge, abridge, colour, swathe, or season. O, this eye which detects in your work all your restlessness, curiosity, covetousness, imitation, and rivalry; which knows both your blush and your skill in concealing it even from yourselves!

## V. Miscellaneous.

*Closing one's ears to misery.*—If we allow the misery and sufferings of other mortals to cast a gloom upon us, who has to bear the consequences? Surely these same sufferers. We cannot give them either aid or comfort by echoing their misery—unless we have learnt the art of the Olympians—namely, to become edified rather than unhappy by the misfortunes of mankind. But this is somewhat too Olympian for us; though, in the enjoyment of tragedy, we have already taken a step towards this ideal—divine cannibalism.

*Food for the modern man.*—He has learned to digest many things—indeed, almost everything—for such is his ambition; but in truth he would be of a higher order were he less omnivorous. Homo pamphagus is not the finest of the human species. We hesitate between the wild and stub-

born taste of the past and the more discriminating appetite of the future.

*The panegyrists of work.*—In the incessant chatter about the "blessings of work" I discover the same secret motive as in the praise of benevolent, impersonal actions, namely, the dread of the individual. At the sight of work—that is to say, severe daily toil—it is felt that here is the most effectual police, keeping everybody in bounds, and checking the development of reason, covetousness, and desire for independence. Work consumes an enormous amount of nervous force, leaving little for reflection, dreaming, care, love, and hatred. Thus a society in which hard work is constantly being performed will enjoy greater security. But now, the very "workman" has grown dangerous! The world is swarming with "dangerous individuals"! And in their train follows the danger of all dangers—the individual.

*Beggars.*—We should do away with beggars, for we are sorry both when we do, and when we do not relieve them.

*Modern folly.*—Are you accomplices in the present folly of nations, desiring, above all things, to produce as much, and be as rich as possible? How much of intrinsic value has been thrown away for such external aims! But where is your intrinsic value, if you no longer know what it is to breathe freely; if you have not even command over yourself; if you become wearied of yourself, as of a stale beverage; if you watch the newspapers and look askance at your rich neighbours, because you are made covetous by the quick rise and fall of power, money, and opinions; if you no longer believe in a philosophy clad in rags, or the genuineness of one who has few wants; if a voluntary, idyllic poverty, without profession or marriage, has become a subject of derision to you?

*Dignity and timidity.*—Ceremonies, official and state robes, grave faces, solemn looks, a slow walk, involved speech—in short, everything that is called dignity—are but forms of dissimulation adopted by people who are timid at

heart, and wish to make others afraid of them or of what they represent. Men of a fearless mind, who are naturally awe-inspiring, do not need dignity and ceremonies; they bring into repute—or ill-repute—honesty and straightforwardness, as characteristics of self-confident arrogance.

*Means of making oneself easily despised.*—A man who speaks much, even though rationally, sinks after a brief intercourse lower in our estimation than the actual annoyance warrants. For to our own discomfort we add the annoyance and contempt which others must feel for him.

*Independence.*—Independence (in its weakest form called "freedom of thought") is that form of resignation which an imperious man adopts, who, after long search, has found nothing to govern but himself.

*Words present in our mind.*—We express our thoughts in the words which are nearest at hand. Or, perhaps, no other thought is present in our minds than that for which we can find approximate verbal expression.

*Final silence.*—To some it happens as to the diggers for hidden treasures: they accidentally discover the secrets of another soul, and thus gain knowledge which is often a heavy burden. In certain circumstances we may know both the living and the dead so intimately that we shrink from speaking to others about them, lest we should be indiscreet—I can fancy even the wisest historian becoming suddenly silent.

*Love and truthfulness.*—For love's sake we are dire offenders against truth, and habitual thieves and hypocrites. The thinker must therefore periodically banish the persons whom he loves (not necessarily those who love him), so that they may show their sting and malice, and cease to tempt him. The kindness of the thinker will thus wax and wane as the moon.

*Going our own way.*—When we take a decisive step, and choose our own course, a secret is suddenly revealed to us: All persons who have hitherto fancied themselves our superiors are offended. The best among them are lenient

and wait patiently until we shall again find the "right course"—*they* evidently know it. Others rail at us and behave as though we had become temporarily insane. Those who are ill-inclined against us endeavour to disparage our motives; and the worst see in us their bitterest enemies, thirsting after revenge for long years of subjection—and are afraid of us. What are we to do? I should consider it advisable to begin our new course by promising to all our acquaintances a whole year's amnesty for sins of every kind.

*Against the grain.*—A thinker may for years compel himself to think against the grain: that is, to follow, not the thoughts which spring from within, but those to which his office or industry seem to bind him. At last, however, he will fall ill; for this apparent moral self-command will destroy his nervous system as thoroughly as regular debauchery.

*The jealousy of the lonely-hearted.*—There is this difference between sociable and solitary intellectual natures: the former are contented with anything, as soon as their intellects have found a communicable, favourable version of it; but the lonely souls have their silent rapture, their speechless agony. They loathe the ingenious, brilliant display of their innermost problems as sincerely as seeing their beloved too gaudily dressed: they watch her with mournful eyes, as though with a dawning suspicion that she is desirous of pleasing others. Such is the jealousy which all lonely thinkers and passionate dreamers display with regard to "*esprit*."

*Genius and faint-heartedness.*—As long as genius dwells within us we are bold. We fly swiftly, through the day freer than eagles and safer in the darkness than owls. But the moment it leaves us, utter despondency overwhelms us; we are puzzles to ourselves, suffering from everything that happens or does not happen; we feel as if surrounded by bare rocks facing a storm, as wretched, childish souls, afraid of the slightest noise. Three-fourths of the evil in the

world is due to faint-heartedness, which is, above all, a psychological process.

*Dignity and ignorance.*—When we understand we become polite, happy, and ingenious; and when we have learned enough our souls show greater suppleness and charm. But we understand so little, and are so inadequately taught, that we rarely happen upon that which makes us lovable. On the contrary, we stiffly and indifferently pass by cities, nature, and history, fancying that this shows superiority.

*In the field.*—"We ought to take things more cheerfully than they deserve, especially because for a very long time we have taken them more seriously than necessary." Thus speaks the brave soldier of knowledge.

*Life shall comfort us.*—When, like the thinker, one lives habitually in the mighty stream of thought, even allowing it to colour one's night-dreams, one craves from life quiet and peace—while others wish to rest even from life itself when they give themselves to meditation.

## X.

### THE GAY SCIENCE.

A Collection of Aphorisms on Ethics Past and Future.

NO! Life has not disappointed me! On the contrary, every year, from the day on which the great emancipator came to me, I find it richer, more desirable, more enigmatical—the thought that to the enlightened man life can be an experiment, and not a duty, not a destiny, not a deceit! And knowledge itself: for others it may be something different; for example, a couch of repose or a means thereto, an entertainment or a mode of idling away the time—for me it is a world of perils and triumphs, where the heroic sentiments have their arena and exercise-ground. "*Life as a means for gaining knowledge*"—with this principle in one's heart one can not only be brave, but even *live joyfully* and *laugh gaily*. And who can know how to laugh and live well who has not first of all learned well how to fight and conquer?

In whatever aspect one looks at human beings, one finds them all instinctively eager to do what tends to the preservation of the human species, the race. From this point of view it is possible to understand the appearance of the founders of moral systems and religions as promoting the belief in Life. For from time to time the Instinct for the preservation of the species, which rules equally the highest and lowest human beings, breaks forth as Spirit with its brilliant retinue of causes, and endeavours to make us forget

that at the bottom it is nothing but Instinct, unfathomable and without cause.

By this recurring appearance of teachers of the "Goal of existence" human nature has acquired a new need. Mankind can no longer prosper without a periodical belief in the reasonableness of Life. Thus not only laughter and joyous wisdom, but also tragedy with all its lofty, sublime absurdity, are necessary means for the preservation of the race.

At present we are still in the time of the tragedy of existence when morality and religion rule. But a time of comedy will come, when we shall laugh at the maxim having become embodied in humanity: "The race is everything; the individual nothing!"

Up to the present time the greatest part of the advancement and progress of humanity has been effected by the strongest and most wicked minds. They arouse society when it becomes slack; they force men to fight for their opinions.

One always calls the virtues of a man "good" in proportion to their degree of usefulness to Society, to the race, even though the individual be harmed by them. The "neighbour" praises unselfishness because it is to his advantage. If the neighbour were to think unselfishly he would refuse to benefit by the loss of force and hindrance to development which the other suffers. Above all, he would not call it good. That is the fundamental contradiction of our present system of morals: motives are contrary to principles.

All kinds of ethics are founded upon estimations and different orders of rank, which correspond to the needs of a community or herd. Through ethics the individual is induced to become a function of the community, and to consider himself of value only as such. *Morality is the herd-instinct in the individual.*

If to-day we see altruistic qualities in people, it is only the superfluous strength and pleasure such men have in being of use, and they always have some inkling of where

they can best be of use. To regard our European ethical system from a distance, to compare it with other systems past or future, a position *outside* ethics is necessary, a position beyond Good and Evil—at any rate, beyond *our* Good and Evil. We must try to get such a point of view.

Up to the present, only the origins and sources, the errors and superstitions, of ethics have been investigated. But now it is necessary to examine for once the inherent *Value* of ethics. The first step towards this is to call in question whether they have any inherent Value at all.

The peculiar phenomenon which we then perceive is that belief of some kind is always most urgently needed when Will is lacking. For Will, as the love of command, is the distinguishing characteristic of strength and independence. The less a man understands the art of commanding, the more he longs for a commander, be it a person, a belief, or a conviction. We are therefore perhaps not far wrong if we consider the two world-religions, Buddhism and Christianity, as having had their origin, and especially their sudden expansion, in an immense weakness and decrease of volition. Both religions found a desire existing for a "Thou shalt," a desire caused by such a disease of Will-power. They offered happiness to numberless weak souls, for they taught them fanaticism; and fanaticism is the only exercise of the Will to which the feeble and the uncertain can attain, through a kind of hypnotising of their whole sensual and intellectual system, which results in the over-nourishment and over-development of one single point of view. This one point of view dominates them—and this the Christian calls his Faith.

And as a person who is naked is generally considered a disgraceful sight, so we Europeans, it seems, cannot go without a system of Morals; for as tame, crippled, diseased animals we are a dreadful sight—our inner beast is not bad enough to be beautiful—and thus *we need the finery of moral mummery*.

Corruption is only an abusive term for the autumn of a people. What does Life mean? It means the constant

removing from us of something that will die—it means that we should be cruel and inexorable towards all that grows feeble and old both in ourselves and in others; it therefore means, also, that we should be without reverence towards those who are dying, wretched or old! Always to be murderers? Yet the ancient Moses has said: "Thou shalt not kill."

To seek for work for the sake of the pay attached to it—in this nearly all men in civilised countries are alike. To all of them work is a means and not a goal. This is the reason why they are comparatively indifferent in their choice of work, provided it yields them a good profit. But there are less common men, like artists, sportsmen, contemplative persons, &c., who would rather perish than work at that which gives them no pleasure: these are the fastidious men, difficult to satisfy, to whom the biggest profit is as nothing if their work in itself is not the gain of gains.

To me the Magnanimous One—at least, that kind of magnanimous person who has always made the deepest impression—appears as a man with the most powerful desire for revenge. In magnanimity the same degree of egoism exists as in revenge, only of another quality.

The Realists, the Materialists, who imagine themselves armed against passion and fantasy, are mistaken. Their coolness is not truly genuine. There are still ideals hovering in the minds of those would-be considerate people. And it is a good thing too!

*It is a crime and a mistake to keep women ignorant of erotics during the years of education previous to their marriage.* Their frail ideas too often break down after so suddenly experiencing the combination of a god and an animal in the man they love.

When a lower culture comes into contact with a higher one, the vices and weaknesses of the latter are first accepted and imitated. We see that nowadays whenever a savage nation comes into contact with a civilised one. When the German disciples of Schopenhauer came into contact with

his philosophy they did the same thing. Is it his hard matter-of-fact sense, his inclination to lucidity and rationality (which often makes him appear so English and so little German); is it the strength of his intellectual conscience; his purity in matters relating to the Church and the Christian God; his immortal doctrines of the intellectuality of intuition, of the apriority of the law of causality, of the non-freedom of the will—which they accept first? No, they first take up the mystic embarrassments and subterfuges of Schopenhauer: his undemonstrable doctrine of One Will; his denial of individuality, his declaration that development is only an appearance, his fancies concerning Genius, his nonsense about sympathy—these they willingly accept. *The greatest and worst of these disciples of Schopenhauer is Wagner.* Still, in spite of his deficiencies as a thinker, Wagner is a great artist. And that is sufficient for us.

For centuries after Buddha was dead his shadow still continued to be seen in a cave—an immense, frightful shadow. God is dead, but as man is constituted, there will still perhaps for centuries be caves where His shadow is shown. And we—we must also get the better of His shadow!

Let us be on our guard against supposing that anything so methodical as the cyclic motions of our neighbouring stars obtains generally and everywhere throughout the universe; indeed, a glance at the Milky Way induces a doubt as to whether there are not many cruder and more conflicting motions, stars with eternal rectilineal gravitating paths, and such like. *The astral arrangement in which we live is an exception*, and the relatively long duration which is determined by it, has again made possible that exception of exceptions, the formation of the organic. The collective character of the world, however, is to all eternity Chaos—not in the sense of the absence of necessity, but of the absence of arrangement, organisation, method, beauty, wisdom, and whatever else our æsthetic humanities are called.

Prayer has been invented for those who have no thoughts of their own, and to whom elevation of the soul is either unknown, or happens imperceptibly. In order that these stupid shallow beings—they are the majority—should not become troublesome in sacred places to those who are really pious—in every religion the minority—they are given the formulas and mechanism of words and ceremonies.

Already our *taste* decides against Christianity, no longer our *reason.*

Sin is a Jewish invention. This oriental God in heaven does not mind the natural consequences of a deed, if only His slave rolls repenting in the dust; sin is a crime against Him, *not* against mankind! How much more admirable is the Greek conception, compared to which ours is that of slaves!

A Jesus Christ was only possible in a Jewish landscape—I mean to say, in a landscape over which hangs continually the gloomy and majestic thunder-cloud of the angry Jahveh. Only there could the rare and sudden outburst of a single ray of sunshine be held to be a miracle of "Love," as a ray of the most undeserved mercy. Only there could Christ have dreamed of his rainbow and his heavenly ladder on which God descended to man; everywhere else bright weather and sunshine were too much the rule, too commonplace.

The metaphysical need is not the origin of religions, as Schopenhauer considers it, but only an after-shoot or result of them. Under the sway of religious thought one has become so accustomed to the idea of "another (back, lower, higher) world," that after the destruction of religious beliefs one feels an uncomfortable emptiness and privation; and from this feeling there now grows "another world," but only a metaphysical and no longer a religious one. That, however, which in primeval times led men to assume "another world," was not an instinct and a need, but an error in the explanation of certain natural phenomena, an embarrassment of the intellect.

Everything that is akin to me in nature and history speaks to me, praises me, impels me forward, consoles me —all the rest is inaudible to me, or I forget it immediately. *We are always in our own company.*

I am fond of short habits, and I consider them an inestimable means for becoming acquainted with many things and conditions, down to the very bottom of their sweetnesses and acerbities. Again and again my foolish, wise belief is convinced that it has at last discovered an everlasting habit. But soon it departs from me in peace, and a new one stands at the door. So it is with me with regard to food, thoughts, men, towns, poems, music, theories, modes of conduct. I hate habits which last. I always feel as if a tyrant came near me, and that the atmosphere of my life thickened, when events shape themselves so that lasting habits seem to grow out of them; for instance, by holding an office, by constant companionship with the same persons, by having a fixed abode. Indeed, I am thankful for all my misery and illness, and whatever else is imperfect in me, for such things have left me a hundred back-doors open, through which I can escape from lasting habits.

When the gratitude of the multitude casts off all modesty, then fame has its origin.

Parliamentarism—the public permission to choose between half a dozen political principles—ingratiates itself with many men, who would like to *appear* independent and individual, and fight for their opinions. In the end, however, it really does not matter whether the herd is permitted to have one opinion, or half a dozen. He who differentiates from the half-dozen established opinions and stands apart, will always have the whole herd against him.

To be able to stand contradiction is a great sign of culture. But to be able to contradict with a good conscience: that is something still greater and higher.

What does it mean to perceive? *Non ridere, non lugere, non detestari sed intelligere!* says Spinoza. But after all is this *intelligere* anything else than the form under which

the three others make themselves felt? We often think *intelligere* to be something reconciling, just and good, something essentially opposed to the instincts. It is, however, only a certain mode of behaviour on the part of the different instincts one to another. We have long enough considered conscious thinking as *the* thinking; now, however, the truth is beginning to dawn upon us that *the greater part of our mental life goes on unfelt, unconsciously.*

Those thinkers in whom all stars move in cyclic order, are not the deepest thinkers. He who looks into himself as into an infinite cosmic space, and carries within himself systems like those of the Milky Way, knows how irregular are all such systems; they lead into the Chaos and the Labyrinth of Existence.

It follows from the laws of class distinction, that the learned, in so far as they belong to the intellectual middle-class, are prevented from getting a glimpse of the really great problems and questions; their outlook, like their courage, does not reach so far; and above all, there is their need of earning a living, which makes them investigators, their innate anticipation and desire that things may be constituted in a certain manner, and their too easily quieted fear and hope. For example, that which makes the pedantic Englishman, Herbert Spencer, so enthusiastic in his way, and impels him to draw a cheering streak, a horizon of desirability, the final reconciliation of "egoism and altruism" of which he dreams—almost causes nausea to such people as me. *A humanity with such Spencerian perspectives as ultimate perspectives would seem to us to be deserving of contempt, of extermination!* But the fact that something has to be taken by him as his highest hope, which is regarded, and which can be regarded by others, as merely a repulsive possibility, is a questionable sign which Spencer could not have foreseen.

To laugh means to be malicious, but with a good conscience.

That punishment has the purpose of improving him who

punishes, is the last refuge of the defenders of punishment.

Though the acutest judges of witches and even the witches themselves were convinced of the guilt of witchcraft, this crime nevertheless never existed. So it is with all crime.

Deniers of Chance: No victor believes in Chance.

Last Scepticism: *What in the end are men's truths? They are men's irrefutable errors.*

We modern men are cautious as to final convictions, our mistrust lies in ambush against the enticements and conscience-traps in every strong belief, every unconditional Yea and Nay.

I greet all the signs announcing that a more virile and more warlike era is beginning, which will again hold bravery in the highest honour! For that era has to prepare the way for a still higher one, and has to accumulate the energy which will one day be needed by it—the era which will carry heroism into perception, and will wage war for the sake of thoughts and their consequences. For that purpose many brave pioneering men are needed at present—men who, however, cannot arise out of nothing, and just as little out of the sand and slime of our present civilisation and city-culture: men who can be silent, lonely, determined—content and persistent in unnoticed action: men with an innate bent for discovering what is to be overcome in all things: men who possess brightness, patience, simplicity and contempt of great vanities, as well as magnanimity in victory and indulgence to the little vanities of the defeated: men with an acute and free judgment of all conquerors, and of the share Chance has had in all victory and fame: men who have their own feasts, their own workdays, their own mourning-days, accustomed and sure in command, and equally ready when necessary to obey, equally proud in both positions, and in both serving their own cause: men more endangered, more fertile, and more happy! *For believe me, the secret for gathering the fertilest harvest and the greatest enjoyment from existence, is—to live dangerously!*

Even the wicked man, even the unfortunate man, even the exceptional man should have his philosophy, his good right, his sunshine! A new justice is what we need! And a new watchword, and new philosophers! The moral earth also is round, and the antipodes have a right to existence! There is still another world to be discovered, and more than one! Aboard ship, then, ye philosophers!

How greedily this wave comes up, just as though something were to be got! How it creeps with fear-inspiring haste into the inmost corners of the rocky clefts. It seems as if this wave intends to overtake some one, in order to arrive earlier than he; it seems as if something is hidden there which is of value, of great value. And now the wave returns, a little slower, still quite white with emotion—is it disappointed? But already another wave advances, greedier, wilder than the first, and its soul seems also to be full of the secrets and the longing of the treasure-seeker. So live the waves; so live we, the willers!

Among the Europeans of to-day there are not lacking those who may call themselves, in a contrasting and honourable sense, homeless. It is precisely by them that my secret wisdom and gay science is to be laid to heart. For their lot is hard, their hope uncertain; it is difficult to devise consolation for them. But what does it matter? We children of the future, how *could* we be at home in the present? We are antagonistic to all ideals which would make us feel at home in this frail, broken-down, transition period; and as regards the "realities" thereof, we do not believe in their duration. The ice which still bears has become very thin; the warm wind is blowing; we ourselves, we homeless ones, are helping to break the ice. We preserve nothing, nor would we go back to any past age; *we are not at all "liberal," we do not labour for "progress,"* we do not need first of all to close our ears to the market-place sirens of the future—their songs: "equal rights," "free society," "no longer either lords or slaves," do not allure us! *We do not by any means think*

*it desirable that the kingdom of righteousness and peace should be established on earth* (because under any circumstances it would be the kingdom of the profoundest mediocrity and Chinaism); *we rejoice in everything which, like ourselves, loves danger, war, and adventure,* which does not make compromises, nor let itself be captured, conciliated, or defaced; we count ourselves among the conquerors; we ponder over the need of a new order of things, even of a new slavery—for the strengthening and elevation of the type "man" always involves a new form of slavery.

Is it not obvious that with all this we must feel ill at ease in an age which claims the honour of being the most humane, gentle, and just on which the sun has shone? It is bad enough, is it not, that precisely in connection with these fine words our innermost thoughts are the more unpleasant; that we see therein only the expression—or even the masquerade—of profound weakening, exhaustion, age, and declining power! What does it matter to us with what kind of tinsel a sick person decks out his weakness? *He* may parade it as his virtue; there is certainly no doubt that weakness makes people gentle, ah, so gentle, so just, so inoffensive, so "humane"! The "religion of sympathy" to which people would like to persuade us—yes, we know the hysterical mannikins and girls sufficiently well who need precisely this religion at present for a cloak and an adornment.

We are no humanitarians; we should not dare to speak of our "love to mankind"; for that, a person of our stamp is not enough of a stage-player. No, we do not love mankind. Nor, on the other hand, are we at all German enough (in the sense in which the word "German" is current at present) to advocate nationalism and race-hatred, or to take delight in that national heart-itch and blood-poisoning, on account of which European nations are at present hedged off and secluded from one another as if by quarantines. We are too unprejudiced for that,

too perverse, too fastidious, too well-informed, too much travelled.

We much rather prefer to live on mountains, apart, "unseasonable," in past or coming centuries. We homeless ones are too diverse and mixed as regards race and descent to be "patriots." We are, in a word, and it shall be our word of honour, GOOD EUROPEANS, the heirs of Europe, the rich, over-wealthy heirs, who nevertheless admit our great obligations to millenniums of European thought.

# PERIOD III.

The metaphysical period; the period of Nietzsche's own peculiar philosophy; he gives up the idea of a rationalistic asceticism and begins to consider Instinct as the motive power of development. This Instinct he first calls "the Bent to Power" and later "the Will to Power." Not only does he investigate the origin of morals in general, but he tests also existing morals, and especially Christian morals, with regard to their effect on this instinct and on life. He tries to replace the present system of morals, as being contrary to all instinct, by a new and better system. In the end he tends towards the overestimation of the facts of the case and the qualities of the instincts, and finally drifts into an ethical Nihilism. (*See* page 292.)

## XI.

## "THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA"—A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE.

"True, I am a forest, and a night of dark trees, but he who is not afraid of my darkness will find banks full of roses under my cypresses."

LITERATURE: *Academy*, *Athenæum*, *Benndorf*, *Canevazzi*, *Delfour*, *Foerster-N.* (*in preface to vol.* 7 *of Tasch. Ausg.*), *Hartmann*, *Henne*, *Kalthoff*, *Knortz*, *Leixner*, *Mauerhof*, *Naumann*, *Nethy*, *Preconi*, *Reishaus*, *Schmidtz*, *Schwarz*, *Seydl*, *Steiner*, *Strauss* (*Hahn*, *Merian*), *Thieme*, *Tille*, *Tönnies*, *Unmensch*, *Verdinois*, *Wallace*, *Zerbst*, *Zoccoli*.

### THE FIRST PART.

### A. *Zarathustra's Prologue.*

WHEN thirty years old Zarathustra left his home and went into the mountains. There, with his eagle and serpent, he rejoiced in spirit, and for ten years did not weary of the solitude. But at last his heart changed, and rising one morn with the rosy dawn, he unbosomed himself to the Sun, and expressed his resolution to descend to men to impart unto them the treasures of his satiating wisdom. He sought the Sun's blessing on his undertaking.

Alone Zarathustra descended the mountains until he entered the forest, when he met with an old hermit who tried to dissuade him from bringing gifts to suspicious men. Zarathustra, however, went on, wondering that this old saint had not yet heard of God being dead.

Arriving at the nearest town, Zarathustra found many folk gathered in the market-place awaiting a rope-dancer's performance. And thus spake Zarathustra unto the folk:

I teach you the man that is to be, the Superman! Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him? All beings hitherto have created something higher than themselves; and ye desire to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather relapse into the beast than surpass Man? Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much of the worm is still in you. Once ye were apes; and even yet man is more of an ape than any ape. *The Superman is the meaning of the earth.* I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth*, and do not believe those who speak unto you of hopes beyond this earth. You must learn also to despise yourselves! All the folk laughed at Zarathustra, however, and became impatient for the rope-dancer, who began his performance.

But Zarathustra spake thus: Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal. What can be loved in man is that he is a transition and a destruction. I love those who know not how to live except in perishing. I love him who longeth for perception in order that some day the Superman may live. I love him who worketh and planneth, to make ready earth, animal, and plant for the Superman. It is time for man to fix his goal! One must have chaos within one to give birth to a dancing star. Alas! the time cometh, when man will no longer give birth to any star! Alas! there cometh the age of the most contemptible man, the *last man:* "What is love? creation? longing? What is a star?" asketh the last man and blinketh. Then the earth will have become small, and on it will be crawling the all-belittling last men. They live in warm regions and like altruism, for they need warmth. They walk warily. He is a fool who still stumbleth! A little poison now and then—maketh pleasant dreams. And much poison for a pleasant death! They still work, for work is an entertainment, when not exhausting. They no longer become rich or poor. There is no herdsman, but *one* flock.

Every one is equal to another. "Once, all the world was lunatic," they say. They are soon reconciled after quarrelling. They honour health. "We have devised happiness," say the last men, blinking!

Here the folk bawled out: "Give us that last man! We gladly renounce the Superman!" But Zarathustra became sad.

Then a terrible thing happened. The rope-dancer, terrified by his companion jumping over him, fell to the ground near Zarathustra. Zarathustra consoled the dying man, who soon breathed his last. Meanwhile evening closed in, and at last Zarathustra resolved to carry his cold and stiff companion to the place where he would bury him.

But he had not gone a hundred steps when the other rope-dancer came to him, and advised him to leave the town, as the inhabitants, who had laughed at his sermon on the Superman, were full of hatred against him. For long weary hours Zarathustra went through forests and swamps, carrying the corpse on his back. At a lone house he got refreshment, and again wandered on. When the morning dawned he placed the dead man in a hollow tree, and laid himself down on the ground and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he rejoiced at finding a new truth: "*Zarathustra is not to speak unto the common people, but unto companions: unto the creators, the reapers, and the rejoicers.* I shall show them the rainbow and all the stairs to the Superman, the man that is to be."

At noon, lo! his eagle swept through the air in wide circles, the serpent coiling round its neck like a friend. "The proudest and the wisest animals under the sun! Let them lead me!" said Zarathustra.

### B. *Zarathustra's Discourses.*

When sojourning in the town called "The Pied Cow," Zarathustra spoke thus: There are three metamorphoses of the Spirit; it becometh a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child. The heaviest things are taken upon

itself by the Spirit; like the camel, the Spirit hasteneth to its own desert. There the Spirit becometh a lion. The lion defeateth the great dragon "Thou shalt"; it saith "I will." But to create new values—the lion spirit becometh a child: innocence and oblivion, a rebeginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first cause, a holy assertion.

Zarathustra went to hear a much-praised wise man, who spoke thus to the youths before his chair: "Respect and modesty in presence of sleep! No small art is it: one needeth to keep awake all day to sleep. Ten times a day must thou conquer thyself. Ten times must thou reconcile with thyself. Ten truths must thou find daily. Ten times a day must thou laugh and be cheerful. Peace with God and thy neighbour, honour and obedience to the government; a good name and a small treasure, a small circle of friends, indulgence towards the poor in spirit; all this promoteth Sleep."

Thereupon Zarathustra laughed in his heart and said: A fool seemeth that wise man with his forty exercises; but doubtless he knoweth well how to sleep. And verily, *if* life had no sense, and had I to choose nonsense, this would seem the best for me.

The sick and perishing—it was they who invented heaven and the redeeming blood-drops; they sought to escape from their misery. Life is hard to bear. But do not pretend to be so weak. *If ye had more belief in life ye would yield yourselves less to the impulse of the moment.* Brave, fearless, scornful, strong; thus wisdom would have us to be. Those among men who are as butterflies, soap-bubbles, and the like, know most of happiness. A new will do I teach: to long for the path which man hath hitherto followed blindly, and to call it good, and no longer to slink aside from it as do the sickly and the dying. More honestly and purely speaketh the healthy body, the perfect and rectangular; it speaketh of the significance of earth. There is more reason in thy body than in thy best wisdom. I do not go your way, ye despisers of the body! Ye are no bridges towards the man that is to be—the Superman.

*If ye cannot be saints of knowledge, be at least its warriors!* I do not advise you to work, but to fight. War and courage have done greater things than charity. Rebellion, that is superiority in the slave. Let your superiority be shown in obedience, let your commanding even be an obeying. Let your love to life be love to your highest hope.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude. Full of noisy clowns is the market-place. All deep wells get their experience slowly: they have to wait long before they know what hath fallen to the bottom of them. In the market all are poisonous flies. They pardon thee only—for thine errors. Love unto the most remote future man is higher than love unto thy neighbour.

Oft do the brave and noble ones feel lonely, like the tree on the hill that hath grown so high that, if it were to speak, nobody would understand it. The *noble* one wisheth to create something new and a new virtue. The *good* desire that old things should be preserved. Alas! I have known noble men who have lost their highest hope. I conjure thee: *cast not away the hero in thy soul!*

It is possible only for those who are free and strong to go into solitude. Canst thou be thine own legislator, judge, and avenger? The hatred of men, the love to him whom he meeteth, and his own ego: these are also dangers that attack the lonesome one, who seeketh to create something beyond himself. That is why eremites long so much for a friend, and for his elevation. If one desires to have a friend, one must also be ready to wage war for him; one must be capable of being an enemy. Let your friend be for you the festival of earth, and a foretaste of the Superman.

Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution: it is called child-bearing. Man shall be educated for war, and women for the recreation of the warrior. Let woman be a plaything, pure and fine like a precious jewel, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come. Let the beam of a star shine in your love. Let your hope say: "May I bear the Superman!" *Marriage, so call*

*I the will of the twain to create the one that is more than those who created it—and their reverence for each other.* But that which the far-too-many call marriage is one long stupidity. Even your best love is but a torch to guide you unto loftier paths.

Everything in the State is false. The earth is full of superfluous ones; the State was invented for their sake. They acquire wealth and become poorer thereby. They seek power and much money—these impotent ones. See how they climb towards the throne, as though happiness was sitting on the throne! Flee from the idolatry of the superfluous. For great souls is the earth and a free life still open.

The judges and sacrificers shall slay the criminal out of pity, but not out of revenge. "Enemy" they shall say, but not "villain." "Diseased one," but not "wretch." Often is madness the cause of the criminal's deed. Sometimes do I wish that loathsome good men also had a madness from which they might perish like this criminal.

If ye have an enemy, return him not good for evil, for that would make him ashamed. But prove that he hath done you a good turn. And if ye be cursed, rather curse a little also.

He unto whom chastity is difficult is to be counselled against it, lest it become the way unto filthiness and concupiscence of soul.

I love only what the writer wrote with his blood. He who writeth in blood which is spirit, and in apophthegms which are summits, is to be learnt by heart by the long-legged who stride across mountains and laugh at all tragedies.

I show you the voluntary, the *achieving* death. Hateful is your grinning death, which stealeth nigh like a thief, and yet cometh as master. I praise unto you my free death, which cometh because I will. He who hath an aim and an heir desireth death at the right time for aim and heir; thus will he worthily say "Nay."

The greatest powers that Zarathustra found on earth are Good and Bad. Every nation understands thereby something different from its neighbour. Verily, men have made for themselves their good and bad; they neither took it, found it, nor learnt it from heaven. *Values were only assigned unto things by man in order to maintain himself*—he it was who gave things a human significance. A thousand goals have existed hitherto, for a thousand peoples have existed. But the fetter of the thousand necks, the *one* goal is lacking. But if the goal be lacking, is not humanity itself lacking?

And after that Zarathustra took leave of the town called "The Pied Cow." And at the cross-roads Zarathustra told those who followed him that he now wanted to go alone. Then his disciples presented him with a staff, on the golden handle of which a serpent twined round the sun. Zarathustra was pleased with the staff, and leaning thereon, spake thus: Ye, my disciples, strive, like me, for the bestowing virtue. What do we regard as the worst of things? Is it not *degeneration?* And we always suspect degeneration where the bestowing soul is lacking. A great horror to us is the degenerating sense which sayeth, "All for myself." Upward soareth our sense; the body goeth through history—growing and fighting. And the spirit—what is it unto the body? The herald, companion and echo of its fights and victories.

Remain faithful unto earth, my brethren, with the power of your virtue!

Man hath been only an attempt. We fight step by step with the giant, Chance. There are a thousand paths which have never yet been trodden. Arise, ye lonesome ones! one day shall ye be a people. Out of you a chosen people shall arise, and out of it the Superman.

Now do I bid you lose me and find yourselves; not until all of you have disowned me will I return unto you.

## THE SECOND PART.

After this Zarathustra went back into the mountains, to the solitude of his cave, and waited like a sower who hath sown his seed, but his soul filled with longing for those whom he loved. After months and years had passed, one night a child appeared in his dream with a mirror, which showed him with a devil's grimace. He understood thereby that his doctrine had been disfigured and was in danger. The hour had come for him to seek his lost ones.

My brethren, said Zarathustra, when in the Happy Isles, could ye create a God? Then be silent concerning all gods! But ye could well create the man that is to be, the Superman. Ye could be fathers and forefathers of the Superman, and let this be your best creating! The beauty of the Superman came unto me as a shadow.

I walk amongst men as amongst the fragments of the future, the future which I foresee. And all my wish and striving is to compose and gather into a whole that which is but fragment and riddle and dismal accident. Shame, shame, shame, that is the history of man! *It is difficult to live among men because silence is so difficult.* One knows a little too much about every one.

Man hath had too little joy. Verily, like the thousandfold laughter of children, Zarathustra entereth all the chambers of the dead, he laugheth at the grave guardians, and whosoever else rattleth gloomy keys. He will terrify and subvert them. Now for ever shall the laughter of children spring forth from coffins; now for ever shall a strong wind be victorious over all death-weariness.

One day Zarathustra said: Here are the priests, mine enemies, pass them quietly; many of them have suffered too much; hence they want to make others suffer. Their Saviour hath put them in fetters of false values. Churches they call their sweetly smelling dens, made by those who sought to hide themselves. Not until the clear sky shall

again look through ruined roofs, and down on grass and red poppies upon broken walls, will I turn my heart unto the seats of this God. Their Saviours have not come from freedom. A sultry heart and a cool head; where these meet there ariseth the blusterer, the "Saviour." They tried to prove their faith by blood; but *blood is the worst of all witnesses to truth.* Ye must be saved by much greater Saviours than have yet been. Naked have I seen both of them, the greatest and smallest man. They are still far too similar. Verily, even the greatest one found I all-too-human!

To-day my beauty laughed at you, ye virtuous ones, and said: "They want reward for virtue, heaven for earth, and eternity for to-day!" Now ye are angry at me for teaching that there is no Rewarder and no Paymaster. Different people call many different things virtue, *e.g.*, agony under the whip; the putrefaction of their vices; the awakening of their "justice"; freedom from their devils. And there are others who go creakingly, like carts carrying stones down-hill—their drag they call virtue. Others, when wound up like eight-day clocks, call their ticking virtue. Some call their revenge virtue; others say it is virtue to sit quietly in the mud-bath. Again, there are those who say virtue is a sort of attitude; others say it is insistence that "Virtue is necessary"; but they only believe the police to be necessary. Many say that seeing what is base in man is virtue; others say it is virtue to be raised up, others call it virtue to be cast down. Zarathustra hath not come to reprove all those liars and fools. But that ye, my friends, might become weary of what ye have learned from them, that "An action from an unselfish motive is good." That *yourself* be in your actions, as the mother is in the child, let that be your formula of virtue!

Life is a well of delight; but where the rabble also drink, there all the fountains are poisoned. And many a one hath turned away from life because he disliked to share with the rabble fountain, flame, and fruit. And many a one who

went into the wilderness with beasts of prey disliked only to sit at the cistern with filthy camel-drivers. And I turned my back upon the rulers, when I saw what they now call ruling; to chaffer and barter for power—with the rabble! I had to fly to the height where the rabble no longer sit at the wells. I have found it, my brethren! A summer on the loftiest height, with cold wells and blissful stillness! O come, that it may be more blissful! On the tree of the future will we build our nest. Eagles shall bring us food.

Ye preachers of equality, ye are tarantulæ. Therefore do I tear at your web, that your revenge may leap forth from behind your word "justice." "Will unto Equality," they say, shall henceforth be the name of virtue, and they clamour against everything that hath power. O, ye preachers of equality, the tyrant-frenzy of impotence. Your most secret tyrant longings cry thus in you for "equality." Fretted conceit and suppressed envy thus break forth in you. My friends, distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful, and who talk much of their justice! Unto *me* justice saith, "*Men are not equal. Neither shall they become so.*" Life is a struggle to rise, and to surmount itself. *Divinely will we strive against each other!*

The famous wise men are tolerated by the people, in spite of their unbelief, which is regarded as a pleasantry. But the free spirit, as an enemy of fetters, is hated by them. Ye famous wise men, stiffnecked and artful have ye always been, like the ass, as the advocates of the people! And many a mighty one, who wanted to run well with the people, harnessed in front of his horses a donkey, a famous wise man. Truthful I call him who goeth into the godless deserts and hath broken his venerating heart. In the desert have ever dwelt the conscientious, the free spirits; but in the cities live the well-foddered, famous wise men, the beasts of burden.

When sleeping, a sheep ate the ivy wreath off my head, and said: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar." A scholar am I still to the children, the thistles, and the red poppies, but no longer to the sheep.

I have departed from the house of the scholars. When among them, I lived above them; therefore they became angry with me. I love Freedom and the wind over fresh earth; but they sit cool in the deep shade. They are clever and are good clockworks; they grind small like corn-mills, and make much dust.

To-day I saw an august one, a solemn one, a penitent of spirit. Covered with ugly truths, the spoils of his hunting, and rich with torn clothes! many thorns hung on him, but I saw no rose! For this hero to attain the beautiful is the hardest of all. From no one do I want beauty so much as from thee, thou powerful one. Yea, one day shalt thou be beautiful. Not until the hero hath left thy soul is it approached in dream by the Superhero.

Ye sentimental dissemblers, with your "pure perception," ye also love earth and things earthly; ye are like the moon —piously and silently it walketh over starry carpets. But I like not soft-stepping feet without even the clink of a spur. Ye desire to be happy in gazing, with the will dead, without selfishness—cold and ashen-grey, but with drunken moon-eyes. Where is innocence? Where there is the will to procreation. But your emasculate ogling calleth itself contemplativeness! It shall be your curse, that ye shall never give birth! The moon's flirtation is at an end. There it cometh, the glowing one. All sunlove is innocence and creative desire.

Too far flew I into the future; a shivering seized me. Then did I fly back again, bringing an eye to see you, ye present cultured ones. I laughed and laughed at you! With fifty paint spots on your face and limbs, and with fifty mirrors around you, flattering you, ye sat there! Written all over with the signs of the past, and these signs painted over with new signs! All times and peoples, all customs and beliefs, speak through your disguises. He who would unmask you, would retain only enough to scare the birds. Ye are sterile and meagre, faithless and untrustworthy. Thus I love only the land of my children.

When asked why he said that the poets tell too many lies, Zarathustra replied, *I am not a barrel of memory to have my reasons with me.* But it is true that we poets lie too much. Besides, we know too little and are bad learners. Poets make their water muddy, that it may seem deep. True, one findeth pearls in them, but mostly the head of some old god. The poet is a sea of vanity.

*Creating—that is the great salvation from suffering, and life's alleviation.* The exercise of the Will maketh free: that is the true doctrine of will and freedom! But "*It was*" putteth into chains even the liberator. And he will be set free when he recogniseth that all Will is a creator: that all "it was" is a fragment, a riddle, a dismal accident, until the creating Will saith unto itself, "Thus *I* will! Thus *I* shall will!" Thou art for me the destroyer of all graves, my Will! Yea, something invulnerable, indestructible!

"Will to Truth" ye call that which impelleth you, and maketh you ardent? "Will unto the Conceivableness of all that is," thus do I call your Will. Whatever is shall accommodate and bend itself to your Will, as a *Will to Power.* That which is believed by the people to be good and evil, betrayeth unto me an old Will to Power. It is ye, ye wisest men, who placed their valuations in the boat on the River of Becoming, and gave them pomp and proud names, ye and your ruling Will! Wherever I found living things, there heard I also the speech of obedience: Firstly, all living things obey. Secondly, he is ruled who cannot obey himself. Thirdly, it is more difficult to rule than to obey. What persuadeth living things to obey, and command, and obey in commanding? *Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will unto Power.* The weaker is persuaded to serve the stronger by his own Will, which would be master over something still weaker. Not "Will to existence," but to "Power"! For what is not, cannot will; and that which is, how could it still strive for existence! Life is that which must ever surpass itself! Therefore, *imperishable Good and Evil do not exist!*—they must ever again surpass themselves!

I bind myself with chains to man, because I am torn upwards to the Superman. I live as if blind among men, as though I did not know them. These are my manly prudences: firstly, I allow myself to be deceived, in order not to be compelled to guard against deceivers. Secondly, I spare the conceited more than the proud. Thirdly, I do not allow the sight of the wicked to disconcert me through your fear; even for wickedness there is still a future. Lastly, I will sit disguised among you, in order to *mistake* you and myself. O, ye wise men, ye would flee from the burning sun of wisdom, in which the Superman rejoiceth to bathe his nakedness.

Zarathustra had also a conversation with the fiery dog about the greatest events taking place, not in our loudest, but in our quietest hours, and about the heart of the earth being of gold. At last he heard a voice saying within him: "O Zarathustra, thy fruits are ripe, but thou art not ripe for thy fruits. Again must thou go into solitude to become mellow." And at night Zarathustra went off alone, and left his friends.

## THE THIRD PART.

Whilst he was mounting the hill on his departure, Zarathustra thought of his many lonely wanderings and mountain-climbings, and that whatever might be his fate in the future, wandering and mountain-climbing would still be part of it. I now stand before my last summit, he said, and before that which hath been longest reserved for me. But he who is of my type cannot escape such an hour, which saith unto him, "Now only goest thou the way of thy greatness."

Love is the danger of the most lonely one. I lay fettered by my love for my children. For the sake of my children must I now complete myself. Now are they standing close to each other, as on blissful islands, but they shall be separated also, and shall learn loneliness and defiance and

carefulness, to test whether they be of my rank and kin, the masters of a strong will, so that they may become my companions.

The highest mountains spring from the sea. Out of the greatest depth must the highest rise unto their height. O Zarathustra, thou wouldst see the ground and background of things. Therefore must thou mount above thyself, until thou seest even thy stars under thee!

On his voyage Zarathustra told to the seamen—the keen searchers, tempters, riddle-readers, and twilight enjoyers—this riddle and vision:—

In a corpse-coloured dawn Zarathustra ascended a lonely path, upwards and upwards. The spirit of heaviness, semi-dwarf, semi-mole, sat upon him, and they discoursed together concerning the Eternal Recurrence of everything. The dwarf at last disappeared, and Zarathustra stood alone among wild cliffs in the moonlight. Then he beheld a young shepherd, in fearful agony, from whose mouth hung a heavy black snake. In vain Zarathustra tried to tear out the serpent. Then he cried, "Bite!" The shepherd bit strongly, and spat far away the snake's head—and leapt up, a transfigured being. Who can read this riddle?—

O sky above me, so pure and deep! Thou abyss of light! Whilst looking at thee I tremble, filled with godlike desires. Thou camest unto me, most lovely one, before the sun. We have been friends from the beginning; sorrows and terrors and depths are common to us, even the sun is common to us. We do not speak, we impart our knowledge in smiles to one another. Together we have learnt to rise above ourselves, and smile a cloudless smile, while far below us oppression and self-interest and guilt are steaming like rain. I hate wandering clouds, those stealthy cats of prey. They deprive us of the immense infinite Yea and Amen saying—those half-hearted ones, who will neither bless nor curse from the bottom of their soul. Truly, it is a blessing, and not a blasphemy, when I teach that *above all things*

*standeth the Sky of Chance*, the sky of innocence, the sky of hazard, the sky of wantonness. "Of Hazard," that is the earliest nobility in the world—which I have restored unto all things, and have saved them from the slavery of serving an end.

Having once more reached the continent, Zarathustra wandered about for some time, and learned many things. The houses appeared unto him as if made for silken dolls, and not as likenesses of a great soul. Everything seemed to him to have become smaller. And he made this discourse on the virtue that maketh smaller:

People snarl at me because I say that "for small folk small virtues are needed," and because I hardly see that small folk are necessary. They are ever becoming smaller, because of *their* doctrine of happiness and virtue. They are modest even in their virtues, for they are desirous of ease. True, they learn even to stride forward, but it is hobbling, and they are a hindrance to all who are in a hurry. Some of them are willers, but most of them are bad actors. Even those who command simulate the virtues of those who serve. Round, honest, and kind are they towards each other, as grains of sand are round, honest, and kind unto other grains of sand. And they desire most of all to be hurt by no one. Thus are they obliging, and do well unto all. But this is cowardice, though it be called virtue! Where can I, Zarathustra the ungodly, find my like? All those are of my type who give themselves a will of their own and renounce all submission. But what shall I say, where no one hath *mine* ears! It is still an hour too early here for me.

In returning slowly to his mountains and his cave, Zarathustra came unawares to the gate of the *great city*. Here a raging fool, called "the Ape of Zarathustra," met him, and sneered at the great city as the hell of all that is great. "O Zarathustra," said the fool, "spit at this city of swill-made newspapers, spittle-lickers and spittle-bakers, compressed souls, narrow breasts, pointed eyes and sticky

fingers, where all that is tainted, hypocritical, ashen, lustful, over-ripe and corrupt, festereth together——" Here Zarathustra stopped the fool, and said: "I despise thy despising. Thou gruntest out of revenge. Alas for this great city! Would that I could now see the pillar of fire by which it shall be burnt! *Where one can no longer love, one should —pass by!*"

Next he came to the town called "The Pied Cow." Here he bitterly complained about the apostates who had again become pious; grown older and colder, they have become obscurantists and mumblers and stay-at-homes, and once more pray and say "loving God." There are only a few whose heart hath lasting courage.

And now Zarathustra had only two days' journey to his cave and his animals. And his soul rejoiced and sang: "O, loneliness! my home loneliness! Here all things come lovingly and flatter me. Among the many I felt forsaken! To feel forsaken is one thing, to feel lonely is another. O, blissful stillness around me! O, human kind, how strange thou art! My greatest danger hath been passed. There is too much foreground in all men—what can be done there by far-seeing, far-searching eyes?

In a dream I held a balance and *weighed* the world. And now will I put the three most evil things in the balance and weigh them: *Voluptuousness, Thirst for Power, Selfishness.* And the three most difficult questions: On what bridge doth the Present go unto the Future? By what power doth the high compel itself to join the low? And what biddeth even the highest reach yet higher?

*Voluptuousness:* to despisers of the body a sting and a stake; unto the rabble the slow fire on which they are burnt; but to the innocent and free the garden-joy of earth, the reverently spared wine of wines, the prototype of a higher happiness.

*Thirst for Power:* the malicious gadfly which attacks the vainest man, and before whose glance man creepeth and

boweth and slaveth; but to Zarathustra, a bestowing virtue.

*Selfishness:* hath been much abused, but Zarathustra blessed selfishness, whole-hearted, healthy selfishness, that springeth from a mighty soul, with a beautiful victorious body.

I am an enemy of the spirit of heaviness, verily, its mortal enemy. Whosoever would become light and bird-like must love himself. Not with the love of the sick and infected, but with a whole and healthy love, so that he may find life with himself endurable. And to learn this love is the highest of arts. From our childhood hath the spirit of heaviness made us go loaded, camel-like, with too many strange, burdensome maxims and ideas. But he hath discovered his true self who saith, This is *my* good and bad. It seemed to me no small happiness to sit upon high masts of perception—to flicker there like flames—though but a small light, a great comfort to shipwrecked sailors.

Here I sit and wait, old broken tables around me and new half-written tables. When will mine hour come? —the hour of my descent, of my destruction. First of all must the signs appear unto me—the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

To be true—few are able to be so! the good least of all. Good men never speak the truth; they are the greatest danger to the future of the human race. They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables.

O, my brethren, I consecrate you to be the new nobility! Let it not be your honour whence ye come, but whither ye go. Ye shall love the land of your children, the undiscovered land, in the most distant seas.

There are those who say, "Let the world be; lift not a finger against it." And there are those who whisper, "Wherefore live? All is vanity; wisdom wearieth; nothing is worth while." O, my brethren, break such tables, put up by those who are weary of the world, the lazy dwellers on the earth, who should be lashed with

whips! That which is already falling should be pushed. This new teaching, O, my brethren, I give unto you—"*Harden yourselves!*"

Break, break the tables of those who are joyless. Life is a well of delight. Let the day be reckoned lost on which we never danced!

Spare not thy neighbour, and surpass thyself even in thy neighbour.

Whoever cannot control himself shall obey.

He who is of the populace would live for nothing, but the race of noble souls would not receive anything for nothing—least of all life.

O, my brethren, as to the stars and the future, there hath hitherto been only illusion, but not knowledge. And regarding good and evil there hath also been only illusion, and not knowledge.

No one knoweth yet what is good and evil, unless it be he who createth man's aim and giveth to the earth its significance and its future.

See to it that no parasite mounteth the heights with you! The parasite findeth out ascending souls when they are weary. In the midst of your sorrow, and your tender shame, he buildeth his loathsome nest.

It is not enough to wield the sword; one ought also to know against whom to use it. And often there is greater bravery in sparing one's strength for a worthier enemy. Ye ought only to have enemies to be hated, not to be despised. Take no notice of the tumult that is caused by the rabble. Keep your eyes free from their For and Against!

Men shall become finer beasts of prey, quicker, cleverer, and more human.

Your concluding of marriages—see that it be not an ill *concluding!* Rather say: Give us a term and a small marriage, that we may see whether we be fit for a longer marriage! Thus do I advise all honest souls. Not only shall ye propagate yourselves onward, but *upward*. For this, O, my brethren, let the garden of marriage help you.

Human society is a long search; an endeavour, an attempt, O, my brethren, and *no* "contract"! The sea stormeth. Our rudder striveth to guide us to the land of our children. Even more stormy than the sea is our longing for this land.

One morning Zarathustra sprang from his couch like a madman, and cried loudly to the thought at the bottom of his soul to awake and come up. Then, when at last it seemed to come up, he fell down as if he were dead. When again he became conscious, he lay pale and trembling, and would neither eat nor drink for seven days, though his eagle brought him all kinds of food. Then, when his animals begged him to rise, he again enjoyed their words, and rejoiced on account of the faculty of speech. Thereupon his animals spake of the eternal recurrence of things: "Everything goeth, everything returneth. For ever rolleth the wheel of existence. Everything dieth, and again everything blossometh. For ever runneth the year of existence."

Then Zarathustra told how he had suffered from loathing during the seven days. The thought that the small-souled man recurreth eternally, the cruel hypocrite, had nearly choked him. But the animals consoled him, and asked him to sing and be full of courage.

And now, in a beautiful apostrophe, Zarathustra desired his soul, the overrich and fruitful, to sing until all seas became stilled, to hearken unto its longing for the great liberator.

Once before had Zarathustra addressed Life in a joyous song. And now he sang a second merry song, dancing after Life:—

Who would not hate thee, O Life, thou great binder, twiner, tempter, seeker, finder! Who would not love thy ways, thou innocent, impatient, stormlike, hurrying sinner with child eyes!

Life then answered him, rallying, roguish, cheerful and sad.

After that Zarathustra sang the Yea and Amen Song:—

I love thee, Eternity! O how could I fail to long for eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings, the ring of recurrence? Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love. For I love thee, O Eternity!

## THE FOURTH PART.

Again months and years passed over Zarathustra, and his hair grew white. One day when sitting in front of his cave, enjoying the wide prospect, his animals asked him if he sought for happiness. "What is happiness worth?" he answered; "now I strive for my work. This day shall I ascend a high mountain." And when he had reached the summit he spake thus:—"That men may climb up unto me, for this reason am I waiting here. What is it that must some day come? Our great Hazaar, our great far-off kingdom of man, the Zarathustra kingdom of a thousand years."

The next day the Fortune-teller, the foreteller of the great weariness, came to him, and was invited to sit down and eat. Zarathustra spoke of having overcome his last sin: Pity! "Pity!" answered the fortune-teller, and lifted both his hands, "O Zarathustra, I have come to seduce thee unto thy last sin!" And out of the depth there came a long, long cry. It was the *higher man*, who thus appealed for help. Zarathustra was greatly moved, and said: "I shall quickly seek the higher man among those forests." But before he set off, Zarathustra intimated to the pessimistic fortune-teller that they would spend the evening gaily together.

Zarathustra ere long met two kings and an ass, who had fled from the gilded mob of "good society," and from the brawling rabble of journalists, shopkeepers, and sycophants, in search of the higher man. Zarathustra sent them to his cave, and then hurried on.

Suddenly, when meditating on hard things, he stepped unawares on a man, who lay in a swamp, studying the leech. This Conscientious One rejoiced at finding Zarathustra, the great leech of conscience. Him, also, Zarathustra sent to his cave.

Continuing his search around the rocks, Zarathustra found apparently a madman gesticulating,—a trembling old man with fixed eyes, wailing and lamenting against the huntsman behind the clouds, the unknown, malicious God. Zarathustra, seeing that it was all acting, struck him with his stick; whereupon the old man confessed that he did it simply for amusement, and loathed his arts. He sought one true and genuine, he sought Zarathustra. Zarathustra then politely showed the wizard the path to his cave, and continued on his way, laughing.

Zarathustra next met the Last Pope, who had been searching for the hermit, the last pious man. The Pope sadly confessed that he was now off-duty, for his master, the old God, lived no more. He was now seeking the most pious of all those who believe *not* in God,—Zarathustra. After a free chat about the dead God, the Old Pope also was invited to ascend to the cave.

Once more Zarathustra traversed the hills and mountains, but nowhere could he find the great sufferer who cried for help. Then suddenly he saw by the wayside something unutterable, scarcely like a man, who said, "Read my riddle! What is the revenge on the witness? Say, who am I?" Zarathustra said with a brazen voice, "Thou art the murderer of God!" Then the frightful man related his story, showing the cruelty of all-spying pity to higher natures. Zarathustra sent this great Despiser also up to his cave.

Then Zarathustra went on, and ere long found a man sitting on the ground in the midst of cows. He would fain learn from the cows how to ruminate, and thus get rid of his great affliction, loathing! Then he recognised Zarathustra as the conqueror of the great loathing. This

voluntary beggar, disgusted both with the poor and the rich, Zarathustra also sent to his cave.

Zarathustra next heard a fresh voice crying, "Halt! Halt! It is I, thy shadow!" When it came up to him, the shadow complained of a weary heart, a broken backbone, and homelessness. Zarathustra sent it also to his cave, where there would be a dance in the evening.

After further search and a delightful rest at noon, during which the world seemed to him perfect, Zarathustra returned home. And out of the cave he heard again the great cry for help, and now knew that the higher man was therein. Lovingly and wickedly Zarathustra greeted the company—the two kings, the old wizard, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the conscientious one, the sorrowful fortune-teller, and the ass—the ugliest man also, who had put on a crown. Zarathustra's eagle was ruffled and disquieted by questions put to it.

The king on the right replied gracefully to Zarathustra's greeting. Zarathustra, though glad at his guests' hopefulness, told them that they were *not* the real higher men. They were only bridges. They had come unto him merely as signs that higher ones were on the way to him.

Then he arranged a cheerful supper for his guests, and during the meal nothing was spoken of but the *higher man.*

These are some of the beautiful words then spoken by Zarathustra:—What I can love in man is that he is a transition and a destruction. And even in you there are many things which make me love and hope. Surpass the petty virtues, the paltry policies, the trivial regards, the ant-like swarming, the miserable ease, the "happiness of the greatest number!" How many things are still possible!—Hath not the greatest sin been the word of him who said, "Woe unto them that laugh"?

The meal being ended, Zarathustra left the cave for a while. Then the old wizard, attacked by his melancholy, seized a harp, and sang a weird, wild song about Truth. All

were infected by the melancholy, except the conscientious one. The appearance of Zarathustra, however, dispelled the oppression. The Shadow then sang a song which he had composed among the daughters of the desert, far away from damp, melancholy Europe. Afterward the cave filled with noise and laughter, and the spirit of heaviness, the old arch-enemy of Zarathustra, fled. The guests appointed the ass to be their God; they knelt before it, and chanted a new litany, to which it made responses. Zarathustra was pleased with this Festival of the Ass, with which they might again commemorate him.

Then all the company went without the cave, with comforted, brave hearts, and astonished because they felt so well on earth. All thanked Zarathustra most cordially. Then sounded slowly the bell striking midnight. And Zarathustra stammered, and said: "The world is deep, and deeper than ever the day thought it! The purest shall be lords of the earth; the least recognised, the strongest, the midnight souls, which are brighter and deeper than any day."

In the early morn Zarathustra arose quickly from his couch, and outside his cave a *sign* came to him. Around him fluttered and swarmed numberless birds. A cloud of love fell upon him; and there lay a powerful lion at his feet. "The sign cometh," said Zarathustra, "my children are nigh! Pity for the higher man, *that* hath had its time! Mine hour hath come! My day beginneth! Arise, arise, thou great noon!" Thus spake Zarathustra, and left his cave, glowing and strong like a morning sun.

## XII.

## BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL: PRELUDE TO A PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE.

LITERATURE: *Carriere, Everett, Garnett, Kapff-Ess., Klepi, Nicoladoni, Orage, Roberty, Widmann.*

### FIRST CHAPTER.

### PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS.

#### I. *Causes of Prejudices.*

NEARLY all the prejudices of philosophers have originated in their inclination to take things all as simple units, and in overlooking the tremendous complexity of everything.

Nearly all conscious thought—and even a Philosopher's—is secretly predetermined by instincts, and forced into a given path. Behind even logic there are evaluations and physiological demands.

#### II. *The Will for Truth.*

The desire for Truth—to what problems has it not given birth! Why should there not be a preference for falsehood, uncertainty, or even ignorance? The questions involved require to be faced courageously.

"How could a thing originate from its antithesis?—the Will for Truth, from the Will for Error; the disinterested, from the egoistical, or the radiant contemplation of the wise, from covetousness? Things of the highest value must

surely have their origin in a higher realm; how could they come from this deluding, transitory world?" Here we have the typical prejudice of metaphysicians. It might be necessary to recognise pretence, and the wish to deceive, as of greater and more fundamental value for life than the true and disinterested.

The falseness of a judgment should not in itself be an objection to it. The question should rather be whether the judgment preserves life, and maintains or develops the species. One could not exist without imaginary logical values.

Hitherto, every great philosophy has been a kind of mémoires, in which the moral or immoral intentions have formed the germ. Perhaps the "Desire for Truth" is not the Father of Philosophy—but rather the Fundamental Instincts. In every philosophy there is a point where "conviction" comes upon the scene; or, as in an old Mystery: "adventavit asinus, pulcher et fortissimus."

### III. *The Belief in Simple Causes.*

Some superficial observers still believe that there exist "immediate certainties," *e.g.*, that in the phrase "I think" there is an "I" which thinks, and "think" is the activity and effect of a being considered as the cause. The true Philosopher, however, is here embarrassed by a thousand metaphysical questions.

Such superficial observers also speak of the Will as if it were the best known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer has given us to understand that the Will alone is known to us fully. But in this case Schopenhauer seems to have adopted a *popular prejudice*, and exaggerated it. Willing seems to me to be above all something *complicated;* it is a unity only in name. In all willing, there is firstly a plurality of sensations, of conditions: "*from which*," "*to which*," this "*from*" and "*to*" together, and an accompanying muscular sensation. Moreover, in every act of the Will there is a ruling thought. Thirdly, the Will is not

only a complex of sensation and thinking, but is above all an *emotion*, the emotion of command. "Freedom of Will" is the emotion of supremacy in respect to that which must obey; there is this consciousness also in every Will—and whatever else pertains to the position of commanding.

Kant is said to have discovered the *faculty* of synthetical judgment *a priori*, and the *moral* faculty in man, and his successors discovered many more human "faculties." Now one awakes and sees that it was all a pleasant dream. Kant did *not* explain his "faculties." Though the Christian belief in the soul was mistaken, we do not, like some naturalists, discard the "soul," but try to refine the conception of it.

### IV. *The Will to Power.*

All the Philosophers, in spite of a few differences, assume a similar form of argument, and travel in the same predetermined circle. Hence their kinship of conceptions, when there is affinity of grammatical functions, which in turn depend on physiological evaluations and race conditions.

Up to the present time, no one has dared to consider *Psychology as the Morphology and Evolution of the Will to Power.* The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the intellectual world, and has had a most harmful effect. Physiologists should reconsider their theory that the instinct of self-preservation is the cardinal instinct of an organic being. *Life itself is the Will to Power.*

## SECOND CHAPTER.

## The Free Spirit.

### I. *Advice to Philosophers.*

Beware, ye philosophers, of the life "for the sake of truth!" *Do not forget that every philosopher up to the present has been refuted, no one has had the final word.*

One needs a mask and happy surroundings and good solitude in order to be free from the crowd. Above all, a superior man ought to open his ears to every shade of Cynicism. And keep your "good friends" at a distance by making them misunderstand you.

### II. *On Style.*

The greatest difficulty in translating is that of rendering the *tempo* correctly. Sometimes the merry vivacity of the original is untranslatable. German is almost incapable of showing pleasant shades of expression.

There are books which possess an inverse value according as the inferior or the superior soul makes use of them. In the first case they are corrupting, in the second case they are elevating. Books read by everybody have always a foul odour.

### III. *Evolution of Moral Valuations.*

During the Præ-historic or Præ-moral Period, the value of an action was determined by its after-effects, which made men think well or ill of it. But during the last ten thousand years—the Moral Period—the *origin* of an action, and not its consequences, has determined its value. Is it not once more necessary to reconsider values, on the threshold of the *Ultra-Moral Period? Moral intention* has been a prejudice, premature and provisional, and ought to be surmounted.

### IV. *The new Philosophers.*

A new and puzzling race of Philosophers is about to arise, embodying perhaps Stendhal's idea of good philosophers: "dry, clear and without illusion." They will be more than free spirits, something of which former Philosophers were but the heralds and precursors. The superficial and unreflecting, who abuse the names "free spirit" and "free-thinker," want to have suffering suppressed, and believe in

the green-meadow happiness of the herd, in security and alleviation of life generally. They are ever chanting: "Equality of rights" and "Pity for suffering." We, however, who have opened our eyes and consciences, believe just the contrary. Indeed, severity, violence, slavery, danger, dissimulation, stoicism, artifice and devilries of every kind—all that is bad, terrible, tyrannical, predatory and serpentine in man—serve as well for the elevation of humanity as their opposites.

## THIRD CHAPTER.

## The Religious Being.

### I. *Religious Oddities.*

The faith of the early Christians was a continual suicide of reason, which could not be killed by a single blow.

Catholicism appears to belong more peculiarly to the Latin races than to the men of the North, where the Celts have furnished the best soil for the propagation of Christianity.

The religion of the ancient Greeks was distinguished by the irrestrainable abundance of gratitude to which it gave rise.

The old Jewish Testament is of so grand a nature that there is nothing with which we can compare it in other literature. The taste for it is a touchstone of what is great and small. The New Testament, the book of "grace," appeals more to the heart of little souls. *To have joined this New Testament to the Old, as the Bible, the Book of Books, is perhaps the greatest audacity and sin against the spirit that literary Europe can have on its conscience.*

Stages of religious cruelty: in præ-historic religions men sacrificed themselves to their god. During the moral epoch of humanity, men sacrificed to their god their strongest instincts. Then, in the end, God himself had to be sacrificed.

Outward idleness or semi-idleness is necessary to the true religious life, for self-examination and prayer. There are at present in Germany men of all classes whose activity has caused the disappearance of the religious instinct. They are so engrossed with business, pleasures, country, newspapers, and family duties, that they have no time for religion, though they are not enemies of religious customs, if the State demands that they should participate in them.

### II. *Advantages of Religion.*

The philosopher who has the greatest responsibility for the development of humanity, will also make use of religion for his work of discipline and education. The influences of religion are various according to the different kinds of men on whom they act. For those predestined to command, religion is another means for surmounting resistance ; it is a bond which unites sovereigns and subjects. Religion also serves as a discipline for the aspiring class of subjects. Asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of ennobling men of plebeian origin. Finally, *to ordinary men*, those who have to serve and be useful, and who have the right to exist only on these conditions, *religion provides an inestimable contentment*, and embellishes, beautifies, and justifies their daily life ; it acts as the Epicurean Philosophy acts generally on the sufferer of a higher order, fortifying, refining, utilising, and even in the end sanctifying his ills.

### III. *Disadvantages of Religion.*

*The two greatest religions* by maintaining the cause of the unsuccessful and the suffering, *are among the principal causes which have kept the type man on an inferior level.* They have preserved too many things which should have perished. If an Epicurean god had regarded the part played by European Christianity for eighteen centuries, he would have wondered at its dominating aim: to make man a sublime abortion!

## FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Maxims and Interludes.

It is not the strength but the duration of noble sentiments which makes man superior.

He who despises himself, at least honours himself in so far as he is the despiser.

To-day a clear-sighted observer might easily feel himself an animalised God.

When woman is actuated by neither love nor hate, she plays her part but poorly.

*A people is the roundabout way by which Nature arrives at six or seven great men.*—Yes, and by which she then gets round them.

It is for one's virtues that one is most punished.

His stomach hinders man from too readily considering himself a God.

What is done out of love is always done "Beyond good and evil."

*Objection, digression, merry distrust and love of irony are signs of health; all that is unconditioned belongs to the realm of Pathology.*

One must requite good and evil; but is it necessary that it should be to the person who has done us the good or the evil?

Love brings to light the sublime and hidden qualities of a lover, his rare and exceptional traits; but it is thus liable to be deceptive as to his normal character.

One does not hate so long as one despises; but only when one deems a person one's equal or superior.

On the subject of Truth perhaps no one has yet been sufficiently truthful.

The consequences of our actions seize us by the forelock, quite indifferent to the fact that we have become "better" in the interval.

*It is not human to bless him who curseth us.*

There is a superfluity of goodness which is like wickedness.

## FIFTH CHAPTER.

## Natural History of Morals.

### I. *The "Science" of Morals.*

The term "Science of Morals" is too pretentious for that which it expresses.

*One ought to acknowledge straightforwardly what is still necessary and proper here: namely, the collection of material, the recognition and classification of an enormous number of delicate sentiments and distinctions of worth—and perhaps noting specially the frequently recurring forms—as a* PREPARATION *for a doctrine of types of morals.*

Philosophers have all foolishly undertaken to give a basis to morals, taking morality itself for granted. They only know the moral facts crudely, perhaps only the morality, of their church, epoch, climate, or religion. The problems of morals only become apparent when several systems are compared. Schopenhauer also failed in his attempt to provide a "fundamental" principle for ethics.

### II. *Masters and Servants.*

There have always been herds of men, and a greater number of those who obeyed than those who commanded. The need of obedience has become a kind of formal conscience in men. They accept all that authorities—rulers, parents, masters, laws, class prejudices or public opinion—declare unto them. But this instinctive obedience is transmitted at the expense of the art of commanding. The commanding class have become ashamed, and justify themselves by playing the rôle of executors of the orders of higher authorities, such as ancestors, the constitution, the laws, or the Deity; or perhaps they claim to be first servants of the herd, or instruments of the public weal. The gregarious man nowadays would fain claim to be the only legitimate person, and he puts forward his shortsighted utilitarian virtues, which render him gentle, tractable and

useful, as the only virtues. They replace commanders by assemblies of clever men from among themselves.

What a deliverance is the coming of an absolute master, a Napoleon, the history of whose influence is almost the history of the superior happiness of the nineteenth century!

### III. *The Insurrection of Slaves in Morals.*

The Jewish prophets brought about the inversion of values by equating the terms rich, impious, wicked, violent, sensual, and by disparaging the "World." Thus commenced the slave insurrection in morals.

### IV. *Instinct or Reason?*

As regards the old theological problem of "faith and knowledge" or "instinct and reason," Socrates was at first on the side of reason; but in the end, he concluded that reason should be persuaded to follow instinct. Plato wished to persuade himself that both reason and instinct tended spontaneously to good, and to God, and all theologians and philosophers since, except Descartes, who was superficial, follow the same path.

### V. *Beneficial Tyranny of Morals.*

Every system of morals is a kind of tyranny against "nature." Under arbitrary laws—we see them even in rhyme and rhythm—have developed whatever there is of liberty, elegance, valour, light-heartedness and masterly firmness in the world: *e.g.*, the various arts. And this is perhaps the "natural" order of things. *The essential thing in heaven and earth is to obey continually and in one direction.*

The constraint of following certain laws has given the European spirit its vigour, its pitiless inquisitiveness and its subtle mobility. Slavery is an indispensable means of discipline and of intellectual education; every moral system should be considered under this aspect. Thou shalt obey,

or thou shalt perish, would appear to be the moral command addressed to the human species.

### VI. *Avidity as a Moral Motive.*

The diversity of men is revealed by what they think desirable, and by the value which they place upon ownership and possession. For example, a modest man is satisfied if his wife's body is in his possession. A more exacting man wishes his wife to give up for his sake what she has or would like to have. A third, however, wishes his wife to love him as he is, quite as much for his devilry as for his goodness. Benevolent men treat the indigent whom they relieve as their possession. Parents treat their children similarly. Teacher, class, priest and prince, see in every new-comer an occasion for a new possession.

### VII. *Fear as a Moral Motive.*

As long as gregarious utility and fear of danger to the community determine moral values, "neighbour-love" does not prevail. When society has become firmly established the qualities formerly beneficial to the community—enterprise, rashness, vengeance, astuteness, rapacity and ambition—become stigmatised as immoral, and neighbour-fear creates new perspectives. All superior qualities that elevate the individual above the herd, and cause fear to his neighbour, are henceforth called wicked. The tolerant, modest, submissive, equable spirit, with mediocre desires, attains moral honour. The "lamb" and the "sheep" gain in consideration. Punishment of crime and the obligation of inflicting it also come to be repudiated as the ultimate result of the morality of fear. This morality especially dominates the European of the present day; he wishes that some day there may be nothing more to fear.

### VIII. *The Moral of the Herd.*

To-day man thinks that he knows what is "good" and "evil." He does not therefore approve of our saying that

this is herd-morality, and only *one* of many moral systems which are possibly superior. Socialists and Anarchists, who agree in being instinctively hostile to every other form of society than that of the autonomous herd, are also all united in their religion of sympathy and mortal hatred of all suffering; as if pity were the only hope. New philosophers are needed in presence of this danger, philosophers who can transform and reverse eternal values, and force the current of millenniums into new channels; so as to put an end, by discipline and breeding, to the domination of folly and chance. *If* those guides should fail or degenerate, what a grief it would be! But he whose rare vision can discern the danger of the degeneracy of Man himself, that *the future of Man is only a game of chance*, and the fatality of modern ideas and Christo-European morals, he suffers from an anguish with which no other is to be compared.

## SIXTH CHAPTER.

## We Scholars.

### I. *The Philosopher and the Scholar.*

That scientists despise philosophy nowadays is the fault of unworthy philosophers; science, however—so long the help-meet of theology—must not presume to dominate philosophy. *No, there is still a royal philosophy, superior to all other departments of thought.*

The dangers of the philosopher are so manifold that it is wonderful this fruit should ever mature. The philosopher has long been mistaken for a man of science, an ideal scholar, or an unsensual and unworldly religious fanatic. The true philosopher lives unphilosophically, oppressed by responsibility for attempts and temptations in life. He risks himself and plays for high stakes.

The scholar and the old maid are alike respectable, but comprehend nothing of procreating and producing. The

scholar lacks nobility, but has a lynx-eye for the feebler sides of the élite. He has the Jesuit instinct of mediocrity, which works for the annihilation of superior men, and the relaxing of all bent bows. The fully matured ideal scholar is a precious instrument, a mirror, but nothing in himself, neither an end nor a beginning. He is happy only when he can be objective—quite unlike the philosopher, the Cæsarean breeder and powerful man of culture.

### II. *Scepticism—and Weakness of Will.*

Scepticism is the most spiritual form of a state of Nervous Debility which is always produced when different races or social conditions are suddenly and decisively mixed, as in modern Europe. The Will is here especially enfeebled. This paralysis of the Will is greatest where civilisation has been longest acclimatised, and tends to disappear in proportion as barbarism reasserts itself.

Hence, France appears as the true school and theatre of scepticism in all its witchery. The power to will is somewhat stronger in Germany, much stronger in England, Spain and Corsica, but strongest and most astonishing of all in the prodigious empire of Russia. The coming century foreshadows the struggle for the sovereignty of the world.

### III. *German Scepticism.*

The antipathy of his father to Frederic the Great was because he saw in the background of his son's character the great bloodsucker, the Spider Scepticism, and feared the misery and irresoluteness of a heart callous to good or evil. There developed in his son, however, the New Scepticism, akin to the genius for war and conquest. It despises itself; it gives the mind dangerous liberty; but it keeps the heart in check. A new and dangerous German form of scepticism, which creates "men"—like Goethe, whom Napoleon admired.

## IV. *True Philosophers.*

What is a Philosopher? He is a man who constantly proves, sees, hears, suspects, hopes and dreams of extraordinary things; a man who is struck by his own thoughts, as if they came from without, from above or below, in thunder-claps which he alone can endure; a man who is perhaps himself a thunder-storm ever pregnant with fresh lightnings.

True philosophers are rulers and law-givers. They determine man's Whither and Why. They grasp the future with a moulding hand, and everything serves them as a means, an instrument, a weapon. Their will to truth is Will to Power.

*The philosophers of the future* will necessarily also be sharp critics. They *will be harder* than humane men would desire. Every habit which leads to cleanliness and severity in spiritual things will be exacted by these philosophers. Philosophy, however, will be far more to them than a mere critique—as the positivists, and even Kant, seemed to think it. The critics are only instruments of the new philosophers, and as such, not themselves philosophers. The great Chinaman of Königsberg was himself only a great critic.

The philosophers being men of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, are necessarily in contradiction to their epoch. By putting the vivisecting knife to the virtues of the age, they have revealed to mankind new and unexplored paths to aggrandisement.

Opposed to the generally enfeebled Will of the age, strength of "Will" is the great requisite for a philosopher. He shall be the greatest who can be most solitary, concealed and divergent, the man beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, with plenitude of Will-power.

What a philosopher is, cannot be taught, but must be known by experience. The highest problems pitilessly repulse all those who have not, by their higher spirituality,

been predestinated to solve them. Many generations must have gone by to prepare for the birth of the philosopher, and each of his virtues must have been acquired separately, must have been fostered, transmitted, and embodied. There must be readiness for great responsibilities, the imperious look, the sentiment of aloofness from the crowd, the delight and practice of supreme justice, the art of ruling, plenitude of will, and slowness of glance, rarely admiring and loving.

## SEVENTH CHAPTER.

## Our Virtues.

### I. *A Question.*

It is probable that we still have virtues, though not those of our grandfathers. Searching for them almost involves belief in them, and is not this the Good Conscience, the pigtail which our grandfathers wore at the back of their heads and frequently also behind their senses?

Is it not our task to retranslate man into nature, to master the deceptive interpretations with which the original text has been obscured, so that henceforth man may appear before man with fearless Œdipus eyes and stopped Ulysses ears, deaf to the metaphysical sirens who have too long sung: "Thou art more, thou art higher, and of other origin"?

### II. *Sympathy.*

Wherever Pity is preached nowadays, there is heard the hoarse, gasping, genuine sound of self-contempt. The jackanapes with "modern ideas" is extremely unselfsatisfied. He suffers, and his vanity requires him to have fellow-suffering.

Pessimism, Utilitarianism, &c., which measure things by the pleasure they yield, are naïve evaluations which we scorn. Know ye not that *the discipline of suffering* alone, acute suffering, *has carried man to great heights?* All that

the soul has ever possessed of depth, mystery, disguise, spirituality, artifice and greatness, has it not been gained through the discipline of great suffering? In man there is creature and creator, matter, fragment, exuberance, clay, filth, folly, and chaos; but there is also in man the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, and the divine contemplation of the seventh day. Your compassion goes to the *creature* in man, to that which ought to be moulded, broken, forged, torn, heated to a white heat and refined—that which must and ought to suffer. There are higher problems than those of pleasure, grief, and pity.

### III. *Some of our Virtues.*

We have surmounted the maxim "to love our enemies," for we have learnt to despise where we love.

The intellectually shallow, addicted to moral judging and condemning of others, strive for equality of all before God; they are therefore strongly anti-atheistic, and disparage high spirituality. Instead of contradicting them I would suggest that high spirituality exists only as a last product of the moral qualities; that it is a synthesis of all such endowments which have been acquired through long discipline in past generations; that high spirituality is precisely the spiritualisation of justice, and the maintenance of a hierarchy in the world.

Virtues are not such to all. Disinterestedness is a virtue with some, with others a stupidity or hypocrisy. Morals must be different in different castes.

Every virtue tends to develop into foolishness, and every foolishness into virtue.

### IV. *The Historical Sense.*

The historical sense, or the faculty of appreciating how a people, a society, or an individual has lived, has been acquired in the train of the semi-barbarism resulting from the mixture of ranks and races. It is our sixth sense which

enables us to understand *all* things, it is the ignoble taste and tact for everything.

We also appreciate Shakespeare—that astonishing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste (at whom the circle of Æschylus would have laughed themselves half-dead), that motley savage, a mixture of delicacy, coarseness, and artificiality—accepting him even as the refinement of the most piquant taste, in spite of the repulsive odours of the English mob, which o'erspread his art.

## V. *Cruelty.*

Almost all that we call superior culture rests on the spiritualisation and intensification of cruelty. The savage beast in man has not been killed; it lives, it has become deified in tragedy.

The Romans in the arena, the Christians in the ecstasy of the cross, the Spaniards at the sight of funeral pyres or bull-fights, the Parisian artisans craving for bloody revolutions, Wagner's female-devotees who endure Tristan and Isolde—what they all enjoy and drink in are the philtres of the great Circe, Cruelty. In the desire for knowledge, also, there is cruelty.

## VI. *Woman.*

On the subject of man and woman, as on all other subjects, a thinker, owing to his innate constitution, cannot change his opinion, he can only learn more; the following are therefore only *my* truths:—

One of the most deplorable things is the desire of woman for emancipation. Woman has many motives for being modest. She conceals so much that is pedantic, superficial, paltry, immodest, and unrestrained. It will be unfortunate if woman unlearns her perspicacity, her arts of grace, playfulness, and driving-away-cares, and her fine aptitude for agreeable passions.

Woman does not desire truth. Nothing has been more

foreign, repugnant, or hostile to her than truth. *Her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty.* It is precisely this art and instinct which we men honour and love.

Up to the present women have been treated by men like birds which have lost their way among them; like something very delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, ravishing—but also something that has to be encaged, lest it should fly away.

To be mistaken about the problem of woman, to overlook sex-antagonism, to dream of equal rights, duties, &c., are typical signs of shallow-mindedness. *A profound man can only, like the Orientals, consider woman as property, as a being whose predestined mission is domesticity.*

Though treated with the greatest respect at present, woman nevertheless degenerates, loses her modesty, good taste, and fear of man, thereby sacrificing her most feminine instincts.

The qualities in woman which inspire respect—or fear—are her greater naturalness, her flexibility and craft, her tigress-claw, her *naïveté*, her uneducability, her instinctive cruelty, her immense passions and virtues. In spite of this fear, she excites pity by appearing more afflicted, more fragile, more necessitous of love, and more liable to disillusions than any other creature. Man has been arrested before woman with one foot already in tragedy! Is woman about to be disenchanted?

## EIGHTH CHAPTER.

## Nations and Countries.

### I. *Civilisation.*

That which distinguishes present-day Europeans is "the Democratic Movement." It is bringing together Europeans who were more or less separated, and originating an essentially supernational type, with a maximum power

of adaptability. The levelling and mediocrising involved in the process will lead to the creation of a type prepared for bondage. But perhaps the exceptional men will be stronger and richer than ever before. The pre-requisites for a new slavery will thus be evolved.

### II. *Genius of Nations.*

There are two kinds of geniuses—the engendering and the bearing. There are peoples upon whom devolves the feminine task of bearing, and the secret duty of forming, maturing, and perfecting—*e.g.*, the Greeks and French. And there are others—*e.g.*, the Jews, Romans, and Germans—full of love and desire for strange races, like those full of generating force. These two varieties of genius seek—and also misunderstand—one another, like man and woman.

### III. *The German.*

The German soul is above all complex and indefinable, owing to the manifold origin of the people; it possesses galleries and passages, caverns, hiding-places, and dungeons. The German is at home among the mysterious and chaotic, and therefore loves all that is cloudy, indistinct, watery, veiled, nebulous, and opaque. The uncertain, embryonic, and evolving seem to him profound. He himself *is* not; he *becomes*. That is why "Development" is the philosophical godsend to the German.

### IV. *German Style.*

Unlike our present inharmonious practice, the man of antiquity read aloud, with all the inflations and inflexions of voice, with all the changes of tone and modifications of speed, which formed the delight of the old public life. But in Germany, until recently, the preacher alone knew something about style and voice-production. This is why the masterpiece of German prose is the masterpiece of its

greatest preacher. Till now Luther's Bible has been the best German book; it has taken root in the German heart like no other book.

## V. *Music and Musicians.*

Beethoven was the last echo of a transformation in style; not, like Mozart, the final expression of centuries of European taste. Beethoven's music is o'erspread by the light which bathed Europe when it dreamt with Rousseau, danced around the tree of liberty, and at last knelt before Napoleon.

Mendelssohn was the beautiful interlude of German music, quickly admired, and then quickly forgotten.

Schumann was the last who founded a school. Though incessantly glowing with happiness or throbbing with impersonal suffering, he was a purely German event, and not, as Beethoven and Mozart had been, a European phenomenon.

## VI. *Wagner.*

*Wagner's Overture to the Meistersinger is a piece of magnificent, overloaded, heavy, latter-day art, which still presupposes the existence of two centuries of music. What seasons and climes are mingled there!* Wagner's music seems antiquated, but it is also sour and too immature; it is feminine and pompously traditional, malicious and spiritual, but it is often harsh and coarse; it is full of fire and spirit, but it is also languishing, with dun-coloured skin. It is broad-flowing, but with moments of hesitation.

*There is no beauty in it, no spirit of the south,* nothing of the mid-day sun, nothing of grace, dance, or even logic; but there is a certain clumsiness in it, a fantastic luxury, a litter of lace and pedantic primness, something German, symbolic of the character of Germans. They are of the past and the future, but not of to-day.

## VII. *The English.*

No, these English are not a philosophical race. Even Bacon, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke are a disparagement of the idea of a philosopher. Kant uplifted his voice against Hume; Schelling despised Locke; and Hegel and Schopenhauer (without mentioning Goethe) were unanimous in condemning England's mechanical stultifying of the universe. Carlyle knew that philosophy was lacking, and masked its lack in himself by passionate grimaces. The English, therefore, have to hold on to Christianity to moralise and humanise themselves; but their religion is tainted with spleen and alcoholic excess, to which it is an antidote—the finer poison to neutralise the coarser. The seriousness and coarseness of the English find most fitting expression in prayers and psalms, and in the penitential grunts and groans of Methodism and the Salvation Army. Englishmen have neither music nor dance in the movements of their soul and body. Listen to them speaking, watch the fine English ladies walking—nowhere are there more beautiful doves and swans!

## VIII. *The French.*

All that Europe has known of sensibility, of taste, and nobleness has been the work and creation of France. Even to-day France is the refuge of the most intellectual and refined culture, and is still the great school of taste. Schopenhauer is more to this France of taste than he ever was to the Germans. Heine has long since passed into the flesh and blood of the best Parisian lyrics; and Hegel, in the person of Taine, exercises an almost tyrannical sway. As to Wagner, the more French music adapts itself to the exigencies of the modern soul, the more will it become Wagnerised.

There are three things which the French can exhibit as marks of their old supremacy of culture. Firstly, the *capacity for artistic passion, l'art pour l'art.* Secondly,

their *old and fertile moral culture*, diffused everywhere. Finally, they are a *synthesis of the North and the South*. Their temperament is from time to time inundated by the Provençal and Ligurian blood. For those sunny Europeans Bizet has written his music.

### IX. *Jews.*

It will be long before Germany's large stock of Jews can be assimilated. The national instinct protests against more Jews being admitted, to save the Germans from being superseded by a more energetic race.

The Jews are incontestably the most energetic, tenacious, and the purest race in Europe. The thinker who would prognosticate the future of Europe must take account of both the Jews and the Russians. If the Jews were forced to it, they might become in effect the masters of Europe. But at the present they simply demand to be absorbed and assimilated. They are eager for consideration, and tired of the rôle of the Wandering Jew. This aspiration should be favoured, and the example of the English nobility copied.

### X. *Higher Man.*

There are many signs that *Europe now wishes to become one nation*. All the profound and large-minded men of this century—*e.g.*, Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer, and Wagner—have had this unique aim. A boldly daring, splendidly overbearing, high-flying, and aloft-updragging class of higher men, destined to teach their age what constitutes Higher Man!

## NINTH CHAPTER.

## What is Noble?

### I. *The Sentiment of Distance.*

*Every improvement of the type Man has been the work of an aristocratic society*—and it will always be so—a society

with a long hierarchy, of ranks and differences among man, and based on slavery in one sense or another. Without the sentiment of distance thus evolved there could not have been developed the desire to augment the distances in the interior of the soul—the psychic force characteristic of the noble caste.

That which distinguishes a true and healthy aristocracy is the sentiment that it is not a function either of royalty or of the community, but the significance and highest justification thereof—and its acceptance of the sacrifice of a legion of men, who, for its sake, are reduced to incomplete men, slaves and tools. *Mutual non-interference and fraternity are only possible among equals;* applied to humanity generally, they have a degrading effect. Every living and not dying organisation must be the incarnate Will to Power; it must extend itself, attract to itself, and thus acquire preponderance—not from a moral or immoral motive, but because it lives, and because life is precisely the Will to Power. Exploitation belongs to the nature of the living being.

## II. *Evolution in History.*

A type becomes fixed and strong by long combat against constant unfavourable conditions. On the other hand, the over-nourished and over-protected species evolves variations, and becomes rich in extraordinary characters.

In an aristocratic community, as a contrivance for rearing human beings, we find men who wish to make their species triumph, to escape being exterminated. A type with few but very pronounced traits, fixed by constant struggle against unfavourable conditions.

Finally, peace and plenty prevail; the strong tension diminishes, the old discipline relaxes. Immediately the plenitude and splendour of variation appears, and the unique being evolves.

Different egoisms struggle unrestrained for sun and light, the individual relies on his own law-giving and arts for

preservation and elevation. Corruption and the highest desires are frightfully entangled, the genius of the race overflowing from all the cornucopias of good and evil; spring and autumn are fatally combined. Only the incurably mediocre endure until after to-morrow—they are the men of the future.

### III. *Commoners.*

What does one mean by common? To be mutually understood, the experiences of individuals must be similar, and describable in the same language. When men have lived long under the same conditions they become closely united by quick mutual comprehension, and thus form a nation.

It is the same in friendship and love. For the sentiment to endure, there must be a thorough reciprocal understanding of the desires and feelings of the two parties.

If necessity has united only men who could designate by similar signs similar necessities and impressions, the facility of communicating common needs and sensations must have been the most powerful force operating upon men.

The refined and exceptional men are more difficult to comprehend, and are therefore liable to stand alone and die out. Great opposing forces must be appealed to, to thwart this too natural development of mankind to the similar, the ordinary, the mediocre, the gregarious—the common !

### IV. *Master and Slave Morality.*

*There are two fundamental types of morals—the Morality of the Masters, and that of the Slaves; sometimes also we find a compromise between the two.*

For the dominant race, the state of a sublime and lofty soul determines the rank or the "goodness." The noble man puts at a distance from him those who have contrary tastes, he despises them. The antithesis "*good*" and "*bad*" becomes equivalent to "noble" and "despicable." The

cowardly, the timid, the petty, the self-seeking are despised —likewise the distrustful, the self-abasing, the cringing, the sycophant, and, above all, he who lies—like the common people. The noble man honours him who is powerful, who has self-command, who can speak or keep silence, who enjoys being severe and hard to himself, and venerates the like.

On the other hand, the slave is sceptical and distrustful of all that the others venerate. But he parades whatever alleviates suffering. The helping hand, the warm heart, patience, application, humility and amiability are here honoured, for they are *useful*, and almost the only means of supporting existence. *Slave Morality is essentially utilitarian.* Here is the source of the famous antithesis "*good*" and "*evil.*" What is strong and dangerous, redoubtable, subtle and powerful is regarded as "evil." According to Slave morality a good man should be inoffensive, simple, easily deceived, and perhaps somewhat stupid—in short, a simple soul. The aspiration for freedom, the instinct for happiness, and all the craftiness of the sentiment of liberty, belong to Slave morality, as necessarily as *art and enthusiasm in veneration and devotion are the certain symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thought and appreciation.*

## V. *What is Noble?*

There are many artists and scholars whose works reveal a strong longing for nobleness. But this very longing is profoundly different from the needs of the noble soul, and is a sign of their lack of nobility. *It is not works, but faith which decides the rank.* It is a certain fundamental self-knowledge which a noble soul possesses. It has self-respect.

## VI. *The Aristocrat and Solitude.*

To live with great and proud sangfroid, always—beyond. To have or to lack one's passions according to choice. To use the folly of one's passions as well as their vehemence.

To choose for companion that roguish and joyous vice, courtesy, and remain master of one's four virtues—courage, insight, sympathy, and solitude. To us Solitude is a virtue, for *every fellowship, however manifested—renders "common."*

### VII. *Respect.*

The sentiment of respect determines rank. The vulgarity of certain natures often springs to light on the approach of something worthy, whereas in the noble soul there is an involuntary silence, a hesitation of the eye and a pause in the gesture.

The maintenance of the respect for the Bible is perhaps the best disciplining and refining element which Europe owes to Christianity. Books of such importance require the tyranny of external authority to obtain millenniums in which to be unriddled.

### VIII. *Egoism.*

Egoism belongs to the essence of noble souls. They accept it without scruple, as something belonging to the fundamental law of things, as "Justice" itself. They recognise those whose rights are equal to their own, and comport themselves towards them with modesty and delicate respect. They have an impassioned instinct for equity. They do not willingly look upwards—they *know* they are on the height.

### IX. *Suffering and Distance.*

*Profound suffering ennobles a man; it sets him apart.* The spiritual and mute pride of such sufferers makes all sorts of disguise necessary for protection from the importunate and compassionate: *e.g.*, a certain form of Epicureanism, ostentatious fearlessness in taste, an affectation of taking grief lightly. Even Gaiety and Folly are masks for broken and incurable, but proud hearts.

## X. *On the Way to the Height.*

He who aims high regards all whom he encounters either as means, or as delays and obstacles—or as resting-places. His bounty only becomes possible when he dominates.

The higher man must be ready for the right moment, which, however, may not come at all. Genius is perhaps not so rare as the five hundred hands for seizing the opportunity by the forelock.

## XIII.

### A GENEALOGY OF MORALS.

LITERATURE: *Academy, Glogau, Kaatz.*

### FOREWORD.

I RECEIVED the first impulse to make known something of my hypotheses on the origin of morality from a clear and clever little book by Dr. P. Rée, entitled "The Origin of Moral Sensations." In "Human, All-too-human," I advance for the first time hypotheses relative to the origin of morality, but to me the main question was always the *value* of morality—of Good and Evil: what is their own specific value?

### FIRST ESSAY.

### "GOOD AND EVIL." "GOOD AND BAD."

I. *Aristocratic Evaluation in Contrast to the Utilitarian.*

English Psychologists, with their lack of historical spirit, adopt the utilitarian method in tracing the Origin of Morality. They say that unselfish actions were originally praised and called "*good*" by those to whom they were useful; and, later on, when the origin of the phrase was forgotten, the actions themselves were felt to be something good.

The rank-differentiating evaluation is the true origin of the antithesis "*good and bad.*" "*Good*" was not invented

by those to whom goodness was shown. The *Good*, or the *Noble and Powerful*, regarded themselves and their doings as of premier value in contradistinction to everything low-minded, mean, and vulgar.

This theory is strengthened by the etymological signification of the names coined by different languages to denote "*good*" and its antithesis. They all point to the same shifting of conceptions. *Superior* or *noble*, in its caste sense, was always the fundamental concept from which "*good*" in a superior sense necessarily developed; whereas "*mean*," "*plebeian*," "*common*" merged at last into the concept "bad." In the words and roots denoting "*good*" the principal shades of rank are still apparent. Some Faculty of Arts should propose the following question: "*What hints are furnished by philology, more especially by etymological research, with reference to the history of the development of moral concepts?*"

## II. *Priestly Evaluation and Slave Morality.*

There is also the priestly form of evaluation (in antithesis to the aristocratic form), whereby the soul of man has gained depth in a higher sense, and become evil; thus defining man's superiority over the rest of the animal world. But the priests are the worst enemies of a powerful body; because of their powerlessness they are opposed to the chivalric, aristocratic caste; and out of weakness arises hatred. I remind the reader of a charitable passage in Thomas Aquinas, "Beati in regno cœlesti videbunt pœnas damnatorum, ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat."

It befitted a priest-ridden and terribly oppressed people, the Jews, to dare to subvert the "Aristocratic" equation of values. They, "the good," the beloved of God, clung to their own valuation: that the poor, the meek, the lowly, the sick, and the needy alone are the "good" and the blessed. In "Beyond Good and Evil" this has been referred to as the Slave-revolt in morality; and, although

it has already existed for two thousand years, it is still victorious.

Through the revolt of the Slaves, vengeance has revalued all values. Out of the Jewish hatred there grew up a new, deep, and sublime variety of love. Jesus of Nazareth, the personified gospel of love, bringing blessedness and victory to the poor, the sick, and the sinful, represented those same Jewish values and new ideals. That Israel itself should deny and crucify before all the world the tool of its vengeance, that for the salvation of man there was required the unfathomable mystery of "God on the Cross," transcends in vengeance and subversion of valuations all other ideals.

The Slave-revolt in morality begins through resentment becoming creative and giving birth to values. It requires an opposite, an outer world, to make it act. The man of resentment loves concealment, alleys and back-entrances. Everything hidden appeals to him, as being of his world, as his shelter, his comfort. He is also master in the art of keeping silence, of forgetting nothing, of waiting, of abasing and humiliating himself for a purpose. He becomes more *prudent* than a man of noble race and learns to appreciate prudence as a primary condition of existence. While the Superior man can respect his enemy, the Man of Resentment conceives of his enemy as the foul Fiend, the Evil One.

The bird of prey might say that it bore no grudge against lambs, yea, even that it loved the good lambs. It is absurd to demand that strength should not manifest itself as strength, for an amount of power is an equal amount of impulse, will, and action.

But the effect is often mistaken for the cause, just as the flash for the lightning, and the motion of atoms for atoms. Emotions such as hatred and revenge zealously support the belief that the strong are free to be weak and that a rapacious bird can, if it will, be as a lamb.

This happens when the oppressed, the down-trodden, and the wronged say in their impotence that they will be good,

and that the good are those who wrong no one, never attack, never retaliate, but entrust their vengeance to God. They live aloof from the world and avoid all contact with evil, and altogether ask little of life.

To this class of men belongs the belief in an indifferent, free-willed subject. The belief in the soul has, perhaps, been the best religious doctrine, for it has made it possible for the majority of mortals, the weak and oppressed of every description, to interpret their weakness as freedom.

### III. *Civilisation.*

Assuming that the very essence of civilisation is to change the *beast of prey*, "*man*," into a tame and civilised animal, all those instincts of reaction and resentment by means of which noble families and their ideals have been overcome and debased, would have to be regarded as the proper tools of civilisation. But the contrary is not only probable, it is self-evident. The abasing and vengeance-craving instincts of serfdom, and in particular of all Præ-Aryan populations, represent the decline of mankind! The mediocre man being in the majority, considers himself as the "*higher man*," as something relatively perfect, as something still saying "Yea" to life: that is our doom.

To-day nothing aggrandises, but everything seems to lower towards the more prudent, more comfortable, more mediocre, more indifferent, more Chinese, more Christian. There is no doubt that man is always growing "better," and therein lies the doom of Europe, for, with the fear of man, the splendid blond beast of prey has been lost, as has also been lost the love and reverence for manliness, the will to manliness.

The two antithetical values "good and bad," "good and evil," have fought a terrible battle. The symbol of this struggle is "Rome *versus* Judæa." In spite of the Renascence, when Europe witnessed a dazzlingly-weird reawakening of the classic ideal, of the aristocratic manner

of valuation; in spite of Napoleon, that synthesis of monster and Superman—Rome succumbed and Judæa triumphed, alike in that thoroughly plebeian movement of resentment called the Reformation and in the French Revolution. But might there not once more be a return of the old conflagration? *"Beyond Good and Evil" does not mean "Beyond Good and Bad."* Might we not strive to attain the former?

## SECOND ESSAY.

## "GUILT," "BAD CONSCIENCE" AND THE LIKE.

### I. *Evolution of Conscience.*

To rear an animal which may make a promise is the paradoxical task which Nature has set herself as regards man. The opposing force is forgetfulness, which is a positive checking faculty. Active forgetfulness may be looked upon as a door-keeper and preserver of the peace and good order of the soul, and *there can be no happiness, no cheerfulness, no hope, no pride, no self-respect without forgetfulness.* This forgetful animal has acquired for itself a counter-faculty, the memory, by whose aid forgetfulness is sometimes deposed.

This is not merely a passive inability to get rid of an impression once imprinted, but an active disinclination to get rid of it, a specific memory of will. It presupposes that man has learnt to reckon and calculate, that he can see events as though they were present, and anticipate those that are future.

During the præhistoric period of man, through the gigantic labour of the Morality of Custom, men had really been made capable of being reckoned on. As the outcome of this gigantic process, when the tree matures its fruit, the ripest fruit will be the sovereign individual, the autonomous supermoral individual, the man of private, independent, and firm will, who can promise with a true consciousness of power and freedom, and with a feeling of human perfection generally.

How much confidence, how much fear, how much reverence he awakens, and how with this self-mastery, he has also been entrusted with the mastery over circumstances, over nature, and over all creatures possessed of a weaker will and less trustworthy than himself! The free man with the unbreakable will honours or despises things according to this standard. He is niggardly with his confidence, and his promise is something on which one can depend, because he feels himself strong enough to keep it even against misfortunes, aye, even against fate itself. The consciousness of this freedom and power over self and fate has penetrated into the utmost depths of his personality, and become a dominant instinct. He calls it his conscience.

But this concept "conscience" is the *last*, the final phase of this development. How much difficulty has mankind experienced in the attempt to attain to this: to make a memory for the animal man, to impress the walking forgetfulness! Only by the vigour of penal laws, by the cruel ritual observances in all religions were things burned into memory!

## II. *Consciousness of Guilt.*

"The Bad Conscience" I regard as the deep sickness into which man necessarily fell, under the pressure he experienced when he found himself for ever locked within the bars of society and peace. All at once the instincts of those semi-animals, adapted to wildness, fighting, roving, and adventure, were rendered worthless and useless. These old instincts did not at all cease immediately to make their demands felt. *All instincts which have no outlet receive an inward direction.* Enmity, cruelty, the pleasures of persecution, of surprise, of change, of destruction—imagine all these turning against their owners: this is the origin of a "Bad Conscience."

Alas for this insane wretched beast of man! What monstrous things, what paroxysms of folly, what bestiality of ideas forthwith break out, if it be even in the least hindered from being a beast of action!

The Consciousness of Guilt, or the Bad Conscience, takes its *direct* origin from the very material notion of Debt. The debtor is Man, the creditors are his ancestors, society, the Godhead.

Living generations have the conviction that they exist only through the sacrifices and services of their ancestors, and that these sacrifices and services must be repaid with others of a similar kind. This in past ages led to sacrifices, festivals, temples, demonstrations of honour and obedience; sometimes even the well-known offering of the firstborn was required. As the growing awe with which the forefathers of the mightiest clans were regarded increased, they were of necessity transformed into gods. The noble families repay noble qualities to their progenitors with interest.

In an agreement between creditor and debtor, promises are made and a memory is created for him who promises. To awaken confidence in the promise of payment, and to impress his own consciousness with the fact that payment is an obligation and duty, the debtor consigns to the creditor something which he still possesses, such as his body, his wife, his freedom, his life, his hopes of salvation, or even his peace in the grave. Also, the creditor can subject the body of the debtor to all kinds of insult and torture. The creditor's compensation is, therefore, a kind of pleasurable feeling in a grant, and a claim upon cruelty. In the sphere of the laws of obligation, the cradle of the world of moral concepts is to be found: "guilt," "conscience," "duty," "sacredness of duty." But in the history of these concepts the greatest rôle is played by Cruelty—not revenge, as some say, but cruelty. That mankind in the early ages took a great and intense joy in cruelty cannot be denied.

When mankind was not ashamed of cruelty, life on earth was more pleasant than now, when the animal man is taught to feel ashamed of all its instincts. At the present time suffering is always advanced as the first of the arguments against existence, whereas the reverse opinion

formerly prevailed, and the pleasure of making another suffer constituted a most potent charm and a special seduction to life.

Modern men are the heirs of the vivisection of conscience and of the self-torment of thousands of years.

Too long did man regard his natural inclinations with an evil eye, so that finally they became related to the bad conscience. But some time there will come the redeemer of great love and contempt, the creative spirit who will bring about the redemption of reality, the redemption from the curse which the old ideal has laid upon it. *This man* of the future, who will restore freedom of will and hope to man, *must some day arrive.*

### III. *Justice and Punishment.*

Communities pledge themselves to mutual protection. The criminal breaks the contract with regard to the possessions and advantages of the common weal, of which up to that time he had enjoyed his share. He is also a debtor, and an aggressor upon his creditor. For the future he forfeits all his possessions and privileges, and reverts into the condition of an outlaw where all sorts of hostilities may be wreaked upon him.

As the power of the community increases, the wrong-doer is treated more leniently. Nay, he is even defended by the community against the wrath of those individually injured. In proportion as his wealth increases the creditor has at all times become more humane. A consciousness of power might even allow the wrong-doer to go unpunished. At first Justice declared that every thing could and must be paid for. Then followed the self-abrogation of justice, called by the fine name of Mercy, the privilege of the mightiest one, his ultra-justice.

The idea that the malefactor deserves punishment because he might have acted otherwise is a late and refined form of human judgment and reasoning. At first punishment was

inflicted upon the wrong-doer from a feeling of anger, and from a conviction that for every injury amends should be exacted by the infliction of a similar injury upon the offender. There was *no* assumption then of "free-will."

Recent attempts have been made to seek the *origin of justice* in the region of *resentment*. Emotions, specifically active, such as thirst for power, avidity, and the like, have, however, a greater claim to scientific estimation and appreciation.

If it ever happens that the just man is just even towards the person who has injured him (not merely cold, moderately reserved, and indifferent), and if, when attacked by personal insult, derision and slander, the lofty, clear, mild, and far-seeing objectivity of the just and judging eye is not dimmed, it will be a sign of perfection and of the highest mastery on earth. But prudence tells us neither to believe nor expect this too readily. Among average men even a small injury will suffice to disturb their equanimity. The man who commits the aggression or transgression is nearer to justice than the man who resents it. He has no false estimation of his object, and bravely and calmly commits the deed. The man of resentment must be held responsible for the invention of the "Bad Conscience." The execution of law and the requirements of law are the imperatives of the aggressive men, who thus try to end the blind fury of resentment by diverting it into other channels. It is therefore after the law has once become established that Right and Wrong exist; not, as Dühring argues, after the act of violation has been done. To speak of right and wrong as self-existent is meaningless. Life in its fundamental functions works injury, violation, exploitation, and destruction, and cannot even be conceived as doing otherwise.

The origin and the purpose of punishment should be kept apart as two separate problems. Moral genealogists find that the purposes of condemnation are those of vengeance and determent, and think that they have finally settled the question. But the purpose of law can be used least of all for a history of the origin of law. The cause or the origin

of a thing, and its ultimate utility and purpose have often, in process of time, been reinterpreted, transformed, and readjusted. So also punishment was conceived as having been invented for the purpose of punishing. But all purposes, all uses, are but indications of the fact that some powerful will has become master over something inferior in will power, and has assigned to it the meaning of a function. Life is will to power, and not, as Spencer has it, "a continuous better adjustment of internal relations to external relations."

The value attributed to punishment is supposed to consist in the fact that it awakens in the guilty one the feeling of guilt, and here is sought the mental reaction known as the Bad Conscience, or the Prick of Conscience. But among criminals and convicts true remorse is very rare. On the whole, punishment hardens and renders people more insensible; it concentrates, it increases the feeling of estrangement; it strengthens the power of resistance. Punishment, it may be said, more than any other factor retards the development of the feeling of guilt. The Bad Conscience did not spring from this soil. For the longest period a guilty person was punished as the doer of damage or injury, and he experienced no other feeling of pain than that which any other catastrophe would have produced.

All that Punishment can really accomplish in the case of men and animals is an augmentation of fear, an intensification of prudence by the strengthening of memory, and a subjugation of the passions. *Punishment tames man, but it does not make him better.*

## THIRD ESSAY.

## What do Ascetic Ideals mean?

### I. *General Definition.*

What does the ascetic ideal mean? In the case of artists it means naught, or far too much; in the case of philosophers

and scholars it means something like an instinctive feeling for the most favourable conditions of high intellectuality; in the case of women it means, at the best, an additional amiableness for seduction, a little "morbidezza" on a pretty piece of flesh, the saintliness of some fine plump animal; in the case of the physiologically rudimentary and depressed (the majority of mortals), it means an attempt to think themselves "too good" for this world, their chief weapon in the contest with slow pain and *ennui;* and finally, in the case of priests, it is the most effective instrument of power. And the fact that the ascetic ideal has meant so much for man, expresses that other fundamental fact of human will, its *horror vacui.*

The ascetic ideal is prompted by the self-protective and self-preservative instinct of degenerating life—a life which struggles for existence and seeks to maintain itself by all and every means. It is an artifice for the preservation of life.

### II. *The Philosopher and the Ascetic Ideal.*

In philosophers there is a singular prepossession and good-will towards the ascetic ideal. Every animal instinctively strives to reach the utmost limit of favourable conditions under which it is free to exercise its powers fully and attain its maximum consciousness of power. So the philosopher abhors wedlock and all that would persuade him to it as an obstacle and a hindrance on his road to the utmost power; he loves solitude and freedom from constraint.

For a long time the ascetic ideal served philosophers as a disguise, as a condition of existence.

### III. *The Priest and the Ascetic Ideal.*

The ascetic priest, this seeming denier and enemy of life, this very man is one of the great conserving and creating powers of life. The ascetic priest must be looked upon as

the predestined saviour, shepherd, and advocate of the sick flock. It is thus that we are able to understand his great historic mission. It is his instinct, his art, his happiness, his power, to rule over suffering. He has to defend his flock from the healthy.

*The fundamental objection to priestly healing is that only the suffering itself, and not the actual cause of the sickness, is combated.* The mitigation of suffering may be regarded as the priest's proper sphere. The principal problem of all great religions is apparently to combat a certain heaviness and weariness produced by various causes which have become epidemic. Christianity especially might be called a great storehouse of the most ingenious sedatives with which the deep depression, leaden languor, and sullen sadness of the physiologically depressed can be relieved.

This condition of low-spirits was combated first of all by such means as would reduce vitality in general to its lowest point. The result, expressed psycho-morally, is self-mortification or sanctification, and physiologically it is hypnotisation, equivalent to the winter-sleep of some kinds of animals, and the summer-sleep of many equatorial plants. The most exalted state, salvation, was regarded as an escape from every desire, every act, and was looked upon as "Beyond good and evil." The Buddhist says that Good and Evil are fetters which are overcome by the Perfect One. The Brahmin also holds similar views. Thus in the three great moral religions, salvation is not attained by an increase of perfection nor by a deposition of vices. Deep sleep is regarded by those weary of life as the *unio mystica* with God. In deep sleep the soul rises from the body, enters into the highest light, and thereby appears in its proper form, having no longer the breath of life, no longer yoked like a horse to the bondage of the body.

Another remedy for depression was "regulated activity," whereby the sufferer's interest was turned away from his sufferings.

Another means employed was the arranging of little

enjoyments, such as doing good, making gifts, alleviating, helping, condoling, praising and honouring others.

The formation of gregarious communities was also a decided advance and conquest. The sick and weak instinctively strive for a gregarious organisation, and the growth of the community creates a new interest, which secures the individual against personal feelings of discontent and self-aversion. These, then, are the means employed; the quenching of vitality, regulated activity, small enjoyments, especially the joy of love for the neighbour, and the organisation of communities, the excitation of the communal feeling of strength. But these are the *innocent* means employed by the priest in the struggle with depression. Let us now pass to the more interesting means, the "*guilty*" means.

The priest's principal expedient was to take advantage of the feeling of "guilt" in man. "*Sin*"—*for this name is the priestly reinterpretation of the animal's "bad conscience," of cruelty turned inwards—was the greatest event in the history of the sick soul.* It was the most dangerous and the most fatal artistic feat of religious interpretation. Suffering man is like a caged animal, but he is eager for reasons, for medicines and narcotics. He consults the ascetic priest, and is told to seek for the cause of his sufferings within himself. He is told to regard his sufferings as a state of punishment for his guilt; and the invalid is transformed into the sinner.

The magician thus used every extravagance of feeling which begot pain, and all served from henceforth to promote the victory of his ascetic ideal.

## IV. *Conclusion.*

On the whole, the ascetic ideal and its sublimely moral cult, with its most dangerous usages for bringing about an extravagance of feeling, have imprinted themselves in a terrible and unforgettable manner on the whole history of

man, and have affected the health and race-vitality, especially of Europeans, quite as destructively as the spread of alcoholic and syphilitic poisoning.

What is the meaning of the enormous power of the ascetic ideal? How comes it that people have yielded to it to such an extent? Why has it not been more effectively resisted? Because it expresses a will. It has an aim which is sufficiently universal to cause all other interests of man's existence, when compared with it, to appear petty and narrow, and it denies and affirms and confirms things exclusively to suit its own interpretations. It submits to no power, and believes in its prerogative over every power, and it considers all else, such as Science and Truth, to be merely tools for its work, ways and means to its *one* aim.

Apart from the ascetic ideal, man, the animal-man, would have had no significance. But the ascetic ideal offered to mankind a significance. In it suffering was interpreted, and though it caused new suffering, deeper, more heart-felt, more poisonous, more undermining to life, it brought all suffering into the perspective of guilt. Man was no longer a leaf at the mercy of the wind, a sport of folly. He could now will for something: will itself was saved.

## XIV.

### THE CASE OF WAGNER.

LITERATURE: *Academy*, *Athenæum*, *Bélart*, *Bellaïque*.

I CALL the Wagnerian orchestration the Sirocco; Bizet's orchestral music is almost the sole orchestration that I can still endure.

What a shrewd rattle-snake! ever rattling before us about "devotion," "loyalty," "purity" and "salvation." In Wagner's works there is always some one who wants to be saved. Who was it but Wagner who taught us that innocence has a preference for saving interesting sinners, as in "Tannhäuser"? Or that even the Wandering Jew will be saved, will become *settled*, if he marries, as in the "Flying Dutchman"? Or that young and hysterical girls like best to be saved by their doctor, as in "Lohengrin"?

Schopenhauer was the philosopher of decadence; Wagner was the artist of decadence. His art is morbid. In it there are mingled in the most seductive manner the stimulants now most needed by everybody—*brutality*, *artifice*, and *innocence* (idiocy).

*Wagner has been ruinous to music.* Was Wagner a musician at all? He was at least something else in a higher degree, that is to say, an unsurpassable *actor*. Wagner was above all a stage-player, and he excels in ubiquity and nullibiety.

Parsifal is a candidate for divinity with a public-school education. We are so far pure fools already.—A typical telegram from Bayreuth: *Bereits bereut* (rued already)! Ah, this old *thief!* this old *magician!* this *Cagliostro* of modernity!

## XV.

### NIETZSCHE CONTRA WAGNER.

LITERATURE: *Anonymous, Bélart, Bie, Chamberlain, Chilesotti, Corrieri, Foerster-Nietzsche, Glasenapp, Golther, Halévy, Heckel, Iwanov, Kufferath, Kulke, Lasserre, Lessing, Louis, Marshall, Newman, Pohl, Polifilo, Runciman, Schemann, Wagner, Wyzewa.*

WAGNER is a master of minutiæ. We now laugh at his appropriation of old legends and songs in which learned prejudice has taught us to find *par excellence* something Germanic. Even I at first was fascinated by him, but it was a mistake on my part. I freed myself from him, though it caused me much suffering.

Wagner is a Romanist, and he made the poor devil, the country lad Parsifal, a Roman Catholic. I despise every one who does not regard Parsifal as an outrage on morals.

## XVI.

### THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS.

LITERATURE: *Gregh, Mauerhof.*

THIS work is above all a recreation, a spot on the sun, a diversion into the idleness of a psychologist. Cheerfulness, warfare, and the auscultation of eternal idols, are necessary means of recuperation for a person engaged on that grave and responsible business: the Transvaluation of all Values. So *this little work is a grand declaration of War.*

#### I. APOPHTHEGMS AND DARTS.

Even the boldest of us have seldom sufficient courage for what we actually know.

Once for all, there is much that I do *not* desire to know. Wisdom sets bounds even to knowledge.

I mistrust all systematisers and avoid them. The desire for system is a lack of rectitude.

There is a hatred of lying and dissembling that arises from a sensitive notion of honour; there is also a similar hatred that arises from cowardice, under the belief that lying is forbidden by a Divine command. Too cowardly to tell lies. . . .

Only thoughts won by walking are valuable.

Formula of my happiness: A Yea, A Nay, a straight line, a goal. . . .

#### II. THE PROBLEM OF SOCRATES.

The opinion of the wisest men of all ages that life is

good for nothing, this *consensus sapientum*, what does it prove? It may be that they, all of them, were a little shaky on their legs, old, tottering, decadent? This irreverent thought, that the great wise men are types of decadence, first suggested itself to my mind with regard to a case where the strongest prejudices of the learned and the unlearned stood opposed to it. *I recognised Socrates and Plato as symptoms of decline, as agencies in Grecian dissolution*, as pseudo-Grecian, as anti-Grecian ("The Birth of Tragedy," 1872). These great wise men were not only decadent, they were not even wise. For opinions and valuations with regard to life, either for or against, can never in the end be true: they only possess value as symptoms. The worth of life cannot be estimated. It cannot be estimated by a living being, because such a one is a party—yea, the very object—in the dispute, and not a judge.

Socrates, according to his descent, belonged to the lowest of the people; Socrates was of the proletariat. He was ugly. Ugliness, while in itself an objection, is almost a refutation when found among Greeks. Was Socrates Greek at all? Often enough ugliness is the expression of a thwarted development, checked by cross-breeding. It also appears as deteriorating development. The typical criminal is ugly and decadent.

Not only does the confessed dissoluteness and anarchy in his instincts point to decadence in Socrates, but the superfœtation of logicality and that rhachitical malignity which distinguishes him, point in the same direction. And so do those auditory hallucinations, which have been wrongly interpreted in a religious sense, as "the dæmon of Socrates."

With Socrates Greek taste veers round in favour of dialectics. What is it that really happens then? Primarily, superior taste is vanquished, the proletariat gets the upper hand along with dialectics. Previous to the time of Socrates dialectic methods were repudiated in good society. We

employ dialectics only when we have no other means. It can only be a last defence in the hands of such as have no other weapon left.

The dialectician leaves it to his opponent to demonstrate that he is not an idiot, thus making him furious, and at the same time helpless. The dialectician paralyses the intellect of his opponent. What? Was dialectics only a form of revenge with Socrates, a revenge of one of the proletariat against the upper classes, whom he nevertheless fascinated? And the reason why he fascinated was because he had discovered a new mode of "*agon*" of which he became the first fencing-master for the superior circles of Athens, and because dialectics really became the last weapon used by the Athenians, for everywhere the instincts were in anarchy, and a counter-tyrant was needed. It was their last expedient. They had either to go to ruin, or—to be absurdly rational. Both the moralism of Greek Philosophers, from Plato downwards, and the estimation of dialectics, are pathologically conditioned.

*As long as life is in the ascendant, happiness is identical with instinct; to be forced to combat the instincts—that is the formula for decadence.* Socrates, the chronic valetudinarian, was a mistake; the whole of improving morality, including Christian morality, has been a mistake. It has all been decadence under another name.

## III. "Reason" in Philosophy.

It is all idiosyncrasy in philosophers—their hatred of the very idea of "becoming," their Egyptianism, and their contempt of the body and the senses. The senses do not deceive us. Heraclitus, also, did injustice to the senses, but he was superior to the herd of philosophers, and will always be right in contending that "being" is an empty fiction.

At present we possess knowledge to the extent of our resolution to *accept* the testimony of the senses. The rest is abortion and incomplete knowledge: *i.e.*, metaphysics,

divinity, psychology, and the theory of perception, or formal science, sciences of symbols, as logic, and that applied form of logic, mathematics. Actuality is never met with in those sciences.

The *other* idiosyncrasy of philosophy is not less dangerous: it consists in confounding that which is last with that which is first. The most general, the emptiest notions, the last breath of evaporating reality, are placed by philosophers at the beginning, as the beginning, as the "highest ideas," as the "good," the "true," the "perfect," as "*ens realissimum.*" Mankind has paid dearly for having taken seriously the delirium of sick cobweb-spinners. Whereas *these* philosophers object to the "becoming" of such notions, whereas they suspect that alteration, mutation, and "becoming" generally lead them astray, *we* see ourselves in some degree entangled in error, necessitated to error, precisely as far as our rational prejudice compels us to posit unity, identity, and permanence. In fact, nothing has hitherto had a more naïve convincing power than the error of "being."

Our language, belonging to the age of the most rudimentary psychology, is the main agency through which error constantly operates, every word, every sentence we utter is in favour of, and influenced by, that wrong concept of "being."

*To separate existence into a "true" and a "seeming" world (by an illusion of moral optics) is a symptom of decadence, of deteriorating life,* whether performed in the manner of Christianity or in the manner of Kant. *We* have done away with the "true" world and with the "seeming" world. The painful history of an error has come to an end with Zarathustra.

## IV. Morality as Anti-Naturalness.

All old morality-monsters, and especially Christianity, have waged war against the passions with a view to exterminating them. They never asked whether it were

possible to spiritualise, beautify, or deify a desire. But to attack the passions at the root means to attack life itself at the root: the praxis of the Church is *inimical to life!*

Radical hostility to sensuality is always a critical symptom. Decadents, those who are of a weak will, and those who are unable to impose due moderation upon themselves, all like the radical means for exterminating the desires.

The spiritualisation of sensuousness is called love; it is a grand triumph over Christianity. Our *spiritualisation of hostility* is another triumph. Unlike the Christian, we do not want to exterminate it. We see best in political matters how hostility has already become spiritualised, much more prudent, critical, and forbearing. Almost every party conceives that it is advantageous for its self-maintenance that the opposing party should *not* lose power. The same is true in grand politics, *e.g.*, in a new Empire. We like war and hate the moral cow and its plump comfortableness. Life is at an end where the "Kingdom of God" begins.

But all the valuations of the decadent, the doomed, are prompted by their deteriorating instinct, which thus seeks some advantage. To say to an individual who, in his antecedents and in his consequences, is a plaything of fate, "Alter thyself," is to require everything to alter itself, in the past as well as the present. Morality, in so far as it condemns actions in themselves, and not from any regard to the considerations and purposes of life, is a degenerate idiosyncrasy which has caused an unspeakable amount of harm.

## V. The Four Great Errors.

There is no more dangerous error than that of confounding a consequence with its cause. A well-constituted man *has* to do certain actions and instinctively avoids other actions; he introduces the arrangement which he represents physiologically into his relations with his fellow-men and his surroundings. In a formula: his virtue is the

*result* of his good fortune. The Church and morality say that "a family, a race is ruined through vice and luxury." My *re-established* reason says that when a people is perishing, when it degenerates physiologically, vice and luxury *follow* therefrom.

The second great Error is that of false causality. Man has always discovered in things just what he concealed in them; he has *created* the world as a world of causes, a world of will, a world of spirit. But as *there are no spiritual causes*, the whole alleged "empiricism" has now gone to the devil.

We have a liking for assuming *imaginary causes:* a third error. The associated ideas, the accompanying proceedings of consciousness, are wrongly considered as causes. The psychological explanation of this habituation to a fixed causal interpretation lies in the relief and satisfaction which it gives to trace back something unknown to something known. The whole domain of morality and religion comes under this concept of imaginary causes. Unpleasant general feelings are said to come from beings hostile to us, from conduct that cannot be approved of, or as punishments. Pleasant general feelings are said to come from trust in God, or from the consciousness of good conduct. But all these presumed explanations are—*resulting* conditions. Thus Morality and Religion belong entirely to the Psychology of Error; in every individual case cause and consequence are confounded.

The last great Error is that of free-will, this most disreputable of all the devices of theology for making men "responsible." But man is *not* even responsible for his existence, for being what he is. His own destiny cannot be disentangled from the destiny of everything else both in the past and the future.

## VI. The "Improvers" of Mankind.

There is no such thing as a moral fact.

The priest who practises the art calls the taming of men

the "improving" of them. Anybody who knows what goes on in menageries will be doubtful about the "improving" of animals there. They are weakened, they become ill. In the Middle Ages, when in truth the Church was a menagerie, it understood this fact: when in combat with an animal the only means of making it weak is to make it sick, by turning it into a "sinner."

The taming of the animal-man has thus been called improving him, as has also the "breeding" of a particular species of human beings. As an instance of the latter, let us take the Indian morality, which is *healthier* and *higher* than that of the Christian. The task here set was to breed four races all at once. But it was also necessary for that organisation to be formidable, not only in combat with the beast in man, but also with the man of no caste, the mishmash man, the Chandala, and, again, it had no other plan than to make the latter—sick.

Here, in this idea of "pure blood," we have the secret of Aryan humanity! Christianity, however, represents the movement that runs counter to every morality of breeding, of race; it is anti-Aryan, the triumph of Chandala-values.

*All* the measures hitherto employed for the purpose of making mankind moral have been fundamentally *immoral!*

## VII. What the Germans Lack.

There are no longer German philosophers. This nation has arbitrarily stupefied itself, through alcohol and Christianity. German seriousness, profundity, and *passion* in intellectual matters are more and more on the decline. I have shown the intellectually enervating influence of our modern scientific pursuits which condemn every individual to a severe helotism. The State and civilisation are antagonistic; Germany has gained as to the former, but lost with regard to the latter. Education has become vulgarised and utilitarian, and has lost its higher aim.

## VIII. Roving Expeditions of an Inopportune Philosopher.

What do the antithetical notions, *Apollonian* and *Dionysean* (which I have introduced into æsthetics) imply when we conceive of them both as modes of ecstasy? Apollonic ecstasy above all keeps the eye on the alert, so that it acquires a rare faculty of vision. In the Dionysean condition, on the other hand, the entire emotional system is excited, and has its energies augmented. Apollonian artists are the painter, the sculptor, the epic poet. Dionysean artists are the musician, the actor, the dancer, the lyric poet. The architect belongs to neither of these two classes, his art is the realisation of power.

The verdict "beautiful" implies man's conceit of his species.

Art is the great stimulus to life. How could one think of it as purposeless, as aimless, as "*l'art pour l'art*"?

Each individual may be considered with respect to his representing an ascending or a descending line of life. The Christian and Anarchist are both decadents. The sick are parasites of society.

*Die* proudly, when it is no longer possible to *live* proudly.

Liberalism: in plain words, gregarious animalising.

What is *freedom?* The will to be responsible for one's self; the maintaining of the distance that separates man from man; becoming indifferent to trouble, severity, privation, and even to life; being ready to sacrifice people to one's cause, not even excepting one's self.

The criminal type is the type of the strong man under unfavourable circumstances; the enfeebled strong man. It is society, our domesticated, mediocre, emasculated society, in which a man with his natural forces unimpaired, coming from the mountains, or from adventures on the sea, necessarily degenerates into a criminal.

The supreme rule for good taste: we must not "let ourselves go," even when only in our own presence!—This new command, O, my brethren, I give unto you: *Become hard!*

## XVII.

### THE WILL TO POWER. PART I. THE ANTICHRIST.

**(An attempt at a criticism of Christianity.)**

LITERATURE: *Bernoulli (vol. ii. pp. 172–74), Fischer, Friedrich Horneffer (Nietzsche's letztes Schaffen), Runze, Schenkel, Schwartzkopff, Siebert, Stein.*

THIS book belongs to the elect few. Perhaps none of them are yet alive. It is only the day after to-morrow that belongs to me.

Let us look one another straight in the face. We are Hyperboreans; we know well enough how far out of the way we live; but we have discovered happiness, we have found the exit from whole millenniums of labyrinth. We were sick of the spirit of modernity, of the lazy peace, of the cowardly compromise, of the whole virtuous uncleanness of the modern yea and nay. That tolerance and largeness of heart which "forgives" all because it "understands" all, is as the breath of the Sirocco to us. The formula of our happiness is a yea, a nay, a straight line, a goal. . . .

*What is good? All that elevates the sense of power, the will to power, and power itself.*

*What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness.*

What is happiness? The feeling that power increases, that resistance is being overcome.

The weak and defective shall go to the wall: that is the first principle of our charity. And we must help them

to go. What is more harmful than any crime? Practical sympathy for all the defective and weak—Christianity.

The problem which I now propound is: What type of man are we to cultivate, what type of man are we to wish for as more valuable for life, and more certain of the future? This more valuable type has often enough existed; but as a happy accident, as an exception, never as a deliberate intention. It has rather been the most dreaded type, the type most feared, and because of this the reverse type has been cultivated and realised: the domestic animal, the herding animal, the sickly animal-man, the Christian.

Progress is merely a modern idea, therefore a false one. Onward development is not by any means always elevating, enhancing, and strengthening. All that man now considers most desirable is decadent.

Christianity has waged a deadly war against the highest type of man. It is called the religion of sympathy, but *sympathy stands in direct antithesis to the tonic passions*, which elevate the energy of human beings. Sympathy in general quite thwarts the law of development, which is the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for extinction. It is the multiplier and conservator of misery.

We regard theologians as our cpponents, and everything that savours of theology. That poison extends far wider than is generally supposed. I have discovered the theological instinct of arrogance anew wherever people now regard themselves as "idealists."

I declare war against this theological instinct, and especially against the priest, who by his very profession denies, calumniates, and poisons life. The theological instinct is the most widespread, the most subterranean form of falsehood that exists on earth. It is a will to the end; a nihilistic will that seeks power. Even philosophy is spoiled by the taint of theology. The success of Kant is merely a success of theology. Kant, like Luther and Leibnitz, was an additional drag on the naturally unsteady German uprightness.

A word further against Kant as a moralist. A virtue must be *our* own contrivance, *our* own most personal self-defence and necessity; otherwise it is merely a danger. What does not shape our life injures it. A virtue that is so considered merely from a sentiment of respect for the idea of a "virtue," as Kant would have it, is injurious. "Virtue," "duty," "the good for itself," "good with the character of impersonality and universal validity," are chimeras, in which are expressed the decline and final weakening of life. The very reverse is commanded by the most fundamental laws of maintenance and growth; every human being should devise *his* own virtue, should draw up his own categorical imperative.

We free spirits have learned otherwise. We have become more modest. We no longer derive man from "spirit," from "godhead"; we have put him back among the animals.

Who alone needs to deceive himself as to the actualities of life? He who suffers from them. In Christianity neither morality nor religion is in contact with any point of actuality. Nothing but imaginary causes, imaginary effects, imaginary beings; nothing but an imaginary psychology and teleology, with the help of the sign-language of religio-moral idiosyncrasy—these form its purely imaginary and fictitious world of decadence.

The Christian God is no longer the revered god of *one* people—strong, proud, who needed a god to whom to sacrifice; with the decline of the Jews their God also declined. Now he is a cringing, timid, cosmopolitan god, a god for everybody. There is no other alternative for gods; they are either the will to power, and as long as they are this they are national gods, or else they represent impotence, and then they necessarily become "good" Gods. They are the gods of the physiologically retrograde and weak, who, however, do not call themselves weak, but "good." A "good" God, just like the Devil, is an abortion of decadence. God as a domestic servant, a

postman, an almanac-maker! This is what they call divine providence. The Christian God represents perhaps the low-water point in the descending development of the God-type.

That the strong races of Northern Europe have not thrust from themselves the Christian God, is in truth no honour to their religious talent, not to speak of their taste. They ought to have got the upper hand of such a sickly and decrepit product of decadence as this "spirit," this cobweb-spinner, this hybrid image of ruin, derived from nullity, concept and contradiction, this pitiable God of Christian "monotono-theism."

Buddhism is also a religion of decadence. But it is a hundred times more realistic, colder, sincerer, and more objective than Christianity. It is the only genuine *positivist* religion which history has shown us, and even in its theory of perception (a strict phenomenalism) it no longer speaks of a "struggle against sin," but, doing true justice to actuality, it speaks of a "struggle against suffering." It has—a fact which profoundly distinguishes it from Christianity—the self-deception of moral concepts behind it—it stands, as I express it, *beyond* good and evil.

The Law-book of Manu is an incomparably greater intellectual work than the Bible. The necessary conditions for Buddhism are a very mild climate, great natural gentleness and liberality in customs, *no* militarism, that the movement should have its centre in the higher and more learned classes, and that perfection should be the normal condition.

In Christianity the instincts of the oppressed and down-trodden come to the foreground; it is the lowest classes who here seek their goal. The hatred of intellect, of pride, courage, freedom, intellectual freedom, the mortal hatred of the lords of the earth, the despising of the body—these are Christian.

When Christianity spread abroad among the barbarian nations it became master of these beasts of prey by making them feeble. Enfeeblement is the Christian recipe for

taming, for "civilisation." These barbarians were savage, self-lacerating men; strong, but badly balanced. Buddhism simply says what it thinks—"I suffer." The barbarian is ashamed to say this. Christianity helped him to veil this confession. The three Christian virtues, faith, hope, and charity, were clever means to this hypocrisy.

Here I only touch on the problem of the origin of Christianity. It is not a counter-movement to the Jewish instinct; it is rather the logical outcome of it. The Jews, in their struggle for existence, falsified all nature, all actuality —they created another world in order to get along in this. Psychologically the Jews were a people of the strongest vital force, but they craftily used the decadent instincts in order to attain to power. What is Jewish or Christian morality? It is Chance despoiled of its innocence, it is the antithesis to life.

The Jewish priesthood falsified the concept of their original national God. They brought about that miracle of falsification, of which the document lies before us in a greater part of the Bible. With an unequalled contempt for every tradition, for every historical reality, they made the past of their race appear religious; that is, they made out of it a foolish machinery of salvation, of offence against Jahveh and punishment, and of reward for obedience to Him. A step further, a revelation becoming necessary, a great literary forgery, a "holy book" was discovered. It is a lie. *There is no moral order in the world.* Only the priesthood needed power, power at any price. "Sin" to the priesthood is the handle of power; the priest *lives* through sin.

In a soil thus falsified, Christianity grew up, a form of mortal hostility to reality hitherto unsurpassed. The small seditious movement which was named after Jesus of Nazareth was but the Jewish instinct once more. It denied itself in order to gain power, to survive, only the possibility of self-negation being left to it.

Christianity was an uprising against the hierarchy of

society, not against corruptions, but against caste, privileges, order, law. *This holy anarchist who incited the lowest class*, the outcasts and "sinners," the Chandalas within Judaism, to opposition against the ruling order (with language which, if the Gospels can be trusted, would even at the present day send its speaker to Siberia), *was a political criminal.* This brought him to the cross; the proof of this is the inscription on the cross. He died for his own guilt; all ground is lacking for the assertion, however often it has been made, that it was for the guilt of others.

I do not trouble myself about the philological labour of disproving the contradictions of all these traditions; to apply scientific methods to them, when no other documents have reached us, appears to me condemned in principle—mere learned trifling.

Christ was neither a genius nor a hero. Renan, the buffoon in psychology, is mistaken in his conception of the Redeemer. *Christ represents the instinctive hatred of all reality*, and the instinctive exclusion of all antipathy, of all perceptions of limit and distance; the consequence of an extreme liability to suffering and excitement. *A sublime, extended development of Hedonism on a thoroughly morbid basis.* Epicureanism is most closely related to Christianity.

The type of the Saviour has been preserved to us strongly distorted. The mild preacher by mountain, lake and river has been shaped by the Christian sectaries into an apology for themselves. Out of that decadent type of Christ, that mixture of the sublime, the sickly and the childish, they have created the fanatical aggressor, the deadly enemy of theologians. These sectarians needed a God to suit their purposes in order to gain power.

With some tolerance of expression one might call Jesus "a free spirit." He cares nothing for anything established, the word killeth, all that is fixed killeth. Outside of the inmost things the whole of reality is nothing to him but a sign, a simile. Civilisation is not even known to him by hearsay. As he has no true conception of reality, negation

is utterly impossible to him. Dialectics are lacking; his proofs are internal "lights."

He created a new mode of conduct, not a new faith. This "bringer of glad tidings" died as he lived, as he taught, *not* "to save men," but to show them how to live.

The Church forms an antithesis to its origin. The history of the Church does not show an organic development from the teachings of its founder; it had to be vulgarised and barbarised in order to spread; the history of Christianity is the history of the gradually grosser misunderstanding of an original symbolism.

The very word *Christ*ianity is a misunderstanding; in reality there has only been one Christian, and he died on the cross. What was called "*Evangelium*," "gospel," thenceforth became the antithesis of what he had lived—bad tidings, a "*Dysangelium*." Now people always *spoke* about their "belief," but always *acted* merely from their instincts—the instincts which seek for power. That is the shrewdness of Christianity.

After the death of Christ, the little community of disciples, not even understanding the chief point in his teaching, thought of Jesus as in revolt against the established order. Revenge came to the fore. The whole of Christianity became a product of resentment. *Paul, with the rabbinical impudence which distinguishes him in every respect, evolved the doctrine of Christ's death for sin, and the doctrine of the resurrection*—a lewdness of concept which he attempted to rationalise.

With the death on the cross, therefore, there came to an end a new and thoroughly original commencement of a Buddhistic movement towards peace, towards an actual and not merely promised *happiness on earth*. Paul replaced it by the shameless doctrine of personal immortality.

In Paul is personified the antithetical type of the "bearer of glad tidings," the type of the spirit of hatred, of the vision of hatred, of the relentless logic of hatred. *Paul was*

*the greatest of all apostles of revenge.* A history of the commencement of Christianity was invented. Paul did not believe, but his great desire was power, and consequently he invented the means to that end. Paul understood that the deception, the "belief" was needed. His great invention, his expedient for priestly tyranny, for ruling the masses, was personal immortality. This great falsehood destroys all reason, all natural instinct. Christianity owes its triumph to this pitiable flattery of personal vanity. In plain words, "Salvation of the soul" means "the world revolves around me." *The poison of the doctrine of "equal rights for all" has been spread abroad by Christianity more than by anything else.*

The inequality of rights is the very condition of there being any rights at all. A high civilisation is like a pyramid. The Christian and Anarchist who wish to destroy this natural order, do so from envy and from revenge.

It is allowable to despise a religion which teaches us to underrate the body. From the beginning, the Christian movement, as a European movement, was a collective movement of all kinds of outcast and refuse elements. The Majority became the master, the democracy of Christian instinct conquered. Christianity appealed to every variety of persons disappointed with life; it had as its basis the *rancune* of the sick. I remind the reader of the invaluable expression of Paul, "The *weak* things of the world, the *foolish* things of this world, the *base* things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose," that was the formula; Decadence conquered *in hoc signo.*

The Gospels are the artistic perfection of psychological depravity. One is among Jews. The Christian, the ultimate ratio of the lie, is but a Jew once more—yea threefolded. Wretched monsters of hypocrisy and falsehood claim for themselves the concepts "God," "Truth." The whole calamity becomes possible only by the presence of an ethnologically cognate species of ambitious monomania,

Jewish monomania. The Christian is but a Jew of a "freer" confession.

Take such passages as Mark vi. 11, or ix. 42. How evangelical! Such utterances as 1 Corinthians iii. 16 cannot be sufficiently despised! What follows from this? That one does well to put on gloves when reading the New Testament. The instincts of cleanliness are lacking in it. Only one figure appears which we are compelled to honour —Pilate, the Roman Governor.

Christianity, its God, and everything in it, is hostile to Life, and above all to Science. The Bible opens with the story of God's mortal terror of science. "Thou shalt not *know*." And the Priests also dread it. So they make men suffer. The concepts of guilt and punishment, the whole "moral order of the world" have been devised in opposition to science. Thus a Saviour becomes necessary.

Belief cannot be proved by blessedness. Can blessedness, or, to express it more technically, delight, ever be a proof of truth? So little proof is it that it almost furnishes the counter-proof. That under certain circumstances belief makes blessed, but that bliss does not make a belief true, a hasty walk through an asylum will sufficiently teach us.

Christianity needs sickness, almost as much as Hellenism needs a surplus of health. Is not the ultimate ideal of the Church the universal asylum? In *majorem dei honorem* the Church has canonised only the crazy and the arch-deceivers.

It pronounces a curse upon intellect. Doubt is already a sin. "Belief" means not-wishing-to-know what is true.

Martyrs do not prove anything. The deaths of martyrs have been great misfortunes in history; they have drawn many away from truth. The inference drawn by all idiots, women and mob included, that anything for which a man will lay down his life must be true, has become a great drag upon the spirit of verification and caution. Convictions are prisons. That which is false to-day may become a conviction to-morrow. To be entitled to a voice concerning

value and non-value, however, one must see five hundred convictions below one.

The man who believes is necessarily a dependent man, and cannot be upright. The pathological limitations of his optics make a fanatic out of every person of strong convictions, such as Savonarola, Luther, Rousseau, Robespierre, Saint-Simon, the type which is opposed to the strong, emancipated intellect. But the strong attitude of these morbid intellects, these conceptual epileptics, operates on the great mass of the people—fanatics are picturesque, and mankind prefers that which is picturesque to that which is reasonable.

Christianity was the vampire of the *imperium Romanum;* it destroyed the grandest form of organisation that has hitherto been realised. The whole labour of the ancient world has been in vain. I have no words suitable to express my sentiments about a thing so abominable! Christianity also trampled down the magnificent Moorish civilisation in Spain. And further, by the aid of the German Luther, it swept away all the efforts of the Renascence. The Renascence *was* an attempt at the revaluation of Christian values.

With this I conclude and pronounce my sentence: *I condemn Christianity.* To me it is the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. The Church is the great parasite; with its anæmic idea of holiness, it drains life of all its strength, its love, and its hope. The other world is the motive for the denial of every reality. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, underhand to gain its ends. I call it the one immortal shame and blemish upon the human race.

I do not hold mankind responsible for the insanities of its past. But I loathe, I despise the modern man. He knows. He knows there is no God, no sin, no free-will, no moral order in the world. All these conceptions of the Church

have been recognised as the wickedest forms of false coinage which have been invented for the purpose of depreciating nature and natural values; the priest himself has been recognised as what he is—the most dangerous species of parasite, the poisonous spider of life. Everybody knows this; *nevertheless everything remains as it was!* Even our statesmen, otherwise unprejudiced, and practical Anti-Christians through and through, still call themselves Christians. All present practices, all instincts, all valuations that realise themselves in *deeds*, are at present Anti-Christian; yet what a monster of falsehood modern man must be in that he is nevertheless not ashamed to be called a Christian!

## XVIII.

## POEMS.

### Ecce Homo!

Yes, from whence I come I know!
Like the flame I burn and glow,
Unappeased, myself devour.
All I grasp is changed to light,
All I leave is ashes white.
Flame am I,—who doubts my power!

### Necessity.

Dance of my thoughts—surely thee
One of the Graces doth lead!
How thou charmest my heart within!—
Ah! what see I? There fall
Veiling and masks of the leaderess!
And foremost goes tripping—
Only the sombre Necessity.

### My Roses.

Yea! Good fortune me composes—
Yea, it always well disposes!
Would you like to cull my roses?

Ye must stoop and hide on ledges,
Oft 'twixt rocks and thorny hedges,
Wound your fingers with sharp edges!

My good fortune—likes what teases!
My good fortune—hates what pleases!
Would you like to cull those daisies?

### In the South.

On crooked branch I'm now a-nesting,
And cradle here my sore fatigue.
A bird invited me a-guesting;
'Tis a bird's nest wherein I'm resting.
Whence have I come? Ah, many a league!

The calm, bright sea my gaze is meeting,
A purple sail shines on the lee;
Rock, tree, tower, port, mine eyes are greeting,
Idylls around and sheep a-bleating—
O South, so guileless, harbour me!

. . . .

Up north—I do confess, unwilling—
I loved a spinster with look chilling:
"The truth"—the name of that old wife.

### To the Mistral.

*A Dance Song.*

Mistral-Wind, thou wild cloud-chaser,
Trouble-killer, gloom-defacer,
Roarer, O, how love I thee!
Did not the same nurture cheer us,
Firstlings of one fate, and rear us,
Preordained eternally?

Here, upon smooth rocky alleys,
How I run to meet thy sallies,
Dancing as thou pip'st and sing'st;
Who, without bark, oar, or rudder,
As the freedom's freest brother,
Ev'n the furious seas o'erspring'st!

Now to dance on thousand billows,
Foaming ridges, guileful pillows—
Hail, who doth *new* dance essay!
Dance we myriad steps, devoted;
Free—*our* Art shall be denoted,
And—*our* Science, be it gay!

Let us pluck from every flower
A sweet blossom for our dower,
And two leaves for wreathed glance!
Let us dance like troubadours,
Now with saints and now with whores,
With our God and world, our dance.

He who cannot dance with breezes,
He whom swaddling-band well pleases,
Fettered ones, lame, old, not nice—
Whatsoe'er's like shamming Johnnies,
Titled lubbers, virtue-ponies—
Out from this our paradise!

Let us whirl the dust in doses
Into all the sick folk's noses,
Let us scare each morbid frame,
Let us free our coast with rigour
From the breath of chest that's meagre,
From the glance that is not game.

Let us chase the sky-obscurers,
World-blackeners, cloud-procurers,
Let us clear the realm of heaven!
Let us roar—twain with thee—freest
Of free spirits who e'er beëst,
Roars my bliss, as if storm-driven.

And that aye the recollection
Of such bliss have due affection,
Take this wreath with thee on high!
Toss it loftier, further, madder,
Storming up the heavenly ladder,
Hang it—on the starry sky.

### Seeking New Seas.

Thither—*will* I, undismayless,
Trust myself, with sails adip,
Open lies the sea, and careless,
Saileth on my Genoa ship.
All things sparkle, new and newer,
Noonday sleeps on time and sea;
Thine eye only, boundless viewer
Looks on me, Infinity!

# PART III.

## A CRITIQUE AND AN APPRECIATION.

## A CRITIQUE AND AN APPRECIATION.

EPHRAIM LESSING, the Nestor of German literary critics, says somewhere that a miserable poet should not be criticised at all; towards a mediocre man one ought to be mild and indulgent; but a great poet, a genius, should undergo the most rigorous, the most merciless criticism. If one were to measure Nietzsche's claim solely by this rule, it would be impossible to doubt the greatness of this herald of revolt. Few philosophers, and no writers, have ever been so severely criticised. No abuse has been too strong, no praise sufficiently high—according to the standpoint of the critic.

There have been many who have explained the hatred against Nietzsche as the natural self-defence of the multitude, the pigmies, who hate the giants, who dread the Food of the Gods. Others, and more justly, have explained it as the natural protest of a vigorous, well-founded anarcho-Mammonist civilisation which has matured in the course of history, and which, though weak in many details, is strong as a whole—a protest against the attack of a thoroughgoing philosophical anarchist. There have been many who have explained the exaggerated praise and eulogy of Nietzsche as the natural outcome of the dazzling grandeur of this unique genius, with his brilliant armoury for the re-equipment of the Individual, still bravely struggling, though well-nigh vanquished in the fight, against all-levelling Socialism. But others, and more justly, have explained it as the consequence of the half-educated state of many of our con-

temporaries, and of Nietzsche's terse style, which appeals best to the present age of electricity and steam.

In the catalogue of the library of the British Museum there are about four thousand five hundred independent entries dealing with Shakespeare. These are the guides to the work of three centuries, the time that has elapsed since the king of the poets was laid in his grave. Nietzsche has been dead only eight years. Taking into account all the books, booklets, pamphlets, and the more important articles in journals and magazines, we shall not be far wrong in estimating their total number at over one thousand. There is, of course, much trash among these publications; many contain only shallow nonsense, or are merely mechanical compilations. Still the fact remains that within the last few years a great amount of human energy has been devoted to the study of Nietzsche, and a host of thinkers and authors in many European countries has been engaged in waging war either in favour of the genius, the benefactor of mankind, or against the madman, the decadent, the antichrist.

According to Hollitscher, he was the type of a decadent priest. Türck says that Nietzsche suffered from megalomania, and that his aphorisms are the sparkling rockets of a lunatic: in short, that Nietzsche was a perverted beast. The Hegelian Drews calls "Zarathustra" the work of a madman. Another writer considers Nietzsche to be a misplaced warrior, "a Napoleon who has by mistake got among the thinkers." An English critic says: "A more inconsistent, forgetful, chaotic writer never put pen to paper. Nietzsche is not to be taken seriously."

On the other hand, Schmitt treats him as the great pioneer and prophet. "Like a new Columbus he steers, with the dim conception of the new world in his mind, through unknown seas, yea, through an ocean utterly boundless." Levy calls him the greatest hero of the New Renascence. Another commentator calls him a fascinating stylist, a fine observer, an enthusiastic, stormy, powerful

thinker. Yet another describes him as the energetic questioner, the great fathomer of abysses.

We are thus obliged to apply some method of just, historical, and methodical criticism to Nietzsche in order to arrive at a judgment, which, if not quite ideal, will approach the truth, and will show both the man's greatness and his faults. We shall write of him as the philosopher, the poet, the prophet.

A.

# NIETZSCHE, THE PHILOSOPHER.

## A.

### NIETZSCHE, THE PHILOSOPHER.

LITERATURE: *Bernoulli, Dolson, Drews, Faguet, Gaultier, Grimm, Hollitscher, Kaatz, Lessing, Mencken, Panini, Petrone, Richter, Ritschl Schlaf, Seillière, Simmel, Turner, Vaihinger, Zoccoli.*

NIETZSCHE himself applies the term "Dionysean Pessimism" to his philosophy, an expression which we shall best elucidate by his own explanation of "Dionysean" as the formula that contrasts with Schopenhauer, and implies the justification of life even in its terribly illusionary forms. "Dionysean Pessimism" is meant to imply a cheerful submission to unavoidable necessity. Further we find him calling it lux, nux, crux; and he thought "aristocratic radicalism" a good label for it. Others have called his philosophy a neo-cynicism, a modern stoicism. Hollitscher supplies us with a very useful definition by saying that Nietzsche is essentially a pessimistic idealist indulging in a kind of Dionysean hedonism. Petrone calls his philosophy a bizarre phenomenon of atavism, exhumed by a dilettante.

The fact is that we find nearly as many "isms" in him as there are critics, and in reality Nietzsche is indefinable, for there was never any exact philosophical *system* in his mind. His feverish brain, obeying some demoniacal "*nunquam retrorsum*," was never sufficiently at rest. If to this we add his frail health, we can understand why Nietzsche wrote in aphorisms. But no philosophical system can be built with aphorisms, and the

poet-philosopher did not desire to build one. He abused the word "system." Perhaps many have been drawn to him for this very reason; they who are tired of the great evil of the circles of philosophic thought—over-systematisation.

Life and Culture! Behold the twofold imperative which like a red thread is interwoven into the weird gobelins of numberless pale and dim designs. Nowhere is Nietzsche the abstract philosopher. His aim is always to enrich life. "He found that all mankind might be divided into two classes: the Apollonians who stood for permanence, and the Dionyseans who stood for change. Apollo, representing the life meditative; Bacchus Dionysos, representing the life strenuous. Nietzsche believed that in an ideal human society these two classes of men would be evenly balanced—a vast, inert, religious, moral slave-class, beneath a small, alert, iconoclastic, immoral, progressive master-class."

He ridiculed the idea of a truth for all mankind. Thus his philosophy is not a panacea for every one; and perhaps there never will be a philosophy for all men. Turner, a writer of ideas similar to those of Nietzsche, perhaps approaches this statement when he says: "The intellectual calibre of the followers of any religion, or more or less universally accepted idea, can be apprised by the numerical value of its believers."

Through its aristocratic tendencies Nietzsche's philosophy will be useful only to a few. "I am a law only for those who are mine. I am not a law for all." And by none else will the whole of his philosophy be received. But many grand precepts stamp it as one of the best aristocratic philosophies, for it is not for the degenerates of an inherited aristocracy, but for οἱ ἄριστοι, the best.

# I.

## THE THREE PERIODS IN THE EVOLUTION OF NIETZSCHE'S PHILOSOPHY.

LITERATURE: *Lasserre, Dolson* (*cf. page* 287).

"ALL things flow like a stream," said Tennyson in his satirical verses on οἱ ῥέοντες. Nietzsche, as the holder of a similar doctrine, was a modern Heraclitus; we shall find many parallels between these two men. As a true teacher of "The Flux," Nietzsche underwent constant changes, though Life and Culture are the axiomatic demands during his whole evolution. His mind was a flux, and his enemies pretend that, had he lived a few years more, he himself would have overthrown his "eternal" philosophy.

Three periods of his development are nowadays generally agreed upon, though some people do not allow this division, and there is not much unanimity in defining these periods. Still, in the end all mean the same, although no division is thoroughly adequate and sufficiently well defined. We give an outline of some of the terms used: *The first period* has been catalogued as: the æsthetic period; the first period of the metaphysician Nietzsche; the metaphysic-æsthetic-Dionysean period; the pessimistic period. It comprises the years 1869–1876, and the books from "Birth" to "Wagner in Bayreuth." *The second period* has been labelled: the intellectual period; the period of the Positivist Nietzsche; the æsthetic-critical-Apollonian period; the rationalistic period. It comprised the years 1876–1883 and the books

from "Human" to "Gay Science." *The third period* has been defined as: the ethical period; the second period of the metaphysician Nietzsche; the physiologic-æsthetic-neo-Dionysean period; the optimistic period. It comprised the years 1883–1888 and the books from "Zarathustra" to "Will to Power."

By the help of these terms we may now to some extent succeed in tracing the path Nietzsche followed.

During the time of his studies and in the beginning of his professorship, philology was Nietzsche's main pursuit. We find in his posthumous works written during this time only some philosophical notes, which are without any very great importance. Then philology began to lose her hold on Nietzsche, and æsthetical-historical philosophy took her place, and he was especially ruled by the ideas of Schopenhauer. The philologist, steeped in classic antiquity, knew all the grandeur of the ancient culture. And the artist within him was even more desirous of going back to those days. The world of Greece was the Elysium for which he strove. With Schiller he mourned "Beauteous World, where art thou gone? O, thou Nature's blooming youth, return once more." The philological historian allied with the artist, created his first books, "The Birth of Tragedy," and "Unseasonable Contemplations."

Here he gives us an apotheosis of his ideal of true Culture, which was to be Hellenism and Wagnerism wedded and tempered with a reasonable Schopenhauerism. Richter even says: "The problem of culture is the central problem round which Nietzsche's thoughts circle at this time." These five books are the ones which are specially akin to the English spirit. It is in our opinion an advantage of English education, that it rather neglects abstract learning in order to attain an all-round culture. This aim, and the necessity at present of picturing "the real man" to all, and of insisting upon vitality as the indispensable characteristic of true culture, is all set forth in these books.

A certain mystic under-current is easily detected in this

period. It is Nietzsche's celebration of the old Greek Dionysos as the symbol and secret of overflowing life, as the unspeakable, inexpressible One, reminding us of Goethe's Mothers, "Dark goddesses, unknown to mortals, whose existence we scarce own." This period has therefore been called the metaphysical, the Dionysean period.

A certain inclination of Nietzsche towards pessimism has induced some commentators to label this the pessimistic period, but we think a real pessimism is traceable only after 1875, when, in a letter to Gersdorff, our philosopher writes of his "conviction of the worthlessness of life and the illusion of all aims."

After having renounced the guidance of Wagner and turned away from his philosophy and that of Schopenhauer, and after the mists of metaphysical fancies had been swept away by breezes which came to him suddenly from the land of Guyau and the land of Spencer, Nietzsche entered upon a second period. Of course this happened slowly and by degrees. He now became a Positivist, though not a blind follower of Comte. Nietzsche never held all inquiry into Causes to be useless. Recognising the transitory nature of man, he demands a historical philosophy, and discards that which is eudæmonistic as well as that which is theological. All his former æsthetical ideals of culture are now mercilessly criticised. The illogicalness of our nature, the necessity of error to life, are some of his axioms during this æsthetic, critical period, in which the god Apollo rules—in which a flood of light, sometimes breaking with difficulty through the clouds of inconsistency, is spread over the pleasant hillsides of cognition, which are the beauties of this period. There are comprised in it three books, "Human" to "Wanderer," which many consider the best of Nietzsche's writings.

This second period shows great lucidity and the nearest approach to scholarly methods. It is the time of the supremacy of the philosopher. After this time the artist, the poet, the prophet prevail. If in the previous period the

problem of culture had induced Nietzsche to acknowledge as his motto, "*Pereat veritas, fiat vita*," truth was now to be loved even if its embrace meant death. "*Pereat vita, fiat veritas.*"

This preponderance of intellectual views has induced some commentators to make use of two more terms: Socratism and Rationalism, as characteristic of this stage of Nietzsche's development.

We agree with Dolson that one might distinguish a period of transition between the second and third periods. The "Dawn" and the "Gay Science" belong to this transition stage, since they contain characteristics appertaining to both these periods.

The third period, in spite of its tremendous deficiencies, is that in which occurs the greatest display of originality. *Nietzsche, as usually meant by that name, is the Nietzsche of the third period.* The skilful scholar, the prudent professor, however, gave place to the scorning sceptic, the poet-prophet. The rigid and logical methods, which had been excellent in Nietzsche's purely philological essays, and which to a certain extent had been retained in his earlier philosophical writings, were now superseded by the emotional effusions, frantic fury, pleadings and protestings of a powerful poet, brilliant in his prose, a pondering prophet, braving his time, a peerless philosopher-artist, brandishing the torch of Dionysos, brimming over with possibilities and brooding over idols.

The anxiety caused by his illness, the craving for health, the ensuing sense of the importance of an excellent physique, this, and the influence exerted by the evolutionistic attitude which he had assumed in the second period, caused Nietzsche now to lay special stress on physiological and ethical views. This period has, therefore, been termed the ethical-physiological period.

Dionysos has returned, yet there is no longer a mystic under-current, but a loud, throbbing glorification of the God with the "lush berry-laden myrtle-wreath around his brow," which we are able to detect in all Nietzsche's

books from "Zarathustra" onwards. He has now for ever joined the holy revellers extolling Dionysos and imploring him: Ἴακχε φιλοχευτά, συμπρόπεμπέ με.

It was a *circulus vitiosus deus*. So the term neo-Dionysean has been applied to this time. And not only Dionysos rose again, but also the æsthete, and this has caused the first and third period alike to be named æsthetical.

Ethical and racial views preponderate during this period. And further, a certain inclination of the thinker towards optimism has caused this period to be called optimistic.

To illustrate the great contrast between the second and third periods it is only necessary to think of the passage in "Human" where the little truths, certain, and demonstrated by a severe method, are said to be of higher value than the brilliant errors of metaphysical and artistic ages—and those tirades in which Nietzsche claims such an esteem and consideration and value for his inspiration "unique for millenniums."

To a psychological observer the rapid changes which the philosophy of Nietzsche underwent are the greatest puzzle. Whilst considering the second period as the most valuable, one cannot help thinking that his mental career resembled a prolate cycloid. The apex was reached during the second period, but it is difficult to say in which work exactly; at any rate, several commentators are of opinion that with the "Dawn" is begun the period in which the man of feelings, of instincts, overrules the man of intellect.

Some attribute the change from the first to the second period, the transformation of an uncritical idealist under the sway of Wagner, into a critical idealist under the sway of modern biology, chiefly to the influence of books. This is best shown by giving the names of eight authors read by Nietzsche at this time. Fr. A. Lange, a follower of Kant, the father of the "Immanent school of philosophy," whose book, "The History of Materialism,"

had very much pleased and considerably influenced him; E. Duehring, who had much similarity to Comte; Montaigne, the great French aphorist, whom Emerson called *the* sceptic; Henry Beyle, who called himself Stendhal, one of the finest brains in French literature; the two eminent psychologists Amiel and Vauvenargues; and the moral philosophers Guyau and Rée, the latter being Nietzsche's initiator into English thought.

Thus we may trace the second period as being the result of external influences. The third period was the outcome of Nietzsche's physique and his innate æsthetical and metaphysical tendencies. Nietzsche was one of those curious souls desirous of seeing the veiled statue at Sais. He endeavoured to do this during the second period; but knowledge kills, for "happiness in life fled for ever from him who disturbed the veil of the statue of Sais." Thus he returned to the fancies of the first period, unconsciously, under sublimineal influences. As Richter observes, in some brilliant remarks leading up to his treatment of the third period, "Nietzsche again returned to voluntarism; will, individual human will, is the sole and only standard of value, and so the philosopher grows dumb, and the prophet rises and preaches that great something which is to be the aim of will—Life"! It was the *vanitas scientiarum* which drove him out of the crisp mountain air of the second period into the mournful mists of the mystic rites of the noble Muses, to share the hallowed dance sacred to the holy Mystæ. Still, the sun of knowledge is shining behind the clouds of metaphysical fancies, and now and then the golden rays of a grand truth gild the icy, distant, fog-covered mountains of Superman and Eternal Recurrence, the creations of the *biological romanticist*, Nietzsche.

## II.

### EPISTEMOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY.

LITERATURE: *Eisler*, *Liljeqvist*, *Mannheimer*, *Przybyszewski*, *Orage*, *Rée*, *Riehl*, *Rittelmeyer*, *Saintsbury*, *Schellwien*, *Wiesenthal* (*cf. p.* 287).

THE influence and importance of Nietzsche in epistemology and gnosiology is not very great, though we cannot agree with Zoccoli's statement that our philosopher's work shows an *absolute* lack of systematic examination with regard to the critique of knowledge. In psychology, at any rate, Nietzsche has more than once shown signs of greatness.

Epistemology, the theory of the origin, nature, and limits of cognition, had been nearly dead for many centuries. The question of epistemology was first raised by the sophists, but after the last deliberate attempts to arrive at a theory of knowledge—the theory of Probabilism, developed by the sceptics of the New Academy —all was swept away by the metaphysical Flood of mediæval Christianity and philosophy.

With Locke and Kant epistemology became resuscitated. Locke and his followers—the experimentalists—adhered to a kind of psychological method; Leibnitz and Kant pursued a critical transcendental one. Strictly speaking, Locke was the re-creator of the psychology of cognition, Kant the re-creator of the transcendentalism of cognition. Only the *union* of both will establish a perfect epistemology. According to Professor Hudson, "the doctrine of evolution has effected a permanent compromise between the two antagonistic schools."

Nietzsche never systematically formulated his ideas. He used to think impulsively, intuitively; he is, therefore, not always logical. Rohde soon observed this defect and in one of his letters referred Nietzsche to the excellent method of some English logicians. Yet whenever Nietzsche is logical, his method as epistemologist is on the whole critico-transcendental. But his conclusions are often jumped at too hastily. He seldom proceeds step by step. Never a good mathematician, he could not live long in the lifeless world of abstract thought without colouring and shaping it to his artistic desires.

As in several other chapters, so too in this, we are compelled to outline the evolution of his thought. Otherwise, by merely taking into consideration any one period —for instance, the last only—we do harm to the totality of the phenomenon.

Even in his early life Nietzsche's inclinations led him towards this most difficult branch of knowledge: the doctrine of the faculty of cognition. At Easter, 1867, he desired to have the degree of doctor conferred upon him, and handed in a dissertation, "The Fundamental Schemas of the Imaginative Faculty," which, however, was not accepted, owing to its "professing tenets not admissible at the University of Leipsic."

In the "Birth of Tragedy" and in a pretty essay, "Wahrheit und Lüge," we find our author already impressed by the limitations of our cognitive power. Music is represented as a realisation of Will. The books which followed evince a slow change. The word "Will" is sometimes replaced by "Nature." Nietzsche was gradually drifting into Positivism. Truth and knowledge are, however, still very much subordinated to Life, though this subordination is, in some way, insisted upon through nearly the whole of his career.

At this time truth was to him a means by which mankind tried in some degree to abolish the *bellum omnium contra omnes*, by deciding on the truth of a few facts.

Later on, this origin being forgotten, the existence of a sense of veracity is assumed. The origin of logic is to be found in the fact that, whilst the truths were fighting amongst themselves, man was looking for the alliance and help of reason and reflection; and therefore logic is by nature superficial. "Every *idea* originates by putting into equation things which are *not* equal."

During the second period the *thinker* was at his zenith. Truth, knowledge, science are held at a high value. But still even then, over his new allegiance was lingering an unhappy suspicion of truth, a certain hesitancy. Again and again there came birds of passage from the hot regions of the Dionysism of his first period. And gradually the passionate desire of the fighter for culture returned. But the whirlwind had become a monsoon.

There is no absolute truth to form a starting-point. There is no pure cognition. Descartes' "*cogito ergo sum*" is considered as unproved by the Nietzsche of the last period. It is only safe to say, "*cogito ergo est.*" Consciousness is to him only a guiding means, a weapon, but not an aim, a measure. Untruths also have been useful to life; an idea which certainly does not belong only to Nietzsche—we find the same thought in Zola's "Lourdes," and in Le Bon's "L'homme et les Sociétés." Pain is an intellectual phenomenon, a judgment viewing conceptions as harmful. Racial prejudices are useful conventions. The will to cognition, towards truth is—the Will to Power.

So we see that at the end this is his fundamental view—*all cognition is a vital function, a servant to Life.* Only Nietzsche did not lock at life from the standpoint of a materialist; it is to him a function of the Will to Power. Herein we find the formula by which we may define Nietzsche's latter epistemology: *biological valuation of cognition on a metaphysical basis.*

Though unsystematic and contradictory, Nietzsche has done much to help on the building up of a future epistemology. He was deeply occupied with the problems of

Space and Time, and, as far as one can see from his posthumous writings, he was much influenced by Zeno's views on these subjects. Nietzsche has done excellent service by arousing our mistrust of the clumsy nomenclature of our language with its mummies of words. Many of our most subtle thoughts can no more be expressed in words than the delicate and beautiful device of a fine cobweb can be reproduced by means of chains. Every word enshrines a prejudice.

He has tried to appraise the value of Truth, and he has attacked the hitherto acknowledged truth from logical, pyschological, and moral standpoints. He laid special stress upon the fact that truths change, and that fixed truths, in the long run, are often more dangerous to intelligence than falsehoods.

Of course Nietzsche has committed bad blunders. His assumption that cognition is *only* a special case of the "Will to Power," his attempt to derive cognition from volition as its mystical source, and his questioning of the logical validity of cognition on behalf of such a metaphysical voluntarism: these are fallacies with which Nietzsche contradicts both himself and many obvious facts. It is utterly incomprehensible how the "Will to Power" could generate the functions of cognition if they were not already latent within it.

Nietzsche constantly denied the existence of absolute truth, and just as constantly claimed it for himself, or for his Zarathustra. He constantly implied that what could be described historically, was to that extent explained and evaluated. And although he was right in insisting that the existence of a self-existent, substantial ego, in the sense of a spiritual being as separate from the faculty of reasoning, is not yet given of itself by the consciousness of thinking, Nietzsche was liable to err and exaggerate in his polemics.

It is doubtful, however, whether Schellwien's assertion (that Nietzsche's *fundamental* error is the assumption that the emotions are the origin of cognition) can be justified in the present limited state of our knowledge.

When Nietzsche discusses whether truth is really more valuable to life than non-truth, his standpoint is still that of the epistemologist, and his arguments against truth are to be taken as the subtle, clair-obscure ideas of a peculiarly positioned epistemologist, and are not to be explained in a rough-and-ready way, as is done by Henne. So many of Nietzsche's sayings are to be taken *cum grano salis*.

It is *the* problem of our time, the true apportioning and regulating of cognition and life. Nietzsche has not solved it; but he has done much towards a final solution. If as a metaphysician he was a Voluntarist, as a moralist a Naturalist, so in his epistemology, he was a Sceptic. Sceptics are like thunderstorms; they pass, but clear the air.

## III.

### ETHICS.

LITERATURE: *Adams, Atkinson, Bélart, Blau, Danzig, Fouillée, Giessler, Grot, Hartmann, Hauff, A. Horneffer, Kaftan, Klepi, Kreibig, Lasserre, Mozley, Petrone, Pigou, Poruck. Preobrazhensky, Ribancourt, Richter, Scestoff, Schuster, Schwartzkopff, Schwarz, Shcheglov, Simmel, Sorley, Standinger, Tienes, Tille, Tönnies* (*cf. page* 287).

IN this chapter we shall deal mainly with the third period; since in that alone Nietzsche's ethics show peculiar characteristics. Here is Nietzche's kingdom, where he is said to have accomplished most, where he has been most praised and most blamed. There are some, such as A. Horneffer, who consider ethics as the only branch of learning in which Nietzsche has accomplished anything of value, and who, therefore, call him not a philosopher, but a moralist.

As a moralist he was not a cunning, long-headed hedonist, but a grand heroic preacher of the *Amor Fati*. It is the instinctive Love of Life and Fate which spoke out in him. His doctrine represents a mixture of cynicism, egoism, and higher altruism, seasoned by a constant *nunc pede libero*. It is unjust to compress this doctrine, as Stein does, into the formula—Neo-Cynicism. There was too much of Proteus in Nietzsche for that. Nietzsche has been defined much better as a naturalist; but he does not quite belong to the same class of writers as Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Huxley—he goes far in advance of them on their

own lines. His book, "The Genealogy of Morals," commences, in point of fact, with a vehement refutation of the English moralists of the school of Bentham and Spencer.

Nietzsche was an evolutionistic moralist; but his insufficient scientific training left his natural history basis too narrow. He often opposed Darwin; he did not merely believe in a direct Will to Life, a Struggle for Life, but in something more—in a Will to Power, a Struggle for Power. To call Nietzsche a Darwinian moralist is an approximate classification only. On the other hand, it is foolish to say, as some Nietzscheanites do, that he was not under the sway of Darwin's doctrines. He himself underestimated the influence of Darwin upon him, according to Simmel, who actually labels him a fanatic of evolution.

Nietzsche has been called an immoralist on the ground of his condemning our present system of morals; but, like most of the great immoralists who preceded him, he also was preaching, as Bauch truly expresses it, an immoralistic individualism as a protest against the extant ethical dogmatism. As far as he thunders against the mere utilitarians and the prevailing morality of the crowd, and as far as the subject-matter is concerned, he is often in the right, though his methods are more those of the artist than of the thinker.

"Beyond Good and Evil" and the "Genealogy" have been styled the turning-point of Nietzsche's work. We cannot entirely agree with this statement. These two books, which especially deal with ethics, may be represented as the pivot of his third period, but not of his life-work. The centre of Nietzsche's ethics lies in the fact of his teaching that everything else should be subordinated to Life. We can trace this—which is a craving for a higher, healthier morality than that of the present—through all three periods, and especially in the second. At that time he clearly propounded tragic optimism, against the quietism and pietism of Schopenhauer. Rée exercised some influence in this direction.

Everywhere, so teaches Nietzsche, in every human being

is to be found not merely the Will to Life, but the *Will to Power*.

This Will to Power is, however, no new doctrine. Already Hobbes had expounded the doctrine that the struggle for power was a necessity, and to him nature was in a state of war and insecurity. We find this teaching in Helvetius. We read of it in Rochefoucauld. Vauvenargues tells us: "Among kings, among nations, among individuals, the stronger give themselves rights over the weaker."

From his proposition of the existence of a Will to Power Nietzsche derived his doctrine that *there are two standards of morals*. One standard is for the *masters*, the strong; the other for the *slaves*, the weak. Slaves are either eudæmonists or moralists. And, as one commentator cleverly puts it, eudæmonists ask: What does the world give to me? Moralists ask: What do I give to the world? Nietzsche's master-morality wants us to *be* something—to be noble, grand, and strong.

According to some critics, the validity of class morality was one of his weakest assumptions. We quite agree that Nietzsche did not find exactly the right thing; but there will never be a *universal* standard. Strong individuals will always make their own laws, and thus prevent mankind from lapsing into stagnation.

Of course, Nietzsche was not the first to scoff at slave-morality. Theognis declares: "Spurn the empty-spirited rabble, strike them with sharp goads"; and Vauvenargues explains Modesty as the mediocrity of the weak.

Besides, Nietzsche was not quite certain about his Master-and-Slave morality. In two passages, he acknowledges that in higher and more complicated civilisations there often exists of necessity a *fusion* of these two systems. If Nietzsche did not discover exactly the right thing, may it not be that such a fusion, in its *best* sense, will be the future solution?

His *Superman*, the incarnation of the Will to Power, the representative of the Master-morality and Egoism, has been

considered the *end and aim* of Nietzsche's system of morals. It is true that sympathy for the genius was to him a principle of morality. It is Carlyle's hero, the saint of Christianity, the archetype of Perfect Humanity, that he desired every one to realise, or at least approximate to—for the coming of whom everything is to be sacrificed, even the present system of morals and law. We endorse Seillière's words as to *Nietzsche's uncertainty* about his ideal: "Nietzsche conceived the Superman as a romantic Genius until 1875, as a pseudo-Darwinian model of a problematic super-species from 1880–1884, and after that date he tended towards the introduction of racial ideas into his ideal of the future." But we do not agree with L. Schuster that, because the Superman is impossible or a mere ideal, the same should be said of the whole of Nietzsche's morals. Many Nietzscheanites oppose the idea that Nietzsche conceived of the Superman as "a new Darwinian species"; with Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, they regard his ideal rather as "the possibility of a renewed Græco-Roman mode of valuations, refined and deepened by two thousand years' discipline of Christianity—a possibility attainable by present humanity."

Master-morality is, by its very nature, egoism. Nietzsche's main contribution to philosophic thought, according to Dolson, is to be found in the special form of his egoism. The great difference between his system and the systems of other ethical writers is in the valuation which he gives to the egoistic instincts, in the fact that he regards them not merely as psychologically present, but as expressing the ethical end of life.

If he is an egoist, however—and he is the very antithesis of Garshin, the greatest exponent of altruism—he is so by reason of altruism. Nietzsche resembles that Captain Wentzel in Garshin's "Recollections," who scorns "sentimental trash," who is cruel, but weeps for his dead. Nietzsche is an altruistic egoist, who is induced to be hard and selfish through an altruism that is higher, more

refined than ours. He is a great egoist, but not a mean egotist. His aim is the due combination of egoism and altruism, by means of which the highest social excellence is realised.

Nietzsche shares, with Kant, the hatred of sympathy, though the latter was much more moderate. One can, however, more readily understand the former's unqualified hostility, if one regards it as a revolt against the enthusiastic eulogies of Sympathy by Schopenhauer, who, in contrast to most of the preceding German thinkers, puts this goddess on the highest pedestal.

In Mandeville, the celebrated author of "The Fable of the Bees"—who opposed Shaftesbury's too exaggerated glorification of Sympathy—we have an excellent parallel:

Nietzsche *versus* Schopenhauer;
Mandeville *versus* Shaftesbury.

Mandeville likewise praises war, scoffs at the petty reverence paid to the poor, calls pity a frailty, and finds vice beneficial, for "virtue can't make nations live."

In the first period Nietzsche was still somewhat favourably inclined towards sympathy and eudæmonism; but in his third period he utterly condemns them, though he wrote —out of sympathy. *He* himself would, perhaps, have put forth as his motive the Will to Power. The effects of sympathy on life and the origin of sympathy were both condemned. As to its effects, he wrote: "Sympathy thwarts the law of development, of evolution, of the survival of the fittest. It is hostile to life!" As to its origin, we refer to Helvetius, who distinguishes three elements in sympathy. 1. An instinctive, hereditary impulse of altruism (the man who, without previous reflection, jumps mechanically into the water to save another). 2. A rational utilitarian element (public and official assistance rendered by the State or other authorities). 3. A certain malicious joy, "*Schadenfreude*" (the enjoyment of onlookers at a man's top-hat flying across the street; Miss Brown's self-elevation and pleasure over Miss Jones' fall). Now, Nietzsche, out of

opposition to Schopenhauer, wholly neglected the first element. Owing to ignorance in matters of public and social life, he omits the second, and insists on our accepting the third element as the main motive and origin of sympathy, which is, of course, an utterly untenable standpoint.

Nietzscheanism will fight against the sickening, hysterical sympathy which is so often to be found nowadays; such sympathy will have to yield to a higher and more powerful legislator. Biology will plant a protective hedge of laws against all that is weakening mankind. We believe that there must always be *sympathy* in the sense of Paulssen's definition, which explains it as *the natural basis of the social virtues* (*but not* as *a virtue in itself*), and as *an instinct which requires to be educated and disciplined by the intellect!* "There is an abyssmal difference between the Dionysean forethought," says Mencken rightly, "born of prudence and the Christian humility born of charity."

*Will to Power, Master-and-Slave morality, and Egoism are the three tenets of Nietzsche's ethics.* All these tenets have been criticised most severely, as well as the other elements of his ethics. Nietzsche's critique of present morals, and his construction of a new moral system, both lack severe scientific method: Zoccoli, not without some justification, calls the whole an ethical dilettantism.

Fouillée makes away with Nietzsche's ethics in a rather sweeping manner. "Submitted to a philosophical analysis, the ethics of Nietzsche appear to be resolved into a cloud of contradictions. Everything has its merit, and yet Nietzsche tends towards authority, towards the hierarchy of men. There is no end, nor significance of things, and yet Nietzsche wishes the Superman to become the aim and significance of the earth. Nothing is true, yet it is necessary to find, or invent, true estimates. Everything passes away and returns, and yet something must be created which has never existed. Egoism is the foundation of all life, and yet we should put into practice the great love which is the basis of the complete life; austerity is the law, yet one should have

great compassion; pleasure is the motive power of vitality, and yet one should wish for suffering. All passions are beneficial, yet one should hold them in check, and submit them to a rigid discipline. There is no ideal, and yet one should sacrifice everything, even one's own self, to a life which is higher, fuller, richer—the ideal life. Moreover, it would be a vain sacrifice, for no one is able to change realities, nor make them deviate towards any ideal whatever. One cannot escape the inevitable law of the Eternal Refugience and the Eternal Recurrence. Thus spake Zarathustra." We have given the whole of this passage, so as always, if possible, to give both sides of the critique, but we think that Fouillée neglected to notice that many of the above statements were only weapons for argument—not links in a chain.

The best and most adequate critique of Nietzsche's ethics is to be found in Richter's book. We shall therefore give an epitome of this critique.

The whole of Nietzsche's ethics is based on three theses:

1. There is no absolute, self-existent, supreme standard of valuation distinct from individual volition.

2. The supreme standard set up by Nietzsche is higher Life, or, more exactly, a higher evolution of the human species (Superman).

3. The secondary standards derived from this supreme standard are manifested in those phenomena which originate in power, *i.e.*, life-furthering phenomena.

As to the first thesis, we have to own that Nietzsche has helped *towards* an effective solution of the problem whether there is a supreme standard or not, but he has *not* decided the question. The combat is still raging. Nietzsche's attack upon the idea of "permanent" moral values has left essential positions untouched.

He made no endeavour at first to keep the middle course between extreme absolutism (there are self-existent standards independent of any volition) and extreme relativism (there are only standards depending on individual

volition); and where he did so later on, namely, in his metaphysics, he contradicted his own ideas as formulated in the first thesis.

His hypothesis of the twofold origin of moral concepts, aristocratic and democratic, is surely a brilliant glimpse into the development of modes of valuation, but neither the utilitarian hypothesis nor that founded upon resentment explains *alone* the origin of ideas about "permanent" moral values. Most certainly very many other motives, especially of a religious and judicial nature, have played their part. Nietzsche has picked up only these two. *The problem is, however, more complicated than he thought it.*

Having thus done away with the first thesis, we can put aside the two subsequent ones which are based upon the first. Nietzsche's "supreme" standard, the Superman (2), is only an ideal, though surely one of unequalled grandeur. The subordinate standards (3) are scientifically valueless, considering how very little we know about life and biological possibilities.—

Nietzsche's quotation of the saying, "Nothing is true, everything is allowed," has been condemned as a stumbling block, a stain, by foolish people who take the quotation in the sense of that band of murderers whom the Crusaders met in Syria, who had adopted it as a device, and they straightway rank Nietzsche with these men. We have already said that Nietzsche's standpoint is often that of a peculiarly positioned epistemologist. He only wants to show the uncertainty of even the truest truth—an idea not alien to Ruskin—and the right and the possibility of every great and noble individual deciding and judging with regard to his own course and actions. Emerson also said: "All things are moral."

Again, when Seillière thinks that the glorification of laughter and dance by Nietzsche is always the outcome of Dionysean mania, he is certainly wrong. "All good

things laugh"; such a saying of Zarathustra the dancer, the light-hearted one, is but the outcry of a soul full of life and *Amor Fati*, a soul which revolts against the gloomy moods and the clumsy clubfeet of pessimists who neither laugh nor dance.

The poet composed brilliant and fanciful pictures, and the philosopher gave them his language. It was the artist in him that kept him from systematic research. Rarely, if ever, were his ideas the products of trains of ordered reasoning, but they were intuitional, glimpses of a poet with a fantastic ingenuity. The etymological derivation of "*bonus*" from "*duonus*," man of strife, is not yet settled, and his other etymological excursions are very questionable. Also, up to 1883, the terms "good," "bad," "evil" are employed indefinitely.

Almost at the same time, quite independently of Nietzsche, Baunack ("Studien," Bd. i. 2, 260–264) arrived at a similar and very interesting result: ἀγαθός has the fundamental meaning "very active" (in running): if we divide it into ᾽αγα-θός and compare it with βοη-θός, then we can conceive an extension of the idea through "eagerly rushing upon," "boldly attacking," to "skilful in combat in every way." This concept gradually expands into "thorough," "skilful," "able," in any sense. These significations become more pointed through their antitheses: ἀγαθός ἢ κακός means brave or cowardly, good or bad!

Nietzsche's attempt to disprove the assumed metaphysical origin of altruistic sentiments, and his conclusion that the "universal tendency to submit to moral codes—this unreasonable, emotional faith in the invariable truth of moral regulations—was a curse to the human race," meant only carrying owls to Athens. The utilitarian psychologists of the last century had done so before him—and better. Seillière denies that Nietzsche shows *any* progress or superseding of the Spencerian utilitarianism of happiness; but we think he does, and we agree

with Tille that all investigations about the origin of morals are of antiquarian and academic interest only, and it really does not matter who is right, Mill or Nietzsche. The latter has created a new *aim* and *goal*, and therefore we consider Seillière's statement, just quoted, to be unfair.

Nietzsche's ethics are a ferment which will help to leaven the dough of culture. They will dispel many mists, and help to re-establish Nature. It is the voice of Nature that we hear in Nietzsche's distinction between a "strong and a weak" will, a distinction which is much more reasonable to a biologist than the old one between a "free and a fettered" will. When Nietzsche says that the value of an action does not depend upon the preceding emotions in our consciousness, the so-called motives, but solely upon whether it is an expression of the retarded or of the fuller life, he has done something that is of no transitory importance, by thus determining the value of an action solely from the biological standpoint. The Limanorans would have bestowed upon Nietzsche the Freedom of the Island.

Nietzsche was on his way to a new morality, but only as far as his destructive morality permitted it; for he did not test properly the applicability of his theories by sociological methods, and he lacked lucidity and English common sense. Perhaps, as Richter points out, his lasting merit in ethics is, that he has applied the doctrine of evolution to moral problems with a daring hitherto unheard of, and has given a great impulse to the search for a higher, greater, and really scientific morality. This future morality will be beyond spurious "good" and "evil," and will establish a supreme standard for what is "good" and "bad"!

## IV.

### METAPHYSICS.

LITERATURE: *Antrim*, *Bélart*, *Düringer*, *Eisler*, *Grimm*, *Henne*, *E. Horneffer*, *Jesinghaus*, *Köhler*, *Marselli*, *Richter*, *Robertson*, *Schian*, *Seillière*, *Simmel* (*cf. page* 287).

AT first thought one might well wonder what can be said about Nietzsche as a metaphysician, since he scorned all ideas of God, Heaven, and "another" world. But only at first thought, for his tenet of Eternal Recurrence, his mystical Dionysism, and his cloudy Superman, classify him among the metaphysicians, especially if we consider Metaphysics as the central philosophical discipline which endeavours to *harmonise* or rationalise experience. Besides, his *anti*metaphysical attitudes, especially in opposition to Christianity, the stronghold of metaphysics, must here be considered.

The second period of Nietzsche's philosophy is the least metaphysical, and the third period the most so of the stages of his development.

Nietzsche's starting-point for the whole of his philosophy was a pessimistic Pantheism, according to Lasserre. The latter puts it thus: "Indefinite and infinite, the Absolute Being carries on within itself a ceaseless war. Being everything, or, which amounts to the same thing, being nothing, it is the very chaos of all contradictions. This state of things is of course a state in which it cannot remain. The infinite torture of its indecision is in itself a force which compels it to resolve itself into

finite beings. Thence comes the world; it is the offspring of Sorrow." Nietzsche did not adhere long to these ideas, which he cherished during his first period. Inclining towards Positivism he discarded them, and even thought of discarding the whole of metaphysics.

Schopenhauer has called man an "animal metaphysicum." And Nietzsche, in spite of himself, remained such. Will was the keynote to both men's contemplation of the world. Both were Voluntarists, only they gave different names to their "Will"; but, whereas Schopenhauer was still a follower of Plato and Kant, a believer in the distinction between phenomenon and noumenon, Nietzsche practically discarded these different concepts.

Nietzsche essayed to point out the errors of our metaphysics, and insisted that this department of philosophy should be revalued on the basis of physiological, teleological considerations. He rejected Substance, Cause, and Effect, and especially Being, this most fundamental concept. To him, the successor of Heraclitus, there was no Being; there was only Becoming. The majority of the Greek philosophic systems contained the concept of a substance as basis: ἀρχή, ἄπειρον, ὕλη, but the system of Heraclitus did not, and neither did that of Nietzsche. Like Heraclitus, he explains the Cosmos as Becoming, not as Being, thus of course modernising the old πάντα ῥεῖ.

The underlying motive of this "Becoming" is, according to Nietzsche, a mystical "Will to Power." Nietzsche, however, never explained this vague concept of a "Will to Power." He never clearly explained his ideas about Eternal Recurrence: for, as in ethics so in metaphysics, the destructive intellectual demolisher never allowed sufficient time to the constructive intellectual architect.

According to Steiner, we should understand Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence as a mere mechanical idea; on the other hand Horneffer asserts that Nietzsche's idea is more of a transcendental or religious nature. We also agree with the

latter. Nietzsche's idea corresponds to some extent with Flammarion's "Anteriores Vitæ," in which, however, each successive existence is superior to its predecessor.

But Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence, though of transcendental nature, necessarily presupposes the mechanical idea. Now, given an unlimited time, an *infinite* number of atoms, there is *no possibility* of those which form our earth ever resuming the same position one to another so as to form another like ours again. And, even if we assume a *finite*, a limited number of atoms, the same aggregation is *highly improbable*. An excellent proof of this is given by Simmel. Let us imagine three equally large wheels resting side by side upon an axis. Any three points at the periphery of the wheels lying in a straight line when the wheels are at rest will *never* come into a straight line again, if we put the wheels into motion thus: while the first makes $x$ rotations, the second makes 2 $x$, and the third $\frac{x}{\pi}$. *If* there are only three atoms in space with motions similar to these points Eternal Recurrence is refuted.

Nietzsche's point of view as to Eternal Recurrence often changed, and after all, as Willy very subtly expounds it, the whole idea was a craving for illusion, a yearning to retain a last remnant of the old metaphysical belief in immortality. But his concept will lead us up to a "freer æsthetical illusion," sublimer than the vulgar "metaphysical illusion."

Though Nietzsche avowedly held the soul to be the collective instincts, and though many of his statements savour of a kind of materialism, still he was neither an agnostic like Spencer, nor a monist like Haeckel, and most certainly he did not hold with dogmatic materialism: in comparison with a crude and vague materialist like Büchner, he appears to us to be in the same position as Heraclitus to Leucippus. Nietzsche belonged to that class of philosophers who speak "from within." Revering the "Oversoul," he taught "its beauty is 'immense.'"

As everywhere else, so also in metaphysics, he is inconsis-

tent. He places before our eyes his Superman as the aim and ideal: and this heroic endeavour after a stronger, healthier ascending life places Nietzsche among the Stoics, the great teleologists. But his truly Mahommedan fatalism, which he expresses in other places, makes his demand "to dance over our heads," to sacrifice all, even one's self, to a higher, fuller, and richer life, a truly puzzling problem.

His apparent agreement with the teaching of Leucippus on the one side—for the origin of the world seems to him also due to the clash of atoms—and then his apparent assumption that the origin of motion was naturally to be left open—for his god, his creative reason, his "Pyr-Will," is to be taken as eternal, just as those atoms—render it almost impossible to sift out Nietzsche's fundamental ideas, and though he is a Voluntarist, we can hardly term him a Neo-Heraclitean. At any rate, if Schopenhauer was a pessimistic Voluntarist, Nietzsche was an *optimistic Voluntarist.*

The mystical Dionysism which led Nietzsche to become an advocate of the fuller Life, was the cause of making him one of the most furious enemies that Christianity ever had. There is no doubt he had insufficient historical perspective to see the immense service that Christianity has rendered to humanity, though he does acknowledge the educating and elevating influence exercised by the discipline of the hierarchy, through long centuries, and also acknowledges the masterfulness of some of the Lords Spiritual. But it is unjust to speak of his attitude and language as utterly unrestrained and unexampled. Those of the clergy who are blindly anathematising him with tenfold more violent language—the language of impotence—ought not to forget that every progress within the Christian Church has been caused either by the revolt of disobedient ministers, or by a rising of the laity, or by political or philosophical enemies.

Nietzsche has had innumerable predecessors in his hatred of Christianity. There was Celsus, who accuses the Mother of Jesus of misdemeanour with a Roman soldier Panthera, and affirms that the offspring of this unlawful connection was

Christ. Some sayings of Nietzsche almost coincide with one of Celsus. "The Christians are a miserable, worthless race." There was Porphyry, who styles the Christian religion "barbarous boldness," a precursor of Nietzsche's term "a revolt of slaves." There was Julian, who pointed out the economic impossibility of general Charity and Love, and shared with Porphyry and Nietzsche a biting hatred against Paul. And hundreds more followed these, from the Luciferians who called the Church a brothel-house down to Voltaire and Haeckel.

Zoccoli shows that Nietzsche arrived at a negation of religion by a gradual series of abstract, historic and sentimental motives, and also shows the weakness of these motives and that Nietzsche's historical knowledge was not profound enough to make him a first-class critic, but that it was sufficient to make him consider himself one.

It is true that Nietzsche never fights thoroughly and scientifically; he, the intellectual warrior, used clubs and sledge-hammers, and not the rapiers of the Higher Criticism. As Henne pithily puts it, Nietzsche was constantly thundering one-sidedly against the anthropomorphic God of immature men. Still, if one takes everything into consideration, Nietzsche's personal gentleness and his position as a fighter, he can be forgiven, as the metaphysical anti-metaphysician, who held, in common with no less a person than Gibbon, that Christianity is especially favourable to the lower classes.

## V.

## NIETZSCHE'S POSITION IN THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

LITERATURE: *Bauch, Falckenberg, Lasserre, Leser, Lessing, Levy, Lichtenberger, Richter, Roberty, Schellwien, Selle, Siebert, Simmel, Ueberweg, Wundt* (*cf. page* 287).

GEORGE CRABBE writes somewhere in one of his poems, "Philosophy, 'tis thine the great, the golden chain to trace, which runs through all, connecting race with race." It is extremely difficult and nearly impossible to allot to Nietzsche his place within this chain, to ascertain whether or not he is a link in it. His historical proximity to us, who have all been his contemporaries; his many-sidedness—he was as Epistemologist a Sceptic, he was in Ethics a Naturalist, he was as metaphysician a Voluntarist —compel us to *leave the final judgment to future generations.*

We already perceive that part of Nietzsche's success is due to the beauty of his language, to the abuse of his opponents, to the circumstances of his country both external and internal, to his courage, and to his superficial method.

In Germany his terminology was soon adopted, and some of his sayings became catchwords. As Th. Lessing in his excellent book so indignantly illustrates: those circles which Nietzsche dubbed "the apes of the ideal" took him up, and he became "fashionable"; and his expressions became the vogue (such as "Dionysean intoxication," "the good European," "the courage of one's instincts," and "the beautifully roving *bête blonde*"), and were used as mirrors for their vanity by these would-be supermen and super-women.

We know that the eminent Fouillée has tried to settle the historical position of Nietzsche in the following words: "Mix the Greek sophism and scepticism with the naturalism of Hobbes and with the monism of Schopenhauer, corrected by Darwin, seasoned with some paradoxes of Rousseau and Diderot, and you will have the philosophy of Zarathustra, the modern Machiavelli." We know that Zoccoli, Lasserre and others, do not regard Nietzscheanism as a link in the chain of the historical development of philosophy, but as a retrogression from the third to the second stage of Comte's Law, as a rupture, a crisis—perhaps a salutary one. We know that a writer in the *Athenæum* regards Nietzscheanism as a paradoxical development of an inverted Schopenhauerism. Yet we ourselves believe that nevertheless Nietzsche has a historical position within a continuous line of thought. The silver shells given us by this bewitching Siren contain many pearls, and are not merely ornamental.

It is foolish to speak of only *one* line of evolution within the realms of philosophy. As Nietzsche himself has shown, there will never be one all-satisfying philosophy. There have been and will be numberless currents. Among these are to be distinguished two great main currents: a philosophy of reason, law, and love; a philosophy of strength, power and love. In the course of history they have often run parallel to one another, but they have also often crossed or overflowed each other. The former is the basis of our States and communities, the other of great individuals. The former is like a grand, broad river, such as the Rhine in Holland, the latter like the "Royal Gorge" of the Arkansas River, traversing even the very mountains in deep and narrow gorges, cut through Archæan granites. *Nietzsche belongs to this latter current: individualistic philosophy.*

In order still further to contract the circle within which we can fix him historically and decide his position, we may say that Nietzsche belongs to the School of the Second European Renascence, of the present age, of which the

First Renascence was probably only a less fortunate precursor. Henry Bayle (Stendhal) was the first philosophical writer of this second European Renascence, the union between the beautiful spirit of classicism and modern romanticism, of which Euphorion in Goethe's "Faust" was the first child. "The thunder-march of Nietzsche's ideas is only a latter-day expression and combination of Euphorion's song and the French *pensées fortes*."

This statement, that Nietzsche belongs to the Second Renascence, cannot, however, be given, without mentioning that Lichtenberger, in his treatise "L'Allemagne moderne," does not believe that Nietzsche is or will be the prophet and representative of the new time—of the new idealism which has begun in Germany after all the bygone anarchical struggles of the individual for power and riches.

The sad task still remains to us of further verifying the saying of Ben Akiba, that there is nothing new under the sun, not even in such a man as Nietzsche! But here, as everywhere else, we do not intend to belittle him. He himself says, "No stream in itself is rich, but becomes so through the reception of as many tributaries as possible. Thus is it also with a great mind. The important point is, that one should give the mind the right direction." And we refer to Villa's statement that even the simplest psychical compounds never present themselves twice in the same way, and that every manifestation of the individual and of the community is a *novel* fact.

In all periods of Nietzsche's career we find his predilection for classical culture, with its veneration and its breeding of great individuals, its naturalness in life and custom, its simplicity in scientific thought, and its measure in art. Comparing Greek and Roman culture, he of course regarded the former as the higher, and here we discover many predecessors and sources of his thoughts. Especially did he unearth his jewels from the præ-Socratic period; for Socrates, of whom he often changed his opinion, and Plato were to him types of the already decadent Greek spirit;

Thales, however, Anaximander, Heraclitus, Xenophanes, Democritus, and the Pythagoreans, he esteemed. Above all others, Heraclitus is praised, whom we must regard as one of the main sources of Nietzsche's ideas. Nietzsche himself said: "With great reverence I place on one side the name of Heraclitus: it is more to me than the names of Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Spinoza." In the writings of Heraclitus are more or less clearly expressed Nietzsche's ideas of war, of Becoming, and of the Eternal Recurrence.

There are many resemblances between Nietzsche and Heraclitus. The former was called a lunatic by Türck, the latter by Theophrastus. Both loved solitude; both had an unscientific mode of thinking; both were alike in slandering their predecessors; both jotted down their notes, their daily remarks, their sentiments, in aphorisms, so that, as Diels truly says: "Heraclitus opens the series of solitary thinkers; probably he began his writings: 'Thus spake Heraclitus!'" *In Nietzscheanism we have, therefore, a resuscitation of præ-Socratic philosophy, adapted to modern evolutionistic ideas.*

To show more clearly the close relationship between Heraclitus and Nietzsche, we give a few parallel passages.

| Heraclitus. | Nietzsche. |
|---|---|
| And Heraclitus blamed Homer, who said: "Would that strife were destroyed from among gods and men." Gods and men, however, honour those slain in war. We should know that war is universal and strife right, and that by strife all things arise and are made use of. | Divinely will we strive against each other. Rather would I perish than renounce this one thing; that I myself must be war and Becoming. What is good? To be brave is good! It is the good war that halloweth every cause. |
| Good and evil are the same. | Good and evil are but intershadows. |
| Self-control is the highest virtue. It pertaineth to all men to learn self-control. | And like unto me are all those who have a strong will of their own. |
| To me, one is worth ten thousand, if he be the best. | To-day belongeth to the mob. I wait for greater, stronger souls; for men are *not* equal. |

Besides Heraclitus there are numberless others in the history of philosophy who have said some of the things that Nietzsche has said, or from whom he has even drawn some of his ideas. We will restrict ourselves here to Spinoza and Stirner, giving only the names of French precursors.

Nietzsche, who has been called by so many names, for instance, "a new edition of Voltaire," has also been called a "Spinoza à rebours." There are many points of contact between the two, which will at once become apparent when we quote some of the sayings of Spinoza, the solitary thinker of Amsterdam: "By virtue and power, I understand the same thing" (Will to Power). "He who possesses a body capable of the greatest amount of activity, possesses a mind of which the greatest part is eternal." (Here we have the physical culture of Nietzsche.) Another passage foreshadows master-and-slave morality, namely, proposition LXX. of part IV. in Spinoza's "Ethics"; *homo liber* the master, *homo ignarus* the slave; and if, according to Spinoza, every one judges what is good according to his disposition, we may think of Nietzsche's derivation of bad and evil.

*The* forerunner of Nietzsche is Stirner. During recent years quite a literature has grown around the question as to whether Nietzsche had read Stirner or not. He must have seen his name in Lange's book, "History of Materialism," but we do not think it has yet been proved that Stirner's work came within the scope of Nietzsche's knowledge. After all, what does it matter? It would detract nothing from Nietzsche's greatness. When in 1844 Stirner published his book, "The Sole One and his Own"—a book "from the perusal of which one rises a monarch," as some one has said—he made a considerable sensation, and the philistines were so much shocked by the work that the authorities even thought of confiscating it.

Both Stirner and Nietzsche preached Egoism. The former was a revolutionary disciple of the school of Hegel as the latter was of that of Schopenhauer. But there is a great difference: Stirner is critical, Nietzsche

is assertive. Stirner's egoism is solely individualistic and capricious; Nietzsche's semi-altruistic egoism has always the highest social excellence in view. As Basch in his clever study on Stirner says: "If Nietzsche was the poet and the musician of the 'individualisme intransigeant,' Stirner endeavoured to be its philosopher." There are countless parallels. We give from Stirner's works five quotations, which might well have been written by Nietzsche himself:

"What is good, and what evil? I myself am my own rule, and I am neither good nor evil. Neither word means anything to me."

"Between the two vicissitudes of victory and defeat, swings the fate of the struggle—Master or Slave . . ."

"The empire of religion is one of spectres, hobgoblins, and ghosts."

"Egoism, not love, must decide."

"Truth exists only in thy own brain. Thou thyself only art truth."

Among the direct influences which affected the composition of Nietzsche's books, were of course the modern French, German, and English philosophical writers, some of whom we have already mentioned on page 294. Besides those we may add the French writers, Rochefoucauld, Helvétius, Proudhon, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, and Gobineau.

All philosophy aims at being monistic. Haeckel is premature in his attempts to build up a system with the small knowledge and the few data we now possess. Sir Oliver Lodge calls Haeckel's system very imperfect, but acknowledges that it is a step towards the higher monism. The same twofold judgment is applicable to Nietzsche. And when a recent biographer and disciple of Haeckel, C. D. Neumann, exclaims: "Where is our homestead?" and complains that pessimism threatens to swamp monism, we find an indisputable merit in Nietzsche's attempt to invigorate man with his teachings of the joy of battle, his *Amor Fati*. And after all, he himself said: "*A prelude am I to better players.*"

## B.

## NIETZSCHE, THE POET.

## B.

### NIETZSCHE, THE POET.

LITERATURE: *Albert, Bauër, Berg, Bélart, Butti, Common, Daszyńska, Friedmann, Friedrich, Gourmont, Hanstein, Hollitscher, A. Horneffer, Huneker, Ilgenstein, Joel, Landsberg, Levy, Lichtenberger, R. M. Meyer, Reiner, Riehl, Robertson, Rode, Schlaf, Schultze, Schuré, Seillière, Tantzscher, Zeitler.*

ZEITLER, in his excellent work on Nietzsche, says that the latter can only be comprehended as an artist; and that as a poet, a stylist, a creator and former of language, he is irrefutable. Something of the same kind has been observed and said by all clear-headed commentators; and only hopelessly infatuated fanatics of Nietzscheanism sneer at such men as Reiner, who said that the poetry and philosophy of Nietzsche could never be *distinctly* separated, or at Zeitler when he declared that even the Superman was more a product of the individualistic artist than of the moralistic philosopher. Of course we do not agree with the latter commentator when he implies that the æsthetics of Nietzsche were of more importance than his ethics, so far as his influence on the world is concerned; nevertheless Nietzsche's poetic position and importance are not exaggerated by Landsberg, when he declares him to be the precursor and prophet of a higher and greater art in the future, and speaks of him as the great educator of youth. Nietzsche's highest aims were neither utilitarian nor intel-

lectual; he did not always insist upon either truth or morals; but "the thirst for supernal beauty" never forsook him. Beauty was his aim alike in the græco-romantic colours of the first period, in the intellectualism of the second period, and in the aristocratic-racial dreams of the third period.

# I.

## NIETZSCHE'S STYLE.

IN considering the purely formal side of the artist, Nietzsche's emphasis of the importance of form explains much.

We do not quite share the admiration Nietzsche had for his own style. Still we must say sometimes: "non verba, sed tonitrua!" He had the best masters; the Greek and the French.

In his recently published anti-Nietzschean book, J. Schlaf has to grant the grandeur of the style of him whom he has "overcome." He says: "Here indeed the German language is once again beautiful; so beautiful, as it has perhaps never been since the days of the classic writers and the early romanticists! Again a *great* poet is before us. His little epigrams have a scarcely definable mystic ring and charm. One feels it like the clear, harmonious tone of some beautiful crystal vessel in which a fine red wine sparkles with a rich glow."

Professor Robertson, in his "History of German Literature," says, "Nietzsche discovered possibilities in the German language of which the classical masters of prose knew nothing; his rhythmic periods combine the dignity of Luther's language with the dithyrambic style of that kindred genius of the Romantic period, Friedrich Hölderlin; Nietzsche, whether for good or evil, introduced Romance qualities of clearness and terseness into German prose; it was his endeavour to free it from those elements which he described as "deutsch und schwer."

Nietzsche took the utmost care with regard to the details of his work. He went so far as to consider carefully even the very quality of the paper of his books. He often copied his manuscripts three or four times over, making constant corrections, re-writing, polishing the form, weighing every word, sometimes calculating even the change of vowels. And often, as can easily be observed in "Zarathustra," the music of his own words, his striving after formal effect, induced him to sacrifice the sense of what he was saying.

Like another Seume, ever walking, and owing to the vicissitudes of his health, he was compelled to write in aphorisms. Still, these aphorisms are not without connection; they are like pearls on a string, constantly varying in colour from one another, but nevertheless forming a beautiful Eastern chain.

But, in spite of Kögel's affirming the contrary, Nietzsche nearly always wrote aphoristically, though his first books, by their apparently connected form, seem to contradict this. The "Birth" is a torso as far as architectural structure is concerned. Rohde, with the trained eye of the philologist, soon discovered that even in the "History" one cannot help noticing that Nietzsche finished each paragraph separately. Often, but always in vain, Nietzsche tried to write a *book*, but he could never succeed, not even in "Zarathustra," which he endeavoured to make the most coherent of his works. It remained a weird collection of dream-fugues, odd but beautiful. The best book, as far as structure goes, is perhaps his "Genealogy of Morals."

Nietzsche was a master of the architectural detail-work in his style; but he never had the artistic clearness and broad conceptions needed to erect one great building. Dimly, he conceived the plan of his cathedral. But he could never adhere for a sufficient length of time to one plan. Extremely fond of composing titles for books, and of drawing up numberless outlines, most of his books, especially the later works, are premature excerpts and publications from his vast collection of materials.

"My sense for form," he said, "awakened on my coming in contact with Sallust." In his youthful writings we often find weaknesses and mannerisms of style. Under the influence of Schopenhauer and Rohde, expressions originated like the constantly recurring "condescendieren," or the frequent use of the affected "als welcher," "als wo"; and Rohde already noticed the defective use of "als" with a relative in the "Birth of Tragedy." There was, already, an improvement during the first period; but only in "Human, All-too-human" did Nietzsche attain the mastery of that extraordinary style which almost evades analysis, that unique ability to strike the fullest chords of mind and heart with his miraculous aphorisms, a power which may be compared to the exquisite touch of a great pianist.

Still we must bear record that Hollitscher disputes Nietzsche's position as a creator of language, and finds his style—not quite without justice—abrupt, too subjective, too baroque, and of an everlasting melody; in his opinion Nietzsche has not enriched the language, but only shown a rare power in the combination of forms.

Nietzsche wrote many poems; some of them are really beautiful, especially those he wrote after 1882. His chief power, however, lies in the realm of prose.

The style of his letters shows a peculiar grace and charm; there the stylist is often the most natural, unaffected writer imaginable, and yet touches us.

Zarathustra, his most artistic creation, the Superman, his most artistic dream, and his style, with its artistic form, these will make Nietzsche, the artist, immortal, and will remain, even should all other traces of his teachings become enfeebled or lost.

## II.

### NIETZSCHE'S POSITION IN THE HISTORY OF ART.

FROM the standpoint of the history of literature there are many precursors of Nietzsche's ideas, and many affinities between him and other writers. In Lessing's hope for a better future in his "Erziehung des Menschengeschlechtes," in Fr. Schlegel's championing of the aristocratic individual against conventional morality, in Heine's patriotic-antipatriotic attitude, and in the fact that the same author speaks of Christianity as "a miserable, bleeding delinquent's religion"—we find such affinities.

After the cruel disillusionment of science had shown man that he is only a particle of an immense universe, governed by unchangeable laws, without free-will, a toy of unknown forces, the consequent pessimism endeavoured to reassure itself by a deliberate anthropocentric illusion, by allotting an important *task* to man, by *assuming* a free-will and an aim for life. This is the tragic and heroic way in which the world is contemplated by Hebbel, Carlyle, Emerson, and Ibsen. Nietzsche was the last and the most powerful of these *illusionists*. The type of the Superman has antecedents in Byron's "Manfred," in Ibsen's "Brand," and in Björnson's "Over Ævne."

From an artist's point of view the best book on Nietzsche is doubtless the charming work "Nietzsche und die Romantik," by K. Joel, a professor in Bâle. Here Nietzsche is presented to us as a romanticist, a successor to Schlegel, Tieck, and Hölderlin.

At first sight it is difficult to perceive the relationship between Nietzsche and the German romanticists, Schlegel, Novalis, and Hölderlin. Nietzsche himself would have laughed at any one who would have called him a romanticist. Here is a search for femininity to the extent of sentimentalism, and there a search for virility to the extent of brutality. To Nietzsche the clue to the meaning of the universe was War, and to the romanticists this clue was Love, which is splendidly illustrated by Tennyson, the English romanticist. The romanticists loved music, and the harp belonged to them; but the hammer was the weapon of Nietzsche; yet he, who in the end said that music is "decadence," who deserted Wagner after having abused all earlier music, and who finally demanded a Pan-European music—was a child of Romanticism. "Once upon a time Longing went forth, seeking the land of Greece with her whole soul, but she did not return; in the sea of infinite passion she arose to metaphysical tragedy and music. From this was Nietzsche born."

The spirit of Romanticism swayed the whole of his development. Hölderlin became his favourite poet. He was as profuse in his assurances of friendship as those dreamers and ideologists, Schlegel and Tieck. Nietzsche was a romanticist even in his most *anti*-romantic attitudes, for only a romanticist would have been able to pass through such changes of mind as he did. He was imbued with Love. He was a dancer, a bacchant in his "Zarathustra." All these are qualities which he had in common with his predecessors in Romanticism. Novalis and Nietzsche were alike in showing a tendency to a pendulum-like action in their souls. Everything is in the course of change; they are eternal wanderers. Nietzsche's Dithyrambs, his Zarathustra, his Dionysism, are romantic creations. In short, a hundred years ago Nietzsche would have become as much a romanticist as nowadays romanticists will become followers of Nietzsche.

Joel shows how Nietzsche has resuscitated and given back

to us the Greek Romanticism, how he has demonstrated to us that no Classicism is possible, without a romantic period full of lyrics and music, preceded by mystic orgies. But he has also shown us that Nietzsche was unable to comprehend *the* immensely important thing, namely, that the Greeks were able to find their way *from* Romanticism *to* Classicism. Therefore Nietzsche hated the progressing objectivity of the Greek mind, the firm, visible formation, the æsthetic sense in sculpture and the drama, the will to ethical measure and public order, and the manifestation of mind in the concepts of Socrates, in Platonic ideas and Aristotelean forms. And now arises the question: "Will Apollonian Classicism arise out of the Dionysean foam?" Nietzsche has led us into the Ægean Sea, rudderless; shall we now be wrecked, or shall we land on the blessed isle of Delos, or even on the Attic shore? Goethe will here be our saviour.

It must not, however, be forgotten for a moment that the Proteus-like Nietzsche can never be labelled like any other man. *He was a Romanticist.* There is no doubt about that. But to Goethe also may be allotted the position of literary father of this poet-philosopher. Seillière goes so far as to say that Nietzsche was nothing more than an over-excited and nervous Goethe. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence of Goethe, and it is certain that this influence led Nietzsche to Greece and France.

We must own, also, that a strong vein of Classicism was nurtured in Nietzsche, but we do not agree with a certain writer who says that he was *classic.* Nietzsche never had the serene grandeur of Goethe's Classicism, which from its fortress on the cliff of self-composure gazed down on the raging sea of his time.

In his vigorous and poetically-written book, "The Revival of Aristocracy," Levy regards Nietzsche as the direct heir of Goethe. To him the New Renascence is embodied in three names: Stendhal, who with his scornful challenge, "Le présent, je m'en moque!" defied his age; Goethe, who loathed the cross, who considered the Bible as the most

dangerous of books, who scourged the great majority with these scathing words:

> "You clods and clouts,
> You losels and louts,
> The devil wouldn't have you!"

and Nietzsche, the third and greatest hero of the New Renascence. To Levy, Goethe is the direct source of Nietzsche; the germs of Nietzsche's philosophy are recognisable everywhere in Goethe's works, especially in the second part of "Faust"; he considers that, after the death of Goethe, the darkest night came over German civilisation until Goethe's majesty once more appeared in Nietzsche.

There is no doubt that Goethe was a Nietzschean aristocrat. Proud and self-reliant, he was indifferent to the general public, or at any rate he endeavoured to persuade himself that he was so; he often studied art and nature from an egoistical point of view. Once, when talking with Chancellor Müller, he even said, "The masses, the majority of people, are of necessity always absurd and false; for they are lazy, and falsehood is always more comfortable than truth." But we place Goethe above Nietzsche. The majesty of the former was clearer, fuller, and his aristocracy more dignified, more Olympian in type; so that Seillière's judgment is not very far from the mark.

## III.

### NIETZSCHE'S INFLUENCE IN GERMANY.

NIETZSCHE, the radical individualist, the teacher of Beyond Good and Evil, the romanticist and the stylist, has had much influence on German Literature, an influence partly beneficial and partly adverse.

Before Berlin assumed its present position, Munich was, from the beginning of the nineteenth century, a centre of German intellectual and artistic life. King Ludwig I. had resuscitated sculpture and kindred arts; King Max assembled the famous "Round Table" of poets and scholars; King Ludwig II. became the Mæcenas of Richard Wagner. The Munich school of poets had Paul Heyse as its head. A well-balanced artistic enjoyment of existence was his life's ideal.

This Horatian school, which he headed, was attacked in the eighties by a younger generation of poets, mostly of Berlin, who considered the former to be too abstract, too unreal. It was a conflict against the collective spirit of Hegelianism, a conflict of national optimism against artistical pessimism. One has called them "The Youngest Germany." They began the combat against all that was too conservative and trivial. Individuality, Reality, Force, and Power of Thought was their motto in the beginning of the eighties.

Then the young revolutionists affirmed that true art should also take up the social question and the work of everyday life. Then they became indignant with Beauty,

condemned poetry, and wanted to have only the prose of labour represented. The lyric poets were ridiculed, while the novel and the drama were considered the only real literature. Both were to represent life with the minute exactness of sensitive plates, the one in the book, the other upon the stage; but their lenses were wrongly adjusted, so that the injustice of the world appeared to them more unjust than it is, and its filth still more filthy. After these cave-men, the Troglodytes, who went delving into the moral sewers and backyards of humanity, came other realists, "aristocratic" in a would-be Nietzschean sense of the word; they were the partisans of the "Strong" and Fortunate, and sneered with them at the world's injustice. In place of the tragic slum-drama came the light salon satire; in place of the realistic picture of poverty came the *demi-mondaine* novel. And then Beauty re-awoke.

The cycle of Art! Romance had returned. The stream of poetry resumed its flow. And now as the very last there again came poets who, like Zarathustra, retired from the world, disdaining labour, intoxicating themselves with the music of poetry, and taking as their ideal "*l'art, pour l'art.*"

With this short outline of Germany's literary history of the last twenty years—so admirably chronicled by Hanstein—we have given the period over which the influence of Nietzsche extended, although this influence cannot be traced in every individual writer. Nevertheless, all the different sections of thought which make up the period, viz., the early individualists, the pessimistic realists, the sneering Epicureans, the latter-day romanticists and æsthetes, all have been in some degree under the sway of Nietzsche.

The period started with a re-birth of individualism, but drifted into Realism. At that time Georg Conrad, a fervent admirer of Nietzsche, wrote his "Madame Lutetia," Konrad Alberti his "Wer ist der Stärkere?" Conradi gave to the world his "Brutalitäten," his "Adam Mensch," Kretzer his "Drei Weiber." We see in the last-named works the drawbacks of the master-morality of Nietzsche, if wrongly

interpreted. In Sudermann's "Ehre" we find Trast, who is not beyond Good and Evil, for duty is his ideal.

Then Victor von Andrejanoff crystallised Nietzsche's ideas in his "Weltgericht." With great force the poet presents to us the final judgment of God as an exaltation of the strong and a condemnation of the weak and wavering. Edward von Mayer puts forward similar ideas in his vigorously-written "Die Bücher Kains vom ewigen Leben."

Then the period returned to its starting-point. The influence of the Zarathustra-poet on the neo-idealism in German literature is specially noticeable in the realm of the drama, where Romance first gained the upper hand about 1892. Fulda's "Talisman," Halbe's "Jugend," Rosmer's "Königskinder," and Sudermann's "Drei Reiherfedern" show the Germans were weary of Realism. Only now the romanticist Nietzsche could become the favourite of a greater public. A new Romanticism was *needed*, and thus Nietzsche became the idol of many of this neo-romantic school. One has attributed classicism to Kant, the first romanticism to Fichte; one might similarly attribute this "Youngest Germany"-romanticism to Nietzsche.

Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke" is the most typical creation of modern German romanticism. It is a daring, though dim, attempt to realise the Superman and to substitute for realism in poetry a beautiful trustful idealism. Here we find in Heinrich (the founder of the bell, who breaks his heart in a vain attempt to reach the sun and create a wondrous chime) the Superman in the form of an artist, endeavouring to attain his artistic ideal; or, we may take him as a symbol of Humanity, painfully struggling towards the realisation of its dreams. But he fails; this "Master-Earthworm" of Nickelmann—Doubt and Materialism—this "Balder-Hero-God!" of Rautendelein—Nature—was never to hear "the glad new gospel of the new-born light!" He dies; but before the end of the play we hear the good news, "The sun *is* coming!"

As Nietzsche became not only known but popular in the

beginning of the nineties, towards which popularity the journal *Die freie Bühne* contributed very much, Nietzsche's influence not only extended as far as his "philosophy" goes, but the style also of the creator of "Zarathustra" was not without its effect upon his contemporaries, especially upon that form of contemporary literature—the lyric—which has drawn most immediate inspiration from him.

As a specimen let us listen to a passage out of "Helldunkel," by Johannes Schlaf, published in 1899:—

"With a new motion dashes the surging wave of the Future and the Time to come!
First mystical impulse out of the silence!
A new Yea proclaims the World and Life!
I learn it even from the mouth of the passers-by!
The new Will shouts with exultation its new Yea!
The Home of our children!
At last attained!
The goal!"

Or his truly beautiful "Song of the deep":—

"Sunny, merrily-deepening azure, summerlike song of the sea!
Out of thy purple depths flash forth the lightning-secrets; as the sun-irradiated flappings of sea-gulls' wings, so pulsates the Fulness of my riches.
For all this am I, and all this do I possess.
And the deepest perceptions and discernments of the greatest and mightiest, perceptions and discernments attested by the death of thousands: profound Wonder!
Now art thou the peaceful, daintily-sportive product of this solitary hour in which my soul trifles with her eternities!
Roar, rush, sing!
Give, oh give me the radiantly exulting freedom of thy grand triumphant laughter."

Thus we see that the name of Nietzsche has been a charm to the most divergent sections of the last twenty years' literary history. Many of the German poets are still Nietzscheanites, but the greater citizens of the German Parnassus have either never been blind disciples and

adherents of Nietzsche or, if, like Dehmel and Schlaf, they once tended towards him, they have gone through his experience and overcome him, and have thus once more approached the Attic shore.

During these twenty years of revolt the old school, of course, did not stand quietly by while Mauthner, Hart, Bleibtreu, and many others were their real opponents among the "Youngest Germany" party; Nietzsche himself was one of their main targets, especially after he had become popular. W. Jordan, in 1892, published a tactless satirical poem in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*. In 1895 Wilbrandt wrote his novel "Die Osterinsel," Heyse his novel "Über allen Gipfeln," Spielhagen his "Faustulus"; and Widman composed a drama, "Jenseits von Gut und Böse"; and all these books attacked the Superman-philosophy of the great immoralist. Recently Leixner has written a comparatively good work, "Also sprach Zarathustra's Sohn," and Sudermann has published his beautiful drama, "Das Blumenboot." The anti-Nietzschean literature is, however, on the whole "biedermännisch" and goody-goody.

This especially applies to the novel by Heyse which we have mentioned. A young diplomat who is deeply in love with a charming and clever artist meets her once more, after the lapse of seven years, in his native town, which he is revisiting before starting for a distant appointment. The "poison" of the "Beyond Good and Evil" philosophy, which has brought on him a sort of attack of mental influenza, nearly separates the lovers. In order to feign indifference she becomes engaged to a dry scientist, and he plays with fire in intercourse with a princess. But in the long run the lovers return to one another. Everybody is happy, and this sentimental bourgeois-story ends with four marriages, in a conventional, tearful, and pleasant manner.

There is more spirit in the dramatically written "Faustulus" by Spielhagen. It is a clever story about the avenging Nemesis which dooms a gifted young physician, who, wish-

ing to be a superman, a Faustulus, sacrifices a fisher-girl to a rich heiress. This book, however, rather strains the morality of Nietzsche's Superman into a refined utilitarianism. Wilbrandt's "Osterinsel" strives to show the impossibility of putting into real life the whole of Nietzsche's philosophy. Here we read how Adler, a preacher and prophet of this philosophy, utterly fails. Seized by momentary megalomania, defrauded by his nephew, hooted by a democratic mob, he dies, without ever having reached the blessed Easter-Islands, where he intended to start a Nietzschean Colony. If one reads the novel with a certain reserve, it is possible to admit that Adler is a faithful picture of the real Nietzsche.

In spite of obvious deficiencies O. v. Leixner's novel is well written. His Weltli is a caricature well calculated to excite our sympathy. Weltli shows whither the doctrine "nothing is true" leads, when the grand Nietzschean self-rule and self-esteem are absent. The hero Schreiner overlooks the fact that Nietzsche did *not* preach such a horrible egotism, but wrote once to his friend Gersdorff: "We do not live for ourselves!"

Amongst weak books against Nietzscheanism we find the two dramas which caricature the Superman: "Übermensch," by Weigand, and "Jugend von heute," by Otto Ernst. Of these the first is by far the best. Kappf-Essenther's novel, "Jenseits von Gut und Böse," is worthless.

In passing we may touch upon Nietzsche's position with regard to other branches of German art besides literature and poetry.

As regards Nietzsche's relation to music, although it is most important, we have dealt with it so much already in his biography that we here restrict ourselves to mentioning the following items: Strauss' great symphony "Thus spake Zarathustra," the excellent expositions concerning Nietzsche and Wagner to be found in Bélart's and Zoccoli's books, Nietzsche's letters to Krug and to Fuchs, and Lasserre's enthusiastic treatise which laboriously investigates the

relationship of Nietzsche and Wagner during the first period. According to Lasserre, the posthumous notes of Nietzsche show that he was observing the weak points in Wagner's art already before 1874, in which year the severing of their *intellectual* friendship was consummated. The fourth "Unseasonable" was an apology of *sentiment* only. Nietzsche now thought that Wagner was an actor desirous of being musician and poet at the same time, and that consequently his music could not be organic, for it was so complex that it had practically no character. Nietzsche already perceived dimly that a Super-Wagnerian music would be possible, a music more elevated, classic, and *doctrinaire*. And his striving after such higher art is one of the merits of our philosopher.

Before the time of Nietzsche a certain Dionysean element had already been introduced into German painting by Klinger. His powerful Promethean figures are grand expressions of Nietzsche's Superman ideas. Nietzsche and Klinger are both great, creative men of genius, both are acute and keen æsthetes, both create out of the spirit of music. Music, especially that of Brahms, is the link between the artist who sculptured Beethoven enthroned on clouds and accompanied by an eagle, and the poet who dreamed Zarathustra striding on mountain-ridges, accompanied by his eagle. Klinger has given an expression to this kinship by the Nietzsche bust, with which he has raised a monument to the sculptor in words.

Simultaneous with the change from materialism to romanticism in literature, a similar change took place in the realms of painting. The joy of life, the sanctity of nature, and delight in the dance were the new formulæ, and materialism was slowly forsaken. One of the chief exponents of this new school is Ludwig von Hofmann, the able professor of the Kunstschule at Weimar.

## IV.

### NIETZSCHE'S INFLUENCE IN SWEDEN, ITALY, SPAIN, FRANCE, ENGLAND.

SO far we have endeavoured to trace the literary pedigree of Nietzsche and his influence and position as an artist in Germany. During the last decade, however, Nietzscheanism has become a European factor.

Many individual writers have come under its influence, the most noteworthy instance being the neurasthenic genius who gave to the world "The Inferno," and whose writings were not unknown to Nietzsche. Strindberg, "the Shakespeare of Sweden," in his "Tschandala," and his "Mit dem Feuer Spielen," is "the most remarkable creative talent originated by Nietzsche's philosophy."

There are many affinities which indicate that Nietzschean ideas have been matured by the state of European civilisation. Ibsen and Björnson, though independent of Nietzsche, were his contemporaries in the realm of thought, and although they did not arrive at quite the same results, their conclusions were surely similar to Nietzsche's. Besides individuals who have come under his immediate influence, and others who are like him, we can see how his more general influence has pervaded whole literatures.

With regard to Nietzsche's influence in *Sweden* we have asked the opinion of Dr. Allen Vannérus, of Stockholm, through the kindly intermediation of Professor Geijer. Dr. Vannérus has kindly written the following lines for our book, which we give verbatim, after being translated:—

"The first to make Nietzsche known in Scandinavia were Georg Brandes and Ola Hansson. We have given their respective books and essays in the bibliography.

"It goes without saying that Nietzsche, during the years which have elapsed since this introduction, has here also become the subject of a gradually widening and deepening attention.

"For he belongs to those great and exalted personalities whose names and ideas, after they have once been put into motion, spread all over the world and exercise a powerful influence, though in varying degrees, upon a considerable portion of mankind. In the same way, as in Nietzsche's native country, so with us also, he has divided the public into two antagonistic camps. He has been especially popular at any rate with the students at universities and in literary circles. To cite *one* name only, which to a certain extent confirms this statement; I refer to Ellen Key, who is perhaps the most enthusiastic follower of Nietzsche in Sweden. The not insignificant number of Swedish translations also supports our statement.

"Among Nietzsche's books that which is most read here is undoubtedly his 'Zarathustra,' of which two translations are extant. That he has not left Swedish academic philosophers uninfluenced either may be seen in the latest university calendars and lists of lectures.

"The Exposition by Vitilis Norströms is considered the best that has been written on Nietzsche in Sweden. There are points of contact in Norström's book with the well-known monograph by A. Riehl. Norström, to whom religion is the point round which everything else centres, is, however, no Nietzscheanite, but he has been influenced by Nietzsche, and appreciates for instance the beautiful saying: 'What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what can be loved in man is that he is a *transition* and a destruction.'

"These words are the motto to Norström's standard of evaluation.

"It is interesting in this connection to mention that a Swede, Ernest Thiel, of Stockholm, who is an admirer of Nietzsche and a translator of some of his works, lately bequeathed the sum of 300,000 marks to the Nietzsche-Archive in Weimar, to wipe out certain debts.

"Nietzsche's philosophy is certainly above all else a philosophy of conduct. It is indisputable, and is becoming more and more acknowledged, that several of his ideas, *e.g.*, his aristocratic individualism, his elevation of the human ideal towards that of the higher endowed Superman, his energetic demand and desire for a higher individualistic culture—contain well-founded elements of truth, which must leaven our life in the present and the future. But it is also becoming more and more apparent that these and other ideas are not to be taken in the one-sided and exaggerated form in which they are presented by Nietzsche. Just such an idealism of *super-individualistic* valuations competes powerfully at present with the pale individualism.

"I believe, therefore, that one must confess that the wave of Nietzscheanism in Sweden is about to decline for some time, but it cannot be disputed that Nietzscheanism will be consummated and guarded by the consciousness of Swedish Culture."

Nietzsche's influence in *Italy* has been remarkable. One of her most famous living writers, D'Annunzio, is avowedly under this influence. He discovered Nietzsche for Italy, and preached his ideas: "noi tendiamo l'orecchio alla voce del magnanimo Zarathustra e prepariamo nell' arte con *sicura fede* l'avvento del Uebermensch, del Superuomo." And faithful disciple that he is, he never loses sight of this aim. In his "Trionfo della Morte" and "Vergine delle Roccie" we find all the passion of language and sentiment belonging to Nietzsche; but we do not consider that these heroes, whose whole existence is bounded by the two poles of love and art, approximate very closely to the ideal of a Superman, of which perhaps one of the best definitions is this, "Der wirkliche Übermensch ist Kraft im Geiste und Geist in der Kraft."

D'Annunzio in his "Vergine delle Roccie" expounds the theory that inequality is the essence of the State, and we find similar ideas in another Italian writer, in Verga's book "I Vinti." It is a series of short novels which deal with the weak who have fallen by life's wayside, men who have lost their courage. Its central thesis is that mankind is not divided into the traditional classes, but into victors and vanquished, and that all must be either the hammer or the anvil.

Long, however, before Nietzsche's voice was heard in Italy, one herald of revolt already existed there. This was Carducci, whose robust and powerful language is sometimes superior to the feminine niceties of D'Annunzio. The typical creation of this revolutionary mind is the hymn to Satan:—

"... that the languishing
Life be restored,

. . . . .

Hail to thee, Satan!
Hail, the Rebellion!
Hail, of the Reason the
Great Vindicator!"

According to Professor Escartin, "the writings of Nietzsche began to be known in *Spain* during the last few years of the nineteenth century. The impression which their reading produced was profound and for the time manifestly harmful.

"The country of so many and so great thinkers in all the periods of her history, which, with Luis Vives and Francisco Sanchez in the sixteenth century, anticipated the newest forms of philosophical thought, encountered a period of marked decadence. In her schools, in her universities, once so glorious, the lights of the highest scientific speculation were extinguished. The system of the German Krausse which Sanz del Rio introduced in obscure style into Spain, and scholasticism with its narrow and antiquated signification, have been the predominant forms of official

philosophy since the middle of the century. Both have produced feelings of tedium and of justifiable aversion to philosophical systems among the majority of our cultured men.

"There has not appeared in Spain in recent times any vigorous thinker, any true philosopher by vocation, capable of assimilating the results of the scientific research of the last century and reanimating the spirit of his compatriots. Had such a one existed he would have been stifled by his environment.

"The Church, on her part, has been more careful to maintain her position and privileges, to preserve her traditional faith, and to combat the enemies—free thought, rationalism, freemasonry, &c.—that beset her, than to penetrate deeply into the heart and mind of the new generation. Separated from the movement of ideas which she scarcely understands, incapable of inquiring fully into those tendencies and truths of the modern spirit which might renovate and fortify her, she lives more by external support, by the custom and practice of worship, than by internal vigour. The most active and fruitful of Spanish intellects completely escape her influence. The moral life, which is the highest object, the very essence of religion, is considered as of secondary importance. The divine sphere in Spain is only the supernatural, and not as it should specially be the elevation of the soul towards righteousness, duty, and sacrifice for the great destinies of humanity. This has given rise to a recent notable article,* stigmatising as 'petrifiers' those who affirm in their discourses that God builds and destroys empires.†

"There does not exist in the present civilised world youth

* "'Los petrificadores,' by B. Argente, *El Imparcial*, February, 1908."

† It is only just to state that quite recently there appears to be a tendency towards a revival of the spirit of religion. In this connection the illustrious Señor Torras y Bages, Bishop of Vich, deserves mention, who, in various writings and especially in his pastoral Instruction, *La Vida* (Escoli de la Enciclica Pascendi), published last January, expresses and affirms with unusual emphasis the essential truths of Christianity."

which is more devoid of adequate philosophical and moral guidance than that of Spain. For this reason, our intellects do not so much appreciate the profound sentiments in the works of Nietzsche (*e.g.*, the necessary rectification of all the tendencies hostile to what is noble and strong in individuals and peoples, and the beautiful apotheosis of the '*potius mori quam foedari*,' the greatest executioner of the human conscience) so much as what Höffding calls the derived theories of the Naumburg philosopher:—namely, the disdain of the 'herd,' the glorification of aggressive tendencies, hardness, stoical indifference in presence of another's grief, and the neglect of morality and justice.

"The majority of our young writers have adopted Nietzscheanism, priding themselves on their 'contempt of morals' and contemplating with disdainful superiority those of us who still believe that in the Gospel of Jesus, in the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and in the work of Thomas à Kempis there exists suitable food for our souls. And it is curious to observe, that, contrary to all logic, as Nietzsche's faithful disciple Peter Gast remarks, many radical democrats declare themselves enthusiastic adherents of the Nietzschean doctrines.

"The first impression which converted into terrible iconoclasts the juvenile phalanx of Spanish intellectuality, has already been somewhat modified; but the train of thought is plainly apparent in the dramas of Benavente, in the books of Vega-Inelan, and in the writings of Manuel Bueno, to cite only the most notable names. The highly cultured writer, Ramiro de Maeztu, who at first followed Nietzsche's tendency, has purged his thought in the crucible of the great moral and sociological verities, and at present represents the most sound and fruitful tendency of Spanish culture.

"It is to be noted that the invasion of Nietzsche's ideas exercised no prejudicial influence whatever upon the rare Spanish writers who, like Alfredo Calderon, Antonio Zozaya and the eminent master of masters, Menendez y Pelayo, are

gifted with a firm philosophical culture. But amongst the young the influence of Nietzsche's ideas is maintained and logically so, owing to their lack of philosophical culture and systematised ethics—an influence which above all tends to dissolve the principles and sentiments upon which social welfare and individual happiness are founded.

"Of the contradictory and chaotic mass of Nietzsche's ideas and statements, that which to-day impresses with the greatest force—apart from the admirable beauty of the form—is the portion which finds its precedent in the most radical, antisocial, and subversive work which the last century produced:—'The Sole One and his Own,' by Max Stirner. Those portions which correspond to the generous and humane inspiration of Guyau, and which perhaps involve Nietzsche's most intimate and fundamental ideas, remain in the background. Nevertheless, it was this inspiration which furnished to the great poet-philosopher his most sublime conceptions in his last works; it made him see that there is no happiness without love; and that as the setting sun sheds its light even on the humblest fishermen, tinging their oars with gold (to use his own beautiful metaphor), so the supreme good is at the same time the supreme sacrifice.

" . . . Quiero volver una vez mas á vivir entre los hombres, quiero acabar entre ellos; y, al morir, ofrecerles el mas rico de mis dones.

"Ahora soy el que bendice y el que afirma: para esto he luchado tanto tiempo; luche sin cesar para poder un diá tener las manos libres para bendecir" ("Asi hablo Zarathustra").

The influence of Nietzsche on *French* literature is constantly spreading. Remy de Gourmont says it was the best possible omen that the twentieth century opened under this new star—Nietzsche, and "It is better to live now under the sway of Nietzsche, than under that of Chateaubriand, of Cousin, of Comte, or of Tolstoi. Tolstoi's ideals are those of the plains, of the steppes, but Nietzsche's exalt us to the mountain heights."

An *enquête* made by the most celebrated men in France, as to the influence of German Culture on French Culture was recently published in the *Mercure de France,* xliv. 19 ff.; and in this the influence of two main factors was continually pointed out: German exact sciences, and Nietzsche.

Lamprecht considers Rousseau to belong to the same school of thought, which has continued through Wagner, Ibsen, and Nietzsche up to the present day. In language and method they are much akin one to another. "Let us return to Nature and thus become greater," is their common imperative and aim; yet, whereas the French enthusiast preached love and equality, Nietzsche taught war and the non-equality of mankind.

A literary affinity also exists between Nietzsche and Maeterlinck, though one can hardly speak of the former as influencing the latter. But there are many points of contact between the aim and style of this Belgian dramatist and mystic and Nietzsche. Of course, Maeterlinck is much more a metaphysician, often quite religious, especially in his "Treasure of the Humble"; but his views of morality as expressed in the "Buried Temple" are quite worthy of Nietzsche, and when in "Wisdom and Destiny" he says, "There is more active charity in the egoism of a strenuous, far-seeing soul than in all the devotion of a soul that is helpless and blind," he excels Nietzsche in his method of defining egoism.

Maupassant's "Bel-Ami" shows a Superman such as Nietzsche would *not* have him. George may well preach: "The world is to the strong!" He is not, however, a Nietzschean figure, but a mean roué, whose striving after power lacks Nietzsche's higher altruism. "Les Civilisés," Farrère's book, otherwise a masterpiece of verve, gives an even sadder picture of would-be Supermen. A minimum of effort and a minimum of pain is the creed of these hedonists; "good" and "evil" are to them utilitarian regulations invented by the shrewd. Farrère's one great

idea, in common with Nietzsche, is that the value of illusion is sometimes, if not always, superior to that of truth. Fierce dies for his "courageous attempt to solve that terrible modern equation, which involves the 'x' of life."

Quite recently Daniel Lesueur has published his novel, "Nietzschéenne." It is one of the best, if not *the* best, of the works of fiction based on Nietzsche's philosophy. Lesueur protests against the vile vulgarising the subtleties of Nietzsche's thoughts; he thunders against the "adaptations for gorillas of the great apostle of energy who demands from everybody the greatest possible effort."

The heroine, Jocelyne Monestier, is a beautiful incarnation of the author's protests and aims. She converts the hero to Nietzsche, she inspires the new disciple to be strong and good; and he goes through the evolution towards a higher conscience, towards the substitution of "belles volontés aux instincts."

Very simple but touching is the end of the novel. A transcendental union between the hero and the heroine—both aristocrats of the soul—is just about to be swept away by the tide of a passionate love, when, in the ecstasy of self-sacrificing love, she shields him against the bullet of an infuriated mob-leader, and dies for her *bien-aimé*.

Although thus at last Love Triumphant overcomes her philosophy, Jocelyne is the most ideal Nietzschean figure we know of, and the sublimated Nietzscheanism this leal priestess teaches is almost irrefutable.

Mentioning, lastly, a phenomenon very much akin to Nietzschean thought, the art of the sculptor Rodin, who by his magnificent, virile works is a step nearer that higher, freer humanity of which Nietzsche dreamt, we now give Professor Lichtenberger's short essay on Nietzsche's influence in France, which has been specially written by this enthusiastic pioneer of French Nietzscheanism:—

"Though very little known among us before his genius sank into madness, Nietzsche has for the last fifteen year

exercised an ever wider and more marked influence upon French thought. It was about 1892 that the earliest important magazine articles appeared calling the attention of the great French public to Nietzsche. Since then the Nietzschean literature has attained formidable proportions. The complete works of this great thinker have been translated into French by, or under the direction of, M. Henri Albert. The ideas of the author of 'Zarathustra' have been expounded and discussed in a series of publications.

"Numerous articles in the reviews and newspapers have commented upon these theories in attack and in defence. Nietzsche's philosophy has also been set forth by M. Andler in a public course of lectures at the Sorbonne. The influence of Nietzschean theories has been strengthened by a number of novels such as 'l'Immoraliste' of André Gide, 'le Serpent noir' of Paul Adam, 'l'Amoral' of Mandelstamm. Nietzsche is to-day the philosopher most in vogue and is quoted in conversations in society or at the theatre. In short, he is read and discussed in France not only by professional philosophers, but also by the general public.

"Moreover, it must be stated that public opinion in France was remarkably well prepared to understand the ruling ideas of Nietzsche when they were put into circulation among us. On re-reading to-day, after a lapse of almost twenty years, the article in which Edmond Scherer ('Études sur la littérature contemporaine,' viii. p. 155 . . .) analysed the symptoms and causes of the 'moral crisis' which was then denounced on all sides, it is striking to remark how much of the intellectual, religious, and moral Nihilism professed by Nietzsche, was already familiar to our thinkers before Nietzsche himself was known. Long before knowing the philosopher of the 'Will to Power,' we had examined the disquieting hypothesis of universal illusionism, we had announced the worthlessness of all metaphysics and the overthrow of the absolute, we had recognised the essential relativeness of the ideas of good and evil, and we had shown

the supreme amoralism of Nature. Similarly, before the philosophy of the Superman had been revealed to us, our thinkers had sought to elaborate, quite independently, a general conception of life, based upon the negation of all metaphysics and of the absolute. Some took refuge in an intellectual epicureanism, which enjoyed the spectacle of the world, without taking it too seriously or too much as a tragedy. Others arrived at a kind of contemplative asceticism, an intense thirst for knowledge, straining after truth at any price—even at the cost of happiness or of life. Others, finally, preached action, constituted themselves professors of energy, and proclaimed the necessary pre-eminence of the instinct for life over the instinct for knowledge.

"Thus Nietzsche's Nihilism has not been for us the revelation of unsuspected abysses. Since we first knew him, we have recognised in him the philosophic genius, who summed up with incomparable eloquence our doubts and distrusts—the great apostle of truth, who commanded us to pursue our ideas to their ultimate conclusions without attempting surreptitiously to revive abandoned idols, or trying ignobly to hide from ourselves the reality behind consoling but fragile hypotheses. And we have approved in him the valour with which he strives to surpass the Nihilistic point of view, and the boldness with which, like a daring gamester, he stakes the biological values for a table of values conceived by himself with which he experiments at his own risk and peril. We have admired in him his courageous acceptance of destiny, his enthusiastic acquiescence in an eternal flux, and the formidable possibilities it reveals—his *Amor Fati*, in short, which is one of the most imposing ideas of the Nietzschean philosophy. Undoubtedly, we do not conceal from ourselves that the philosophy of Nietzsche is not new in most of its fundamental conceptions, that many of his hypotheses will be recognised as effete, and that when badly interpreted, it may appear as a justification of the most brutal arrivism

and pitiless egoism. But, whatever may be the verdict of history on the objective value of the work of Nietzsche, we bow with respect before this hero of thought, who, amid the crumbling of the old dogmas and ancient certainties, proclaimed that there is no salvation for humanity either in an artificial resurrection of a dead past, or in the abandonment of man's higher aspirations, or in the pursuit of a mediocre well-being and prosaic comfort; but that we must go onward, ever onward, without illusions, and without fear, through the darkness and uncertainty of the present hour, towards a future which it is, perhaps, our part to render glorious, towards the luminous splendour of dawns which have not yet broken."

In *England*, in spite of Th. Common's untiring efforts to promulgate Nietzscheanism, and in spite of Dr. Levy's magnanimous efforts in the same direction, the educated classes have not yet been drawn towards Nietzsche, although he himself was an eager student of English writers, as is proved by the long list of familiar names in the catalogue of his library. Of these we need only mention Bacon, Hume, Mill, Spencer, Carlyle, Emerson, Marlowe, Poe, Shelley, Shakespeare.—Oscar Wilde was a sort of Nietzsche; for his philosophy was also that of an aristocrat, and he praised instincts—"Nothing is more evident," he said, "than that Nature hates Mind." He doubted also the value that truth bears to life. But Wilde's life-story hampered the influence of his ideas.

Still, there are already poets of the *Amor Fati* in the English-speaking world. In America, Morgan Shephard writes:—

> "Ye Gods and Men, shall I
> Bend low beneath the random soulless hand
> Of Fate? Or quail to see the blackened sky?
> All these are great, but I will fearless stand
> An Atom to defy—a sharp Comparison,
> And *laugh* with joy, and wait with teeth close set."

And who does not know Henley's proud lines?—

"Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

Many other writers also show affinities to Nietzsche; we mention only Roosevelt with his doctrine of the strenuous life, Shaw with his Jack Tanner, his Undershaft, his "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and Mr. Orage, with his "Human consciousness in itself is no more than the antenatal condition of Superman."

The poet of the Life Force, the great champion of a sounder and more natural marriage policy, George Bernard Shaw, is the foremost among these Nietzschean writers. He hates being labelled and he will probably scorn our Nietzsche-fying him as the mania of the "pure specialist." Yet already ten years ago in *Eagle and Serpent* Shaw pointed out that "a Nietzsche Society might hit the target that the Fellows of the New Life missed, and might repeat on the ethical plane the success of the Fabian Society on the political one." In No. 18 of the same magazine he wrote "the only chance for the Superman is to acquire sufficient might to defy the efforts of the average respectable man to destroy him." And a few years later Shaw did horrify the average respectable man with his "Man and Superman."

Shaw and Nietzsche are of the same kin. Shaw is a Nietzsche become dramatist and full of English common-sense. Nietzsche was a Shaw turned into a dithyrambist and metaphysician. To both the philosophical man only is a justification of existence. Both are individualists, and individualists who acknowledge a Law. The language of both shows the same verve and—artificiality.

Shaw sometimes sneers at Nietzsche. But that is only his way of expressing that Nietzsche is just a "tendency,"

a "method" to the English playwright, and not a final philosophy. In that Shaw is not wrong.

True, Shaw is a Socialist; Nietzsche an Aristocrat. Yet the facts that Shaw is an assailant of the prevailing perverse views on sexual problems, that he is more outspoken than Bax ever could be, that numerous passages of "Man and Superman" and "Zarathustra" are practically parallels, all these support our opinion that Shaw is strengthening the influence of Nietzschean ideas more than any other man.

"There are no golden rules." Quite so. And if Socialism, a revised and rational Socialism, ever is to gain the victory, it will be by the co-operation of grand aristocratic individuals!

Nietzsche was a genius; he was a poet-philosopher by the grace of the gods, with both hands scattering recklessly his priceless treasures, heedless whither fate and fancy led his Pegasus. Shaw is a "noteworthy" philosopher-poet; he dispenses his undoubtedly valuable and purgative medicines with all the preciseness and minute attention to details this expert chemist of the human soul possesses. Shaw and Nietzsche! . . . "fortisque viri tulit arma disertus."

In view of architecture we discover a certain affinity between Nietzsche and Ruskin, of which perhaps the clearest proof is given by the following passage from "Zarathustra": "And once he saw a row of new houses. Then he wondered and said: 'What do these houses mean? Verily, no great soul put them there to be its likeness, they seem to me to be made for silken dolls. Everything hath become smaller!'"

The word "Superman" has become familiar by Bernard Shaw's drama; but at present one can hardly record any powerful influence of Nietzsche on English literature, or any other branch of art, if one disregards solitary adaptations by a few writers, such as Dr. Ragnar Redbeard's book, "Might is Right," which is eulogised as "the most pregnant and remarkable publication that has appeared in Christendom for fifteen centuries."

But in time, Nietzscheanites hope their master's influence

will create in England a sense for the true higher culture, and for liberty of thought. The rigid mode of conduct, the Chinese-like, well-worn grooves of *hyper*-conservative thought, will, they say, be improved and beautified by his spirit of revolt and by the subtle belief in his artistic dreams. The spirit of acceptance now swaying the greater part of England will be superseded to a certain extent by a spirit of revolt—or rather of combat, as more appropriate to the true Teutonic nature. Many shadows of ghostly mediæval conceptions will fade away, and the Sun of a Neo-Humanism will shine upon a race of honest, strong, brave men.

The Renascence already ruling in Art since Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his distinguished coterie of friends will become a Renascence of the whole of Culture; and although this will not be brought about by Nietzsche's influence alone, yet his ideas will help to clear the air from the suffocating gases of hypocrisy and hysterical cowardice; they will help, moreover, to close the period of ostrich-policy, they will cleanse man's soul from the clods of the cloying Past, and will enable him to claim for himself the right to live and love this life, and to say with Omar Khayyam:

> "Come, fill the cup and in the fire of Spring
> Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
> The bird of Time has but a little way
> To flutter—and the bird is on the wing."

And this will be the entrance-gate to the future paradise of a true Higher Culture.

C.

# NIETZSCHE, THE PROPHET.

## C.

### NIETZSCHE, THE PROPHET.

LITERATURE: *Barry, Bertz, Breyssig, Düringer, Falkenfeld, Helle, Hollitscher, Jesinghaus, Lublinski, Mehring, Pfannkuche, Rheinhard, Robertson, Rösener, Seillière, Tille, Wiecki.*

"QUO Vadis?"—The formula of the problem of the future, the problem about which the Titans of mankind have ever troubled themselves! What is the goal of man, whose nobility of mind, on the one hand, stamps him as a royal being; whose frail body, on the other hand, with its ephemeral existence, makes all the grand language about his mental elevation seem ridiculous?

To ask of to-day what the morrow will bring forth, to pry into futurity, has ever been, and continues to be, the vain endeavour of man. The Siwa of the Egyptians; Delphi and Dodona in Greece; the augurs and haruspices of the Romans; the Albrunes, the Veledas of our Teutonic ancestors; the Astrologers and Chiromancers of the Middle Ages; the Lenormands; the palmists, the clairvoyants of modern times; all prove to us the inborn longing of man—to lift the veil of the future. We have all experienced at least the charm of building castles in the air.

These examples of research as to the "Quo Vadis" chiefly concern the future of individuals or of single nations. In addition to these inquiries, however, we find many enlightened men, and others during the last six thousand years, deciding, or endeavouring to decide, the future of the *whole* human race. The founders of religions were the first to do this. Esperantists and members of Peace

Societies, with their "United States of the Earth," are the latest who have made this attempt.

Hypotheses about the future have been frequently put forth as ethical stimuli. The paradise Sukhavati of the Buddhists, the Walhalla of our ancestors, the Heaven of Christianity, and the Millennium of the Chiliasts were such stimuli, goals which have made, and still make, life bearable to many.

All the writers on Utopias have been engaged on the same task. We need name only a few, such as Plato, More, and Campanella; everybody knows Bellamy's democratic cobwebs in "Looking Backwards," Donelly's gruesome "Cæsar's Column," Sweven's unique "Limanora," Butler's healthy "Erehwon," and the fair, common-sense speculations of Wells in his "Anticipations" and in his well-written "Mankind in the Making."

The workers, *par excellence*, in these researches have, however, been the philosophers. Each of them endeavoured by his own system to find the answer to the Sphinx-Future. Nietzsche was the latest and the keenest of these philosophers. So keen was he in his researches that the prophetic seer within him, allied with the artist and equipped with an artist's armoury, at last overruled and overpowered the philosopher.

"The history of culture," says Hollitscher, "shows with conclusive clearness that no philosopher, not even the greatest, has ever been able to suppress religious institutions, or find a substitute for them; and no Philosophy, however profound, has been powerful enough to annihilate Religion universally! Who can wonder that Nietzsche dared attempt to remedy this evil by transforming the philosopher into a prophet and his doctrine into a religion? And his attempt became a reality in 'Zarathustra'—the 'deepest' book which humanity possesses!"

Nietzsche calls his book "Beyond Good and Evil," a prologue to a "Philosophy of the FUTURE," and his Zarathustra says: "In the future let not your pride be whence ye have come, but *whither* ye go."

Thus we shall finally consider Nietzsche as a prophet, as a man who foretells the future, who gives an aim to mankind, who fixes a goal for humanity which "no one had hitherto declared." Nietzsche feared "the long twilight that is coming by reason of our materialistic and scientific methods of life"; so he desired us to "set sail with the fair wind of his grand individualistic philosophy" for the land which he thought he had discovered.

His aim is upwards to the highest perfection. Though we may never reach it, though the parabola of our endeavours may never reach its asymptote—the archetype of an ideal man—nevertheless this asymptote is to be our aim, though it may still be far, far away in eternity. "Hitherto all things have brought forth something better than themselves, are ye going to be the ebb of this great tide? Man is something that is to be surpassed. Thou, the victorious one, the self-subduer, the commander of thy senses, thou shalt build better than thyself. But thou must thyself be built square in body and soul. Thou shalt create a higher body, a prime motor, a self-rolling wheel; thou shalt create a creator." Thus spake Zarathustra—Nietzsche's answer to the "Quo Vadis"—an Imperative which may perhaps one day replace that of Kant.

Recently there have been other prophets like Nietzsche; artists, poets with similar views. We find a striking passage in Whitman:—

> "Lead the present with friendly hand towards the future,—
> Bravos to all impulses sending sane children to the next age!
> But damn that which spends itself with no thought of the stain, pain, dismay, feebleness, it is bequeathing! . . .
> I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races.—
> Already a nonchalant breed, silently emerging, appears on the streets,
> Arouse, for you must justify me!
> Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
> But you, a new brood . . . greater than before known . . .
> Great idea, idea of perfect and free individuals!"

And in Jordan's "Nibelunge," the grand Iliad and Odyssey of Teutons, we find an excellent variation of Nietzsche's "Victorious One":—

> "We give life in all honour to heirs of Hereafter,
> The measure of manhood, our mutual love
> Shall exalt and ennoble; before our descendants,
> Astounded and humbled, earth's highest shall bow.
> When perish the gods still as princes they'll rule,
> With increasing sublimity, splendour and grace."

Submitting, however, Nietzsche's detailed suggestions to the test of criticism, we readily discover great deficiencies in them caused by his ignorance of the practical side of the world. The methods by which he proposes to reach his aim, and the application of many of his wild ideas to the problem of the future, quickly awaken mistrust of the aim itself, about which, after all, the old "*ignorabimus*" is still available.

There is no certain knowledge about the future. Some cosmic body may come to-morrow with a hitherto undreamt-of speed and by an unknown curve into the pathway of Mother Earth, and "the great globe itself, yea, all that it inherit, will dissolve!"

Nevertheless, in order to discover the utmost maximum of truth in Nietzsche's ideas and suggestions, four principal points of view may be chosen: the *cosmological*, the *anthropological*, the *ethological*, and the *sociological* outlooks of humanity. We are aware that these divisions overlap one another, and cannot be separated one from another. However, in spite of this, they are most useful for our present investigation.

## I.

### THE COSMOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

"IN boundless space, where Place nor Time intrude," there was a strange little place. Into this place flowed a wave of energy-matter, generated by the destruction of a "world" in some other strange place. By chance, just at that moment, another and similar wave arrived and collided with the former, causing an immense increase of heat and subsequent rotation. Then was born our system of fixed stars, or, if you prefer it, our Milky-Way system of stars.

The cold demanded its rights. All the tiny globes began to cool. Naturally this lasted some little time—what man calls millions of years. Of course!

Our little grain of sand, the Earth, acquired a crust, after its sun-stadium was ended. The Protozoon developed into the Pithecantropus alalus, and then *homo sapiens* came, and a poet wrote: "What are all the works of man, but a sort of cutaneous disorder in this unhealthy earth's hide, and we a race of larger fleas, running about among its fur which we call trees?"

We whizz round our Sun; our solar system whirls round a Central Sun that is somewhere; our system of fixed stars perchance whirrs round some Centre of the Milky-Way.

> "Into this universe, and why not knowing,
> Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing;
> And out of it like Wind along the Waste,
> I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing."

"This world," said Heraclitus, "is the same for all;

neither any god nor any man has made it, but it always was, and now is, and shall ever be, an ever-living fire, kindled in due measure, and in due measure extinguished." And Marcus Aurelius said: "The world is change; life is an alternation"—a parallel to Professor Hudson's axiom: "All existence passes through a cycle of change."

Ascending the tower of modern knowledge, but still encircled by the clouds of his prophetic visions, Nietzsche drew conclusions which are of doubtful value from a cosmological standpoint. His Eternal Recurrence may cosmologically be possible; but how does it concern us, since we have no recollection of our former existences? His Superman may be possible in certain aspects, but, as a whole, considering the present downward trend of our cosmological history, it is nothing but a fancy. If, as he says, chance and absence of law—from the human point of view—sway history, of what aims and goals can we be certain, and of what use is our striving to attain them?

Nietzsche neither studied nor applied sufficiently the doctrines of Heraclitus, who, as a cosmological prophet, was greater than Nietzsche—through the emphasis he lays on a process, a "flux," with a "direction downwards," in which the change is from fire to things; and a "direction upwards," in which things are once more becoming fire. We *are* at present on the "downward path," a fact overlooked by Nietzsche. Our little grain of sand has run through its Sun-stadium; it is becoming colder. Man is a poor warm-blooded animal, obliged, over the greater part of the earth, to cover himself with the skins and hairs of his brother animals. The Sun has spots. The atmosphere and hydrosphere of the earth are slowly but steadily decreasing. Out of the Earth-stadium we shall get into the Mars-stadium, which will entail on man the compulsory economy of water. Then will come the Moon-stadium, without water and air, when, without organic life, the earth will course through space accompanying the darkened sun. Perhaps sun and earth together will collide with some other cosmic body, and

Heraclitus' "upward path" will once more start in some other strange little place in dark, cold space, in infinite space. Thus our world is: "A She ruling us all, who must be obeyed; the dreadful εἱμαρμένη!"

Of course all this *is* only hypothesis; yet it is a little more *probable* than Nietzsche's cloud-like visions of Eternal Recurrence and Superman.

## II.

### THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

HERACLITUS had one very suggestive conception,—namely, nis principle of the rational law of justice which controls the process of flux and regulates the allotted changes—a precursor to Spencer's law of the rhythm of motion. Now, as we are nought but ephemeridæ on the "downward path," why may we not, out of sheer playfulness, oppose our law and order to chance and necessity? And here Nietzsche is able to *help* us, at least for a time, by his Superman, this veiled suggestion of humanity's radiant destiny.

How can he help us? We may *retard* the "downwards" trend, and smooth the steepness of the "downward path" by systematically caring for the body, which has been so long neglected. Nietzsche, the Heraclitus of the present age, tried to restore the cult of the body. For this reason he loved the præ-Socratic philosophers; for this reason he abused Socrates, with whom and in whom, as Patrick puts it, in his essay on Heraclitus, the fall of man and of nature took place. Stirner's "ghosts" began their rule.

The love of beauty and form, and particularly the love of the beauty of the human body, characterised all the Greeks until the time of Socrates, but it affects modern peoples to a relatively small extent. In the mediæval Church, the Greek idea was so far reversed that the body, instead of being the type of beauty, became the type of impurity, and from being the support of the soul, became its contaminator. The

"flesh" indeed became the symbol of evil. The results in modern life are only too well known.

Now, at last, after the lapse of twenty-two centuries, the apostasy of Socrates is beginning to be undone; Heraclitus' wonderful conception of the world shyly dares to reassert itself—that wonderful concept of the philosopher who abolished every antithesis and enunciated a system of pure monism.

Before Nietzsche pointed out the possibility of creating a better species of man by systematic breeding, G. Christaller, W. Jordan, Pückler-Muskau, and Radenhausen, had already done so; and nearly two hundred years ago the father of Frederick the Great advised his tall Grenadiers to select wives equal to themselves. The Oneida Society in the State of New York and a rich landed proprietor, Raschatinkow in Perm, have undertaken to experiment practically in this direction in our own time.

The greatest successor of Nietzsche with his theory of the Superman is Francis Galton with his Eugenics. He defines it as the science which deals with those social agencies that influence, mentally or physically, the racial qualities of future generations. The papers he read in May, 1904, and February, 1905, before the Sociological Society are a marvellous attempt to approach the difficult and thorny question of breeding men. His ideas were hailed by the audience and by many eminent scholars. In Galton's Eugenics, founded upon the idea of evolution and the assumption that the human will is in some small measure capable of guiding the course of evolution, we see a scientific realisation of Nietzsche's dreams. Health, energy, ability, manliness and courteous disposition—some of the qualities Galton requires—are the best stepping-stones, if not towards the Superman, at any rate towards a Superior race.

The best, *οἱ ἄριστοι*, shall rule, and by means of force. In that Nietzsche approved of war, life was to him an *ἀγών*, and we have accordingly to *train* for the contest. The body

which is whole and healthy will possess the "mens sana." Nietzsche thus puts it before us that we ought unflinchingly and courageously to take our part in the eternal fight, and face the struggle like gods. The principle of contest is an essential part of the eternal order, as Nietzsche knew, with his gladiatorial theory of existence.

Of course the stress that Nietzsche laid upon physical culture is not to be understood as a variation of Lorenzi's words :—

> "Fuggite i libri; questi
> Son la vergogna dell' umano gente,
> Son gli assassini della vita umana
> Credete a me; la vera
> Filosofia è quella d'ingrassare."

No, it is not our task to get fat, but to strive after the archetype of man, perfect in body and soul. We have to go forth like Raphael Aben-Ezra to find that man.

Return to nature! This is an old cry, and a good one; a cry which leads Rheinhard so far as to say that our culture is only the product of our climate and of over-population, only a means to sustain us in the struggle, and that we (unable to survive like our primeval ancestors without midwives) have lowered the grandeur of the senses with the increase of mind—that culture, in fact, is the symptom of physical degeneration. Now, if we follow the advice of Nietzsche we shall, in some degree, return to the breast of nature, and retard the "descent" without giving up culture.

Such a course will be especially valuable if we look at the matter from the racial standpoint. We, the white race, by maintaining the supremacy which we have held for so long, by seeing that our blood is pure, shall obviate the advent of the time when the New Zealander is to sit on London Bridge, and when the yellow and black peril is to become more real —and shall thus retard the inevitable doom.

Reverence for the human body is needed, not in the sense

of the "Sexual Religion" promoted by an adherent of Bradlaugh, but by following all the happy, golden laws that Nature has made for us.

Considered critically, however, Nietzsche's Superman, whether he be an individual, a Carlylean hero, or the symbolic expression of a higher race, is a poetic creation far too vague to be taken seriously as *the* aim. Nietzsche overestimated the force of heredity, the force of each individual's contribution to successive generations—it is a rapidly diminishing force. A person contributes only one sixty-fourth to his great-grandchild's heredity. Nietzsche had no idea of the law of "regression towards mediocrity." However marked a character an individual may possess, it has little permanent influence in changing the stock. Ordinary individuals, representing the average or mean of the species, neutralise the hereditary force of the "sports" in succeeding generations. Now though Galton's Law has some inconsistencies through its neglect of social evolution, it still *proves the impossibility of methodically breeding the Superman.* As Bernard Shaw rightly says, "we shall find out how to produce him by the old method of trial and error, and not by waiting for a completely convincing prescription." The Superman will, at least, remain an *ideal* after which we are ever to strive, and thereby attain greater perfection. Consequently, the keenest in this struggle will be the "Hundred" elect, the higher men who will rule, thus realising that splendid aspiration of Nietzscheanites—a new ruling caste for Europe. A society of "Good Europeans" would have this as their ultimate aim. However utopian such a project may appear to the present generation, however ill-defined the concept of "Higher men" may be—in spite of Nietzsche's definition it still lacks sufficient tangibleness and conciseness—the realisation of the project is not altogether inconceivable or quixotic.

## III.

### THE ETHOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

ACCORDING to Tille (Introduction to the Wagner-Antichrist volume) we must look for one drift of thought pervading Nietzsche's books during the last period; "Physiology as the criterion of value of whatever is human, whether called art, culture, or religion! Physiology as the sole arbiter of what is great and what is small, what is good and what is bad!" Considering the Nietzsche of this third period as the most important for the present chapter, we may say from the ethological standpoint that Nietzsche prophesied the future victory of evolutional ethics, and that they would replace the present Christian, democratic, and humane ethics.

However, the victory will not be gained soon, if it is ever gained, for the *present* liberalism and democratism are, as Tille has said, its very antipodes. Nevertheless it remains to Nietzsche's credit that he has courageously preached that we should not aim at the happiness of the whole race, but at the happiness of the best, the ἄριστοι.

Darwin's letters show us that he was too cautious to apply all his laws to mankind. Thirty years passed before the bonds which fettered Darwinism were broken. It was far too difficult to overthrow two millenniums of prejudices. If Darwin was mistakenly inclined towards a democracy, Darwinism beyond doubt is aristocratic, for Nature herself is an aristocrat.

Bentham with his deontology (bidding us extend the

domain of felicity to the greatest possible number), Mill, Spencer, Carneri, Besser, and Wundt, they were all dimly searching; but the William Thomson was missing to provide these explorers with a good and reliable compass. This Thomson was Nietzsche, who ventured on the difficult preliminary task of piloting the ship out of the shallows.

Intellectually, of course, the prophet Nietzsche was fettered: it is a kind of Spencerianism which is to be found in his assumption of the possibility of the accumulation of qualities and transferring them almost unimpaired to the following generation,

But Nietzsche has shown us the way in his condemnation of the weak. Heredity will not bring about the Superman, nor retard the "downward" path, but *Selection* may do so. "Multiply" should be the last word of an advancing civilisation instead of the first, unless there be added to it the condition "only the best." Selection is the only thing we can somehow control, since we do not know the secret ways followed by Nature when transferring qualities. "Under the *régime* of propagational license the progressive element in mankind is dragged back."

We must learn to be hard, and forget the over-valuation of altruism. We must create the conviction that altruism may possibly be a crime—as mischievous as undue egoism. The "vast ocean of pampered pauperism, which threatens the downfall of modern Romes," is largely due to moral cowardice and political expediency. "The ratio of 'defectives' to the sane and whole-minded has been rising for years past: largely in consequence, no doubt, of those humanitarian methods which, whilst humane and imperative for the individual, are, as at present practised, cruel in the extreme in their effect on the race" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 24, 1908, on the "Report of the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded"). Lecky had already pointed out that many Christian charitable institutions have often produced effects the very opposite to those they aimed

at, for they have increased poverty, and quite Nietzschean is Professor Wagner's statement that "the recent improvements in the hygienic conditions of the masses preserve feeble individuals longer."

"*Beyond Good and Evil*" *means beyond the present Slave-morality, not* "*Beyond Good and Bad.*" Prohibitive laws in marriage, liberty to administrative medical State-councils to kill hopeless or dangerous cases, less scrupulous methods in dealing with real criminals, will be some of the means by which we can obtain that "Beyond."

Above all, however, the happiness of the best, the real ἄριστοι, will be the chief aim. We, the white race, are the strong, the best, the ἄριστοι at present. Let us try to preserve our strength, let us be the ἄριστοι and *rule!* The *civitas terra* of Mr. Stead and the Peace Societies, even the "United Europe" in which Nietzsche still believed, *who* knows whether they are not dreams, impossible and even dangerous, at any rate at present? The Limanorans would point, with a smile, to the idlumian. It is, however, not necessary for us to apply compulsory sterilisation to the black races; it is not by lowering the physical and mental qualities of the lower races that we shall rule, but by *increasing our own!*

And here lies a fault of Nietzsche. His aristocracy is still rather tainted by some remains of the prejudices of feudalism. Noble and aristocratic men show, it is true, their noble-mindedness essentially by *being* noble, not by acting nobly, but Nietzsche has laid too much stress upon this fact. His is not the *Aristocracy of Efficiency*. But that will be *the* true aristocracy of the future. The peerage of this Aristocracy will be conferred on the grounds of personal efficiency, on the individual's establishing his or her superiority by action and thought, and by harmonised physical and psychical perfection.

This leads up to the last consideration, the consideration of Nietzsche as a prophet from a sociological standpoint.

## IV.

### THE SOCIOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

EVEN early in his life Nietzsche showed an interest in politics. In letters written to his friend Gersdorff, in 1868, he speaks of Bismarck and Lassalle. At that time, and in the following years, the Greek State was his political ideal; but "towards the end of his Wagnerian period Nietzsche became aware that a slight doubt was gliding into his mind as to the genius, especially the political genius, of this privileged people. He seemed for a moment to perceive dimly that unbridled individualism is not the condition most favourable to the prosperity of the human society."

Undoubtedly it is in the realm of politics that Nietzsche's deficiencies are most glaring. Brandes already felt this when he complained about Nietzsche being at a loss where delicate shades of truth were concerned. An absolute lack of sound sociological notions, an absolute ignoring of Political Economy, and an unpardonable ignorance of mercantile and industrial affairs, moreover, a startling indifference towards the "People of the Abyss" (among whom there are surely strong but repressed individuals)—are some of his chief drawbacks. It has also been justly remarked that our prophet had a certain lack of appreciation of labour.

In our opinion Nietzsche's fundamental errors are his constant vituperation of herd-animals, a far too exaggerated

label of certain weaknesses of modern man, and the fact that he overlooks the truth that high individualism is possible within a commonwealth.

*Homo sapiens* is biologically a gregarious animal, and no one can get over that fact. *The State, though at present, perhaps, it is only an attempt, is the greatest creation of the human mind.* Nietzsche's "differentiation without concomitant unification"—to make use of a Spencerian expression—would lead to chaos and confusion. The State alone, in one or other of its forms, will bring about the unification, the "definite *coherent* heterogeneity."

Nietzsche took no notice of the history of the evolution of the idea of the State from Plato and Aristotle, through Grotius, Hobbes, and Kant, down to Wundt and Stammler. He never gave facts, details, or methods for working out his ideals. At one time he dreamt of founding the State on music, which is an ideal of mystic anarchy and a hopeless utopia. Then follows a social-aristocratic ideal of education —not for the masses but for the few. Then he fights more and more for the conception of two classes, masters and slaves, but he never indicates how to proceed in order to realise these conceptions.

This idea of *masters and slaves* and Nietzsche's attitude to the idea of *peace*, is well summed up by Mencken:—

"Nietzsche opposed squarely both the demand for peace and the demand for equality, and his opposition was grounded upon two arguments. In the first place, he said, both demands were rhetorical and insincere, and all intelligent men knew that neither would ever be fully satisfied. In the second place, he said, it would be ruinous to the race if they were. That is to say, he believed that war was not only necessary, but also beneficial, and that the natural system of castes was not only beneficent, but also inevitable. In the demand for universal peace he saw only the yearning of the weak and useless for protection against the righteous exploitation of the useful and strong. In the demand for equality he saw only the same thing. Both

demands, he argued, controverted and combated that upward tendency which finds expression in the law of natural selection." Mencken, however, equally well refutes his hero's arguments: "The one ineradicable fault in Nietzsche's philosophy is this; he showed the strong man's need for an enemy, and yet argued that all enemies should be enchained."

Finally, Nietzsche began to hate the present form of State, opposing both the monarchical idea and the democratic idea. As a consequence of this, he has been accepted as one of their creed by the anarchists whom he despised. Some of them, however, like Armand, recently in *l'Anarchie*, deny that Nietzsche has had any important influence on the development of anarchist thought. But there are many points of contact between Nietzsche and Anarchism. In the same number of the paper we have mentioned, we find an article entitled "La joie de vivre," which might have been copied from Nietzsche, and is one great eulogy of his *Amor Fati*.

Nietzsche, like the reckless Callicles in the Georgias, is not to be taken seriously politically, though we agree with Seillière that Nietzsche "has done enough to make his name endure by furnishing us with new indications regarding the morals of contract, firstly, by his frequently justified objections to the excessive prejudices in favour of tradition, and above all by his stoico-evolutionist conception of the Superman." And the same writer says, "*All men should become individually capable* and turn their united strength to the reasonable exploitation of other living beings and the forces of nature. Such is the over-species which Nietzsche should have preached, for he seems to have had a glimpse of it."

Nietzsche has sharpened our insight into many social wrongs; he has shown the meanness of the tendency of modern democracy, which cannot be denied. For its "I want more," he has substituted his own "I want to give," and for its "I want to rise," he has substituted his own

"I renounce myself." This doctrine of the renunciation of Self is one of his merits.

Nietzsche's position in regard to *crime* and *women* is peculiar. He discerned the greatness, the potentiality of the man in the criminal. Still, even if we concede the responsibility of society for many crimes, we cannot, with Nietzsche, glorify the criminal generally as the nobler type, though there is some truth in his statement that all great men have been criminals. What we need is prophylactic-biological legislation.

Dühringer tells us that the "moralin-freie" philosophy of Nietzsche is much liked in the "*chambres separées*"! What a danger to the criminal classes! They will pick up Nietzsche's pronouncements, which are still unproved theories in criminal anthropology, as absolute certainties; for example, they will pick up his denial of free-will, in spite of the obvious facts that it is necessary for legislators to assume a certain amount of individual freedom, and that self-consciousness exercises a certain * influence on volition.

With regard to women; Nietzsche, like Schopenhauer, wished to reintroduce the potestas of the ancients, the servility of women. He certainly had not much personal experience and knowledge of women; but we cannot share the opinion of Möbius and Ziegler that his denunciatory attitude was due to his having been much in contact with demi-mondaines and prostitutes. He was simply too ignorant; that is all. On the other hand, he has said many beautiful things about women, especially during the healthiest period of his life, in "Human, all-too-Human." In Vol. XIV. of his works, among his posthumous papers, we find many really good proposals towards the so-much-needed revision of our marriage-laws, and a word which shows that all his bitterest sayings are to be understood as "*succo renovemur amaro.*" He said, "*One cannot think highly enough of women!*"

* Westermarck, E., "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," vol. i., chapter 13. London, Macmillan, 1906.

If Nietzsche, who reminds one of the Shakespearean shrew-tamer, Petruchio, praises the fact that in Rome marriages were concluded with an eye to the offspring (*liberorum quaerendorum causa*), we may remember that he was the originator of the Superman, and take it as a valuable biological hint.

The best teaching to be derived from Nietzsche—namely, the need of "a rich supply of great personalities," the love of the earth, the love of the body, is remote from ordinary politics. It is thereby, however, in spite of their would-be Christian ideals, that the English have built an empire such as was never before seen on this globe, and their best defence will ever be to maintain and cultivate "mighty spontaneous personalities." The English have never despised the body. They are the pioneers of sport, the great heirs of Olympia; and so long as sports and out-of-door life are dear to the English, they will be strong and rule the earth they love. Nietzsche's philosophy, which comes to them from their sister-nation Germany, the newly awakened genius which has slept so long in the castle of transcendentalism, surrounded by hedges of metaphysics, is an assurance, a stimulus and—a monition to the political instincts of the English race! An assurance of their belief in physical culture; a stimulus to the cultivation of mighty and spontaneous personalities; and a monition not to rest on laurels won, not to court favour with inferior or decadent nations, and not to neglect the possibilities within the Teutonic race, which we regard as *the* chosen people—οἱ ἄριστοι!

# D.

# CONCLUSION.

## D.

### CONCLUSION.

WE shall now conclude.

*To sum up, we have found that the poet-philosopher Nietzsche presents the greatest difficulty to those who would correctly label or classify him, and that we can only arrive at an* **Approximate Result.**

*A. As a Philosopher, Nietzsche was a philosophical writer of the Second European Renascence, a pessimistic idealist indulging in a kind of Dionysean hedonism.* More specifically he was—

1. *In Epistemology a Sceptic, with a critical-transcendental method, and a biological formula on a metaphysical basis.*

2. *In Ethics a Naturalist, with an egoistical-aristocratic formula.*

3. *In Metaphysics an optimistic Voluntarist, with a mystical Dionysean formula of stoical-teleological origin,—sometimes termed a Neo-Heraclitean.*

*B. As a Poet, Nietzsche was a Neo-Romanticist, with a classical tendency, best termed an Illusionist.*

*C. As a Prophet, Nietzsche was an Evolutionistic Utopianist, with a racial-oligarchical formula.*

Is it the truth that Nietzsche has given us? Partly; not wholly. Pilate's question is still only partially answered. There are many still to come, greater than Nietzsche, before it can be answered fully—if ever! Yet the merely learned will admit that Nietzsche has brought some rays of truth to the darkness of our groping minds. Granted the sceptics

are right in pointing out that these rays are not the pure white sunlight of Truth, but only broken beams, scattered and coloured by Nietzsche's many limitations, contradictions and follies, and clouded by his lack of sound sociological ideas, he *has*, nevertheless, added to our knowledge. The eclectics cannot deny that "many a gem of purest ray serene" is to be found in the vast expanse of Nietzschean thought, though often it is concealed amidst nonsense or wordy amplifications. Erdmann would allow the "philosophical treatment" to be applied to Nietzsche, and when this is done we recognise that his teachings contain the whole truth, although in an undeveloped form.

Nietzsche was a German. He could not therefore help the ingrained habit of deductive reasoning characteristic of Germans. He, like all German philosophers, tackled the whole, and his work accordingly remained a torso. He had no knowledge of life outside his very limited social sphere, and his attitude towards men betrays sometimes traits of snobbishness. He ought to have lived in London, if only for one year! And yet Nietzsche's philosophy will be compared with the first tiny craft of rude workmanship in which man ventured upon the unknown, uncertain element of Neptune. To-day our marvellous Transatlantics safely cross the Ocean. Nietzsche's fragile craft is still adrift, rudderless and storm-beaten, upon the vast, endless Main of Possibilities; yet future centuries will thankfully remember the daring Polish explorer who was one of the first to leave the familiar shores of thought, and point the way to grand philosophical discoveries.

Nietzsche's individualistic philosophy touches the utmost bounds to which such philosophy can possibly be pushed —indeed, he has pushed it to impossible extremes. In spite of that, the fact that he laid such emphasis on individual culture in select cases will be an impetus to its promotion, which, after all, is the only solution of the problems which have baffled symbolistic and conventional philosophy; for does not Ruskin say that "an efficient advancement

towards the true felicity of the human race must be by individual not public effort"?

*Nietzsche has victoriously refuted the paralysing influence of Schopenhauer.* He has set up a grand, brilliant Affirmism, in place of the latter's hopeless resignation and quietism. No longer is there to be pessimism and optimism; pessimism is only the whip for shallow optimists. Affirmism will rule future generations. They will prefer the great "Yea" to life; they will be Yea-sayers, affirmers, affirmists. They will accept the *Amor Fati* preached by this last great Stoic Nietzsche. They will understand Jordan's beautiful lines on this subject:—

"To the thankful in spirit the sweetness of life
Brings rest and refreshment; its burdens and pains
With pride they endure; in the midst of affliction
Unruffled in mind, while remembering ever
That forth from these woes flow the well-springs of strength:
And calm on the verge of destruction confessing
That e'en with its sorrows, Life still is beloved!"

*Nietzsche has also superseded Spencer.* The latter's Synthetic System is lucid and perhaps, intellectually, the best of all extant. But whereas Spencer's de-sentimentalisation of man, and his "equilibrium" or "approximately complete adjustment" result undoubtedly in a dangerous restriction of individual potentialities, Nietzsche's incitation and rehabilitation of the passions, and his professed—nay, exaggerated,—individualism, will prevent the "living human units" becoming all equally rounded grains of sand, and will relieve the *ennui* of "equilibrium." Spencer's system satisfies the demands of the intellect only.

Nietzsche's task was to awaken people, and to fight for the claims of the WHOLE personality, especially of the heart. This explains both his greatness and his littleness. "All great thoughts, in order to impress themselves on forgetful men, have to assume at first an exaggerated, monstrous form."

Though we must still say with Tennyson, "Behold, we know not anything!" though we must still say with Sidgwick, "I am unable to find and am unable to construct any systematic answer," Nietzsche has nevertheless taught us to understand true aristocracy and how to acquire subtle methods of thinking; moreover he has enjoined us "to will that path which man hath gone blindly, and call it good, and no longer swerve therefrom like the sickly and the dying! Honestly and purely speaketh the healthy and perfect body; it speaketh of the *Significance of the Earth*."

Living up to this, mankind will perhaps approach the idea of the Superman. The Superman! What is to be understood by such perfection in body and soul? It is the accumulated, condensed virtue of all ages and nations; an eclectic essence of the boundless love and charity of the Buddhist,—pure in body and brave in self-conquest; of the strict sternness and endurance of the Spartan,—sound in body and steady in character; of the ethereal æstheticism and loftiness of the Athenian,—able in body and acute in intellect; of the rigid rule and citizenship of the Roman,—robust in body and regal in will; of the true loyalty and independence of our Teuton ancestors,—grand in body and tender in heart.

If we are of the same opinion as the poet who said that "Beauty is the highest truth of all, the sum and end of human destiny," then we may compare Nietzsche's works to a beautiful box. Good fairies have laid therein diamonds, sapphires, pearls, and rubies; but alas! wicked fairies have also added to the contents, and intermingled with the lovely gems are splinters of glass, ashes, and worthless shams, in almost inextricable confusion. Let us admire and applaud the dazzling beauty of the few gems we may take out, and leave the remainder alone; we need not ask how much the whole is worth—we shall never know it. But, singled out, a few of the genuine stones will add to the beauty of human existence. And the most valuable jewel to be found amongst them is the adamantine Superman. Translated

into the realms of Eugenics, this concept, a veritable gem, will beautify man's weary life.

If on the other hand we desire a broader basis for our existence than the solitary Greek concept of Beauty, if Sudermann's "Blumenboot" has frightened us, if we define philosophy with Wundt as "the universal science which has to combine the general data obtained through the individual sciences into an incontrovertible system," and if we believe with him that "this summing up of ideas must lead to a perception of the world and of life—a "Weltanschauung"—which will satisfy equally the demands of the intellect and the requirements of the heart," we may now, taking these words as our standard, give a verdict, which is perhaps the final one. *Solvuntur tabulæ:* the aristocratic axiom of the poet Nietzsche, respecting Beauty, has made it possible for him to discover new dream-worlds to satisfy the requirements of the heart. Nietzsche was a great poet. The systemless system of the philosopher Nietzsche has afforded very little satisfaction to the demands of the intellect, though, to be sure, he was the first to apply Darwinism thoroughly to morals and religion. Nietzsche was not a great philosopher in the technical sense of the word. Yet the work which remains as a sign of his earthly course is imperishable.

Animal-men first became Dionyseans. Upon a great marble pedestal they erected the statue of their god, around which they danced a frenzied tarantelle, or drank to his honour foaming wine out of gleaming crystal goblets.

Then came Socrates and Christianity. Two thousand years of refining and yet deteriorating culture began. Apollo stood now in the place of Dionysos. Before him knelt the worshippers. Slow, majestic chants resounded. An Egyptian rigidity rested upon the whole.

And now Nietzsche has come. He desired to place Dionysos' statue by the side of Apollo's, and wished to remove from the latter its trappings of foolish amulets and frivolous appendages, beneath which superstitious disciples had concealed the beauty of the god.—Nietzsche, however,

was rash, and the statue of Apollo fell violently from its plinth and killed the sacrilegious one.

Thanks to Nietzsche, Dionysos stands again before us. We must, however, complete his work. Apollo *and* Dionysos must rule humanity in the future!

Beneath the golden rays of Time's afternoon sun, the perfected monument with the statues of both gods will be erected. No band of worshippers will be there. Labour has enlisted them in her ranks, and called them away to the work of transforming the world into a wonderful edifice of Beauty and Discernment. Yet individual men, the great and the strong, will sometimes visit the gigantic sculpture, and rejoice over the Nietzschean words engraved upon the pedestal in letters of gold:—

*Μακάριοι οἱ ἄριστοι,*
*ὅτι αὐτοὶ κληρονομήσουσιν τὴν γῆν.*

THE END.

# PART IV.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY AND ICONOGRAPHY.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

THERE are already some bibliographies on Nietzschean literature. We mention **Baldwin's** and those appended to the books of Albert, Common, Dolson, Richter, **Zoccoli,** and especially **Common's journal,** "The Good European," which supplies valuable information as to the Nietzschean literature in England and America.

Though the aim of our bibliography is to enable the Nietzsche-student to find all important books, treatises, and articles, it has been absolutely impossible to register everything owing to the ever-increasing flood of Nietzschean literature—which, if completely dealt with, would have necessitated a few thousands of entries instead of our eight hundred and fifty—and to the fact that from several countries we could not obtain sufficient information. The literature of the years 1900 and 1901 has been especially considered; 1900 being the year of Nietzsche's death, the interest in him was then very great.

We must here specially draw attention to the valuable "Nachberichte" in the "Gesamtausg." and to the catalogue of books which were contained in Nietzsche's library, published by Frau Förster-Nietzsche in Berthold's "Bücher und Wege zu Büchern." Zoccoli in his work has written an interesting chapter, "La Biblioteca di F. Nietzsche."

# A.

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*Basler Vorlesungen.* "Süddtsch. Monatshefte." München, Juli, 1907.

#### (*b*) *Philosophical Works. Poetry and Music.*

(Only *first* editions are entered, except in the case of "Fr. W.")

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Drittes Stück: *Schopenhauer als Erzieher.* 1874, Schloss-Chemnitz, E. Schmeitzner. 113.

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*Morgenröthe.* Gedanken über moralische Vorurteile. 1881, Chemnitz, E. Schmeitzner. 363.

*Die fröhliche Wissenschaft.* 1882, Chemnitz, E. Schmeitzner. 255.
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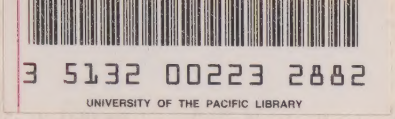
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